

# METHODIST REVIEW

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ART. I.—EDWARD GAYER ANDREWS.

WHAT more pitiable spectacle than age overtaken by tempests which its feebleness cannot resist! But Edward Gayer Andrews was spared the agony of weakening faculties, decaying powers, lassitude and eclipse. He came to the end of a long journey without having known what it was to be an old man. To the very last his heart knew no languor, his hand no trembling, his knee no faltering; his courage was unbroken, his spirit undaunted. Time "robed him in the venerable loveliness of age," but put no poison in his veins, and he finished his career an undiminished vital force. Youth will never lack for devotees nor suffer for want of eulogists. But is not a glorious old age worthier of admiration and applause? At eighty-five John Wesley preached more than eighty sermons in eight weeks and the very last year of his life went on a missionary journey to Scotland. Ah, how like Bishop Andrews that was! Gladstone, in his eighties, was the wonder and admiration of England and the world. His energy never flagged, his strength never failed him. He debated with consummate skill; he made speeches which were overwhelming in their effect. No emergency could find him unprepared, no demand could be made upon his extraordinary versatility that he did not promptly honor. And all this may be said with equal amaze and truth of Bishop Andrews. He was never more active, never more vigorous, never more effective, never more desired than during those last splendid years of his long life.

As his years increased the wonder of men at his abilities and

accomplishments grew. "What a wonderful man!" was the expression most frequently used of him, especially during the last ten years of his life; and the oftener it was uttered with what deepening tenderness the words were spoken! He was indeed a wonderful man. Methodism has produced but few as great in so many ways. Two weeks before his death one of the church papers adorned its front page with his picture; "the best-loved and most trusted man in Methodism," it styled him. The tributes after his death to his superlative goodness and his diversified abilities were remarkable in their universality and in their expression of affection. "One of the best-known clergymen in the world," declared a New York daily. "One of the world's greatest ecclesiastics," said another. "To Methodists he occupied a position of such influence as to be considered almost the *primate* of their church," said still another. "A great bishop, as great as any man who ever filled the office," wrote one of his colleagues. "One of Methodism's great leaders," telegraphed a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. "Holy in motive, vigorous in mental strength, alert in service, unsparing in effort, his bishopric will be recognized by historians as among the greatest," was the expressed conviction of one who is himself a historian. "One could scarcely wish to be more universally esteemed, to be more useful, to be more efficient, to touch the core of things more vitally, to reach the very rim of the world in personal influence more completely than has been his privilege," was the sympathetic testimony of a friend who knew him well. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, one of the greatest pastor-preachers the metropolis has ever known, whose acquaintance with Bishop Andrews began in 1845, when the latter was a student at Wesleyan, said: "During my long life of four score and six years I have been well acquainted with a large number of your bishops, from the venerable Elijah Hedding onward, and with some of them intimately, but not one of them has ever surpassed my dear Brother Andrews in winsome courtesy, clear-eyed sagacity, sound wisdom, and most fervid zeal for everything true and holy." The evidences of personal sorrow, greater even than the sense of denominational loss, at his demise were world-wide and spontaneous. Memorial services were held in many places, and



the tributes spoken by men who knew and loved him were expressive of far more than ordinary feeling. There was no false note of sympathy or grief struck—it was all genuine. Preachers' meetings in all the great centers, many educational institutions, numerous churches and church organizations, as well as groups of missionaries in widely separated fields, placed upon their records some worthy statement of the esteem in which this wonderful man was held. And, besides all these more or less public testimonials to his greatness and goodness, in multitudes of quiet homes throughout the land there were thousands of preachers, and others who had seen him and heard him and been helped by him, who blessed God for this generous and beneficent life.

Bishop Andrews was always grateful that his boyhood days had been spent in the open, under the unobscured sky, with the beautiful Deerfield hills in the near distance, and closer yet the Mohawk winding its way through the loveliest valley of the Empire State. The region, too, was rich in traditions and in historical annals. Fort Stanwix was not far away, and the battle of Oriskany, which Horatio Seymour ranked as the decisive battle of the Revolution, had been fought in 1777 only a few miles from his birthplace. There were current stirring tales of Indian warfare, of Jesuit priests whose zeal and devotion made their labors a part of American history, and of New England and old England missionaries, among the latter one, Rev. William Andrews, who bore as his credentials a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury and who spent several years among the Mohawks and Oneidas. There is no evidence that he was related to the progenitors of Bishop Andrews though it is not at all improbable, as the parents of the latter and his ancestors were of English stock; a fact to which Bishop Andrews referred with pride in his address to the British Wesleyan Conference at Birmingham, in 1894, when he said: "I can profess no indifference to the Isles of the Sea. I am indeed no alien here. In my blood flows only the blood of Englishmen." His father, George Andrews, the son of Nathaniel Andrews and Jerusha Sage, had been born in Berlin, Connecticut, in 1793, and in 1816 had married Polly Walker, of Jamestown, New York. They settled in the town of New Hartford, Oneida

County, New York, near the Burrstone Cotton Factory, of which he was superintendent, now Upper New York Mills, and there August 7, 1825, Edward G. Andrews was born. He was the fifth of eleven children, three of whom still survive, one of these being Judge Charles Andrews, late chief justice of the Court of Appeals. The home training of Bishop Andrews was largely directed by his mother, his father being a silent but strong man. His mother was demonstrative, gifted in prayer, of firm will and active conscience, most sympathetic, and giving much of her time to visitation of the poor and others in distress. The stories which are told of her devotion to the sick and afflicted are many and touching. Once, when living in Troy, a severe epidemic of cholera swept over the city, and without thought of peril she went among the sufferers, scattering blessings of help and cheer everywhere. She was wise in counsel, sagacious, with high ideals of righteousness, and with an experience of personal religion that was both satisfying to herself and beneficent in its results to others. The religious influences of the home were positive and sane, and at ten years of age Edward G. Andrews was ready to join the church. Bishop Andrews had many of his mother's traits. From her he must in some large measure have acquired his great-heartedness and his unwearied purpose to help everybody. And how people turned to him for aid of every sort all his life! They came with empty hands and returned satisfied from his largess of bounty; they came ignorant and went away wise; they came faint and famished and returned with joy and gladness; they came with a weight of guilt and departed to sin no more. Multitudes will forever bless the name of Polly Andrews, for her Edward, throughout his long and illustrious career, gave himself to a suffering and needy world as she did, and with a lavishness which increased rather than diminished with the years.

Christmas, 1901, Bishop Andrews presented to Cazenovia Seminary a picture of himself, which now hangs among those of other distinguished graduates on the wall of one of the buildings of that honored school. This institution enjoys the distinction of having given instruction to four of the bishops of the church, Peck, Bowman, Newman, and Andrews, but of all its graduates with no

one of them have its relations been closer or more vital than with the last named. He was there as a student, later as a teacher, and still later as principal. He was likewise deeply interested in and actively connected with Wesleyan University from the day he matriculated as a student there in 1844. Wilbur Fisk, the first president of Wesleyan, had died in 1838, and two years before Edward Andrews came to the college Stephen Olin, twice elected, entered upon the duties of that important office. Among the young collegian's associates were Gilbert Haven, Fales Newhall, Oliver March, Daniel Steele, John M. VanVleck, A. B. Hyde, and Francis T. Garrettson, a grandnephew of Freeborn Garrettson; and in his class such eminent men as Joseph E. King, Orange Judd, Benjamin Pillsbury, and Alexander Winchell. It is told of Bishop Andrews that he was a diligent, earnest, thoughtful, and conscientious student, giving himself without stint then, as he always did, to all his tasks and winning the thorough approval of his instructors. He had joined the church, as I have said, when he was ten years of age, but while in college he came into a more vital religious experience, and in his sophomore year he was licensed to preach. He graduated in August, 1847, and having decided some time before to enter the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he returned immediately to his home to "supply" under the presiding elder on the Morrisville Circuit of the old Oneida Conference. The following year he was received on trial at Owego, New York, Bishop Janes ordaining him a deacon and appointing him to Hamilton and Leesville, the former place being the seat of what is now known as Colgate University. Here he remained for two years, to be followed by one who also was destined to an election to the general superintendency, John P. Newman. Bishop Andrews's next appointment was to the historic village of Cooperstown, where James Fenimore Cooper, one of the most brilliant of America's novelists, was still living, and where again the young minister came under the influence of the romance and tragedy of early American frontier life. And it was not without its effect both upon his imagination and his work. When he was stationed at Stockbridge his voice began to give him trouble, and acting upon the advice of Bishops Simpson and Janes he

accepted a position as teacher in Cazenovia Seminary, where he had been a student a decade before. This was in 1854, and he entered at once upon the work of education with characteristic thoroughness and vigor and with contagious enthusiasm, believing then, as he always did, in the necessity and value of the church school, and in view of the persistent attempts to secularize our denominational schools, and in some instances even to repudiate the mother which gave them birth, I could wish that his address in 1873, at the inauguration of Charles H. Fowler as president of Northwestern University, might be read by those who have any question as to the place of the Christian college and school in the scheme of education. The next year Bishop Andrews became the president of Mansfield Female College, in Ohio, but returned in 1856 to Cazenovia Seminary, this time as its principal, as successor to Dr. Henry Bannister, who had been elected to the chair of exegetical theology in Garrett Biblical Institute. He came into immediate favor as a public speaker, being called upon to address various teachers' institutes and other assemblies, to which he spoke on such themes as "Education and the Educator," "The Characteristics of the Successful Teacher," and kindred subjects. Cazenovia had a high reputation when he went there in 1856; it was still more famous when he left eight years later.

Throughout his life he was consistently interested in education and in educational institutions. He was a trustee and officer of Wesleyan University and Drew Theological Seminary, and for years was president of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was in constant demand as a college preacher—he preached at Vassar, Wellesley, Cornell, Brown—and as a speaker on important college occasions. In what Methodist college or school has his voice not been heard? Neither educators nor students ever wearied of listening to him; he had always a word so modern yet so devout, so intense yet so tender, with such prophetic sweep of vision and yet so simple withal, that college men and women heard him always unto edification. His counsel was sought as to the educational problems of the denomination and of the nation, and what a sagacious counselor in these and other matters he was! America's problem of the "foreigner"

caused him deep anxiety. He gave much thought also to the education of the American Indian, attending numerous conferences at Lake Mohonk and elsewhere. He was even more deeply interested in the American Negro, holding that the work of the Freedmen's Aid Society of our church was the attempt of a great nation, or at least a considerable part of a great people, to do an act of justice imperatively obligatory upon us as a people, and that self-interest, if no worthier motive, ought to impel us to the work. Like Saint Francis he was the brother of every man.

He not only loved humanity but he loved books. He was ever the student. It was his custom to read from his Greek Testament every day. Few books were published, not excepting fiction, upon which he could not speak with knowledge. During his last illness he had the morning papers read to him regularly, for, as he said, "I must not get behind," and he never did get behind. He was a cautious yet courageous thinker, singularly tolerant, broad and thorough in his scholarship but never pedantic, of the widest reading and the ripest culture, free from self-will and self-conceit. He was not a controversialist, nor was there anything of the iconoclast about him. He could never handle the beliefs of any man roughly. Yet how open-minded he was to the very last! The windows of this royal mind looked to the east. His address at the semicentennial of Garrett Biblical Institute in 1906, published in the *REVIEW* that same year, on "The Pastor and His Bible," was perhaps the most remarkable of the utterances of his latest years, indicating as it did his position as to modern views of the Bible and modern methods of Bible study. Genesee College, now Syracuse University, gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and Wesleyan University and Allegheny College that of Doctor of Laws.

Bishop Andrews returned to the pastorate at the earliest possible moment. When it was found that his voice could stand the strain of regular preaching he was transferred to the New York East Conference and stationed at Stamford, Connecticut, to which place he moved with his family in 1864. In 1851 he had married Susan M. Hotchkiss, of Cheshire, Connecticut, and together they were, in the good providence of God, to journey fifty-six years.



And what blessedly happy years they were! His successive charges in this Conference were the historic Sands Street Church, Saint John's, and Seventh Avenue, all in Brooklyn. In these several pastorates he established and maintained a reputation for pastoral fidelity, for strong friendships, and for superior preaching ability in an age of such effective preachers as Foster, McClintock, Simpson, Beecher, and Storrs; nor did he suffer in comparison with the best. His ideals of preaching were high. He always held that men who were called to the sacred vocation of the ministry were called to *preach*. I do not know whether he excelled in mathematics when he was in college, but it would seem so, all his mental processes were so exact, and the sentences and paragraphs of his sermons were so faultlessly put together. His sermons were finished products, yet he seldom wrote them out in full. Writing was always irksome to him. He almost invariably prepared his sermons walking about the room and talking aloud. Very few manuscript sermons are to be found among his papers. The outlines which he wrote, however, were full and precise. They gave every evidence of the most logical arrangement and the utmost completeness. Nothing was left to chance. Orderliness was the law of his life, and herein was much of his power as a preacher. Though he knew how to kindle the emotions, there was a marked self-restraint in his utterances. He never relied upon rhetoric alone, or chiefly, to accomplish his purpose. He laid hold of certain first principles of evangelical truth, the great doctrines of Christian theology, and by a simple, clear statement of them, welding them together with invincible logic, giving them life out of his own warm heart, and accrediting them with his own personal character, thus compelled a hearing, rather than by intermittent flashes of brilliancy or overwhelming periods. It was more the eloquence of power which he displayed than the power of eloquence.

Nature had been gracious to him. His native endowments were much beyond the ordinary. Well born and well bred, he was instinctively the cultured Christian gentleman always and he looked it every inch. Grace, too, had wrought a notable work in him. The charm of his life was a certain beauty of goodness which was an active principle in him, and which both



describes him and accounts in large measure for his success as a preacher. He was spiritual, but without pride or ostentation; he was even saintly, but without cant or sanctimoniousness. There is no persuasive power to holiness without holiness. This man could preach on the Holy Spirit, on purity of life, on conscience, or character, without a shock to the sensibilities or giving offense to the most heavenly-minded. Back of every utterance was the man. Everyone felt that there was a correspondence between him and his message. Whenever he spoke there were behind his words years of unsullied reputation, of unyielding fidelity to supreme ideals, of masterful use of natural and acquired resources, of conspicuous devotion to the history, traditions, principles, and teachings of that branch of the Christian Church to which he early vowed allegiance, and of noteworthy likeness to his Lord and Master. What a lover of souls he was! Separated unto the gospel as was the apostle to the Gentiles, like him his master passion was for the salvation of men, and throughout his long ministry he was never deflected from his high-born and heart-enthraling purpose, which purpose was seen in all his preaching. Methodism and evangelism have been well-nigh synonymous terms. The best Methodist preaching has always been born of an overmastering conviction and a joyous assurance of salvation through grace, and has been direct, intense. Goldsmith, who held that enthusiasm in religion was vulgar, and who denied to the Methodist preachers common sense, confesses that they, nevertheless, often, and justly, strangely affected their hearers, and asks, "What might not be the consequence did our bishops testify with the same fervor and entreat their hearers as well as argue!" But that is just what *our* bishop did. He preached with a peculiarly glowing ardor. One who heard him often says that on not infrequent occasions it seemed as though his heart was struggling to manifest itself visibly to his hearers. It was the immense voltage of his great gleaming heart which made his preaching so dynamic. There were other elements of power also. He was serious but never morbid; like Baxter, he always spoke as one who saw God and felt death at his back, but he never trafficked in anathemas nor arrogated to himself the right of final judgment of the souls of men. Lofty

in his sentiments and convincing in his statements, highly oratorical and in such moments overwhelming, with royal endowments of mind and heart, ever with an eye single to the glory of God, persistently through the many years the one thing to which he was called and ordained he did. His high calling in Christ Jesus was to persuade men to be reconciled to God, and, while he never made mawkish appeals to the sensibilities, his stately yet intense utterances stirred the great deeps of feeling and at his behest many turned unto Jehovah to walk in his ways.

The General Conference which met in Brooklyn in 1872 decided to elect eight bishops, four bishops, Thompson, Kingsley, Clark and Baker, having died during the quadrennium, leaving only five, no one of whom had been less than twenty years in the episcopal office, to do the increasingly heavy work of the church. The elections began on Tuesday, May 21, and on the first ballot Thomas Bowman, William L. Harris, and Randolph S. Foster were elected. That same afternoon on the second ballot Isaac W. Wiley was chosen, and the following morning, May 22, Edward G. Andrews and Gilbert Haven received a majority of the votes cast. Two days later he was consecrated a general superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his presenters being Henry Bannister, his predecessor at Cazenovia Seminary, and the beloved Albert S. Hunt, of his own Conference, the New York East. Bishop Simpson consecrated him. He immediately entered upon his duties, choosing Des Moines, Iowa, as his episcopal residence. In 1880 he was assigned to Washington and in 1888 to New York.

Bishop Andrews's career in the episcopal office is without a parallel in the history of the church. It was unusually long, longer than that of Asbury, of McKendree, of Waugh, of Hedding. For almost thirty-six years he performed the onerous duties of a general superintendent; for, while it is true that the General Conference in 1904 placed him upon the retired list, he was even more abundant in labors, if possible, during the nearly four years which he lived after this formal retirement. Where is there a more remarkable record? He attended all the Conferences which were assigned him except one, a number greater than any other bishop in the long and honorable list has presided

over; he held Conferences in every state and territory, and visited all our foreign mission fields except two; he preached on Sunday morning at every Conference which he held save one, when he had a serious cold, but at that Conference he ordained, as at all the others; from May, 1872, to November, 1907, he attended every meeting of the Board of Bishops and of the General Missionary Committee except when abroad on official duties; for many years he was secretary of the Board of Bishops, and four times, by direction of the General Conference, he edited the Book of Discipline. The biographer of Lacordaire says that at heart Lacordaire was always a priest. It has seemed to many as if Bishop Andrews must always have been a bishop. From the very first he presided with dignity and splendid balance. His knowledge of parliamentary rules and the laws of the church and their interpretation was always remarkable, but this knowledge came not without the most painstaking effort. He made a critical study of the rules and practices of the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives, and even of the usages of the British Parliament, besides consulting with the leading parliamentarians of America. The result was that he became one of the greatest masters of assemblies that the Methodist Church has produced. As a presiding officer he was considerate yet firm, without affectation yet masterful, urbane yet unyielding, tenacious of the rights of the church but full of Christian gentleness. He was without arrogance, never used irony or sarcasm, or by a sharp repartee gave hurt to a stumbling debater or an unfortunate interrogator. The memory of his graciousness, his unaffected kindness and unflinching courtesy as president of many Conferences will ever be precious to thousands of Methodist preachers. The duties of the episcopal office never rested lightly upon him. Always giving most scrupulous attention to its multitudinous details, with a perfect genius for doing things well, with conspicuous administrative gifts, no man ever lived who put more conscience into his work. Never impatient of details, possessed of a balanced judgment, painstaking but never petty, suave but never familiar, lucid in statement but never garrulous, having a perfect knowledge of men and a rare singleness of purpose, during the thirty-two years of his general

superintendency no apology was ever needed for any unworthy administrative act or word.

His addresses to the young preachers were a feature of every Conference at which he presided. He felt the responsibility and made most careful preparation. He spoke on such themes as "Paul the Model Minister," "The Ministry of the New Testament," "The Servant of Jesus Christ," "The Ideal Minister," and "Qualities of a Successful Minister." Sir Walter Scott once said: "Author as I am, I wish good people would recollect that I began with being a gentleman." Bishop Andrews emphasized the importance of etiquette, personal appearance, and all details that maintain the dignity of the ministry. He urged upon those who came into the ministry of the church the importance of taking heed to themselves—to the body, to the mind and to the heart—and especially to the doctrine, its substance and the manner of presenting it; to be instant in season and out of it in the announcement of truth, publicly, privately, in the Sunday school and in the home; to declare the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ with fidelity and with the unction of a personal and joyous experience. On one occasion he said with great solemnity to a class of young men: "Do not stoop to preach the small things that have no bearing on the central truths of salvation. Preach the great fundamental truths of Christianity, and, above all, get religion, not doctrine." It was evident that this good man had reached the center and dwelt there victoriously, having come into a conscious, blessed relation of sonship, in which holy fellowship men deal with such eternal facts as faith, love, life, hope, peace, and mercy. These they must experience, these they must teach. He was more positive of the joys of the religious life than he was dogmatic in the statement of theological knowledge; more fixed in his belief in the goodness of God and salvation through the atoning death of Jesus Christ than tenacious of formulated enunciations of dogmas. Methodism has not had a more reverent, a more candid, a more judicial, a safer teacher, or one with a firmer grasp through a living faith on the essential Christian verities. And what greater ecclesiastical statesman has the Methodist Episcopal Church known? No man, in this generation at least, has had a more con-

vincing vision of the church marching on to ever-widening victory, or declared his sure confidence in the ever-increasing world-triumphs of the gospel with a more buoyant spirit or a more glowing optimism. His interest in the evangelization of the world was neither perfunctory nor ephemeral. As a pastor he saw that this great task of the Church of Jesus Christ had its rightful place in all the worship and work of his people. After his election to the episcopate he accepted with eagerness the assignment in 1876 to visit Europe and Asia, and during his absence he organized Conferences in Sweden, Norway, and India. In 1881 he administered the missions in Mexico, and eight years later he studied at close range the whitening fields of China, Korea, and Japan. Some of his most effective missionary addresses were made after this tour to the Far East. Always imbued with the spirit of missionary enterprise, with ever-increasing first-hand knowledge of the needs of our work in foreign lands and of the almost illimitable opportunities, he became more and more possessed by the missionary idea, and never did he speak more burning words than on numerous missionary occasions during the last years of his life. His address at the opening of the First General Missionary Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Cleveland, Ohio, in October, 1902, and of which he was chairman, was characterized by all who heard it as a masterpiece of effective religious speech. For many years he was an officer of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, and no member of that important board was more faithful in attendance upon all its meetings. His last official act was to preside at a meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, November 26, 1907. Who that was present that day will ever forget the lovable, gracious, superb man who sat in the president's chair!—so interested, so eager, so accurate in the statement of the questions, with the golden glow of the "day of the Lord" already upon his countenance, and with the compelling, jubilant cry upon his lips, "The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region of the shadow of death light is sprung up."

Naturally Bishop Andrews was requisitioned for many important occasions, and some of his most noteworthy deliverances were made at such times. At the Centennial Conference of the Metho-



dist Episcopal Church, held in Baltimore in 1884, he was chairman of the Executive Committee and delivered the address of welcome in the First Church, the lineal successor of Lovely Lane Chapel, in which the Christmas Conference of 1784 assembled. It was in his best vein. Ten years later he went to England as a fraternal messenger to the British Wesleyan Conference, which met that year in Birmingham. Chancellor Runyon, the other representative, then the distinguished ambassador to Germany, was unable to be present, and upon Bishop Andrews devolved the task of alone representing his church. A Methodist Episcopal bishop is always handicapped in some measure when he appears before an English audience. On their own statement, an Englishman feels that "there is a certain peculiarity about an American bishop which no one can readily define." As one critic said, with evident astonishment, "They do not convey the impression of ecclesiastical arrogance." Most certainly they do not. How foreign such a spirit was to Bishop Andrews! We are not surprised that they found him, as he stood before them, "a simple, unadorned gentleman, rich in spiritual and intellectual sympathy; not only grave but reverent, as dignified and serious as men burdened with such tremendous responsibilities should be," but also "cheerful, agreeable, brotherly." Concerning his address the Methodist Recorder said editorially: "Bishop Andrews, who has won golden opinions since his coming among us by his bearing and public deliverances, gave an address marked by great ability, full of valuable information, thoroughly up-to-date, dealing with topics of vast importance not to America alone but to the whole of Christendom, set forth with an eloquence which touched all hearts." In 1891, the one hundredth anniversary of Wesley's death, and in 1903, the bicentenary of his birth, he made numerous addresses on John Wesley, always a favorite theme with him. The most notable of these was the one which he delivered in Carnegie Hall, entitled "Then and Now: A.D. 1703-1903." It was a memorable occasion. The religious press united in declaring that no greater Methodist gathering had ever been assembled in the metropolis. The large hall was packed to its utmost capacity and the enthusiasm was unusual. The president of the United States was present to speak on "The



Pioneer Preachers of Methodism." James R. Day, chancellor of Syracuse University, followed with an address on "The Gospel of John Wesley." Bishop Andrews was the last speaker, and for a masterly grasp of two centuries, for breadth of vision, for dramatic contrast between the days of the fathers and the present, for an unmatched summary of the influence of Methodism, and for stirring oratory at an hour when all his hearers had been wearied by excessive emotion and successive climaxes of enthusiasm, his address must rank among the greatest of that historic year, in every respect worthy of himself, his church, and his theme.

But the occasion which brought to him the greatest fame, and mention of which was made by practically every newspaper throughout the United States in connection with the announcement of his death, was the eulogy which he pronounced at the funeral of President McKinley. The test of a man is an emergency. Summoned unexpectedly, while presiding over an Ohio Conference, to the nation's capital, traveling rapidly by night, without opportunity for preparation, arriving in Washington with a margin of only ten minutes before the funeral procession started, Bishop Andrews delivered an oration which will stand comparison with Bishop Simpson's eulogy of the immortal Lincoln, spoken at the open grave of his friend in Springfield, or with Bishop Newman's discourse at Mount McGregor in 1885 at the funeral of President Grant, or with any similar deliverance of any age. It was stately and magnificent, as befitted the occasion—for he was speaking to the world with America's capital as a sounding board—yet characteristically simple and human. The editor of the *Christian Advocate* said: "When it was announced that Bishop Andrews had been selected to deliver the address at Washington universal Methodism was at ease, for when did he say the thing that ought not to be said or omit that which should be said, and when was his spirit out of tune with a solemn, a spiritual, or a sympathetic occasion or theme? As it had been from the beginning of his public life, so was it when he spoke for the church and the state at the bier of the president."

For many years Bishop Andrews was considered as belonging not alone to Methodism, but also to Protestant Christianity. His residence in New York gave him a position of national fame and

influence. The presidency of the Twentieth Century Thank-Offering Commission, and his earnest appeals in connection with that great movement, increased his fame. The leaders of all denominations esteemed him and sought his counsel. He had a place on important committees of citizens of New York appointed by the civic authorities, one, for example, to show courtesies to a distinguished foreign guest, another to collect and collate all facts bearing upon the liquor problem. He was Methodism's chosen representative in many interdenominational organizations, at notable gatherings of other Christian bodies, and for coöperation with adherents of other communions in the molding of public sentiment on such burning social questions as divorce, child labor, and poverty, and whatsoever the task committed to him he reflected credit upon the denomination.

Mr. Gladstone's wife once said to John Morley that whoever wrote the life of the great Englishman would need to remember that Gladstone had two sides, one impetuous, impatient, irrestainable, able to dismiss all but the great central aim, able to put aside what was weakening or disturbing, and that he had achieved this self-mastery and had succeeded in the struggle ever since he was twenty-four by incessant wrestling in prayer—prayer that had been abundantly answered. There were not two sides to Bishop Andrews. He was a master of himself at all times, and, as Nardi said of Savonarola, "he always remained equal to himself." This was partly temperamental, and in some degree the result of his life. Bishop Andrews, as well as Gladstone, prayed much and prayed successfully. But there was such an even balance of power, such a beautiful adjustment of personal qualities, such equipoise, as to suggest the most perfect self-control and, seemingly, without effort, like as flowers unfold or daylight returns. He was undoubtedly a Puritan, with a certain "Miltonic seriousness" observable in his character and in his work. In his presence ignoble thoughts could never be phrased, unbrotherly criticisms died upon the lips unspoken. Jealousy, envy, malice, rancor, and all their unholy kin hid themselves from his glistening goodness. Suspicion was utterly foreign to his nature. His perception was keyed to the best and noblest in every human

being. In the range and richness of his friendships, in his culture and gentleness, in his catholicity, in the lavish expenditure of his time and strength for the pleasure or help of others, he was like Dean Stanley. With him there was never any assumption of superiority, either superior wisdom or superior goodness. Like Emerson, he always gave the impression that he thought everyone was every whit as good as he was. His rarely beautiful deference was the flower of a rarely beautiful humility of soul, which gave to his life an inexpressible charm. The Christian preacher who has stood with his Lord on the Mount of Transfiguration, and has knelt by his side in Gethsemane, and walked with him to Calvary, and who has been commissioned by him to lay his hand in the sacrament of baptism upon the heads of innocent children, to lift the chalice of his memorial blood to the lips of kneeling penitent sinners, to preach the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven to impenitent, unresponsive, dying men, how can he feel otherwise than with Paul, "Who is sufficient for these things!" Yet some ministers of God have been known to become proud, arrogant, haughty, imperious, self-centered, and self-sufficient. But Bishop Andrews was not of this number. Like Moses, he wist not that he had a shining face, and he always remembered, with Fletcher of Madeley, that "the life of God consists not in high knowledge but profound meekness, holy simplicity, and ardent love to God," and one could not be in his presence the smallest fraction of time without being conscious of his innate humility.

When the General Conference met in Chicago, in 1900, it was feared that some of the bishops who had grown old and feeble must be retired. And now and then the suggestion of such a possibility for Bishop Andrews was heard, although in his case there were no indications of diminishing strength. But he was seventy-five years of age and had been in the episcopal office for twenty-eight years; yet when he read the episcopal address, a remarkable production, which he had chiefly written, and which became the basis of nearly all the legislation of that Conference, and read it with such sustained strength and effectiveness, the question of his retirement at that General Conference was settled beyond a peradventure. But four years later the question was

again mooted and with a more ominous menace, for he was now seventy-nine, and before another quadrennium ended he would be eighty-three. The likelihood of a vote adverse to his continuance as an effective bishop was undoubtedly a distinct shock to him. He had not regarded such action as probable. Indeed, he had been assured by influential leaders that in their opinion no such step would be taken, and he had accepted their statements as representing the attitude of the church. Unquestionably, if his name had been the only one under consideration he would not have been retired, he was still so vigorous and so active. And therein was the tragedy of it all, it seemed to some. There were those who were impatient with him because he did not voluntarily retire, as did Bishop Merrill, but the cases were in no wise parallel. Moreover, Bishop Andrews was justified in his invariable reply to such an intimation, that, the church having chosen him to the activities of the episcopate, it was for the church to determine when the relations should be modified or changed. When it became evident to him what the action of the General Conference would be he made no moan—though, as he said to me late one night after a long walk far out from the glare and noise of Los Angeles, in one of those most infrequent moments of self-revelation, “There has been a struggle and I have won the victory”—but with head erect and spirit unbroken, the crown of unquestioned leadership still upon his brow and undying love for the church surging in his great heart, he returned to his home to labor on without rest until God should call him. And how he did toil!—as if to forget, it seemed to some of us. There may have been, too, just a hint of a challenge. Why not? Noneffective? He would give the church a chance to judge. And with a sure confidence in his strength, even exulting in it, he accepted invitations for service near and far. Now he journeys to Fargo, North Dakota, to speak in the interest of missions, and now to Boston. The turn of a page in his diary shows him in Lincoln, Nebraska, and yet another page in Birmingham, Alabama. It bewilders one to follow him. There is no week not crowded full of engagements—meetings of committees, dedications, public dinners, and addresses. Almost every Sunday he preaches, often these last months on the “Parable of

the Talents." Freely he had received, freely he gave. Unto the very end he traded faithfully and successfully with his Master's "goods." And then came the long journey to the Pacific coast, the Bishops' Meeting at Spokane, the General Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions at Seattle, and of Home Missions and Church Extension at Portland, sermons or addresses, or both, at every place, veneration and affection for him evidenced wherever he appeared, a touching farewell to his colleagues and brethren as he turned his face once more to the East, a family reunion in Minneapolis, a visit with his brother at Syracuse, a last sermon at Little Falls, New York, the sacred joys of his home for a few days, then sickness—almost the first one in sixty years—the anxious forebodings of friends, and then sorrow that we "should see his face no more." When Tennyson was fourteen Byron died, and, hearing of it, in grief he carved on a rock near the old rectory at Somersby: "Byron is dead." Seventy years later, when Tennyson's son visited the old home, he looked in vain for the inscription. The storms had effaced the words. The friends of Bishop Andrews do not in any such childish fashion make record of their affliction and loneliness, for he believed, and they believe, that death is forever swallowed up in victory.

*Ezra Spier Nipple*



## ART. II.—VALUE OF THE HELLENIC SPIRIT IN AMERICAN LIFE<sup>1</sup>

IN a country unique as ours, so extraordinary in its political structure, so new and yet so prosperous, so vast in resources and so numerous and diversified in population; a country brimful of energy, of willfulness, of mental power, and almost riotous in its display of wealth, there is always imminent the temptation to forget our origins. Like the ancient Athenians, we are prone to adorn our hair with golden grasshoppers to indicate that we are *autochthonoi*, offspring of the ground we tread, which ground in turn we boast of as though it were the thought of our brains and the work of our hands. Such a mood is indeed a relic of primitive conditions, of early struggles, when bread was earned literally in the sweat of the laborer's face and safety by perpetual watching for devouring beast and ruthless savage; a mood saturated at first with melancholy, but, as triumph succeeded triumph, changing to one of jubilant exaltation: "We have conquered the sea and its storms, we have conquered the wilderness, its wildcats and panthers, its bears, its wolves, its malarious swamps and poisonous plants, its savage denizens and its cruel winters. We have bored into the mountains, digging from their depths the metals along which we drive our locomotives or speed our messages, and from which we construct the frames for buildings that house our workers by the thousand. The harvester has displaced the sickle and the cradle; instead of the wheat stacks and the rude barns of the pioneer giant elevators store the corn from which the world is fed; instead of the spinning wheel and the homespun raiment of the log cabin our wives and daughters rejoice in purple and fine linen and silks and laces." For, unfortunately, we have nothing to remind us of an ancient glory: no ruins like those of Rome to reproach us if we become degenerate, no abiding structures like Giotto's Campanile or Westminster Abbey to abase our pride, no literature like that of Athens to restrain admiration of the un-

<sup>1</sup> Address before Ohio Wesleyan University Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, February 20, 1908.



worthy; all that we have we seem to have created, for it is all so new. But it is not really new. It seems so only. We are not *autochthonoi*, offspring of the ground we tread; we are Europeans—in physical and in mental structure, in language, in literature, in science, in law, in morals, in religion, while the future only can determine whether we are a superior or an inferior type of European. Naturally, and properly enough, we believe ourselves superior both to our contemporary kindred and to our ancestors. Potentially we are, no doubt, and certainly we ought to be; but we have yet to prove ourselves superior. To do this we must reverence the fountains of our being, sing less noisily songs of self-laudation, and display less proudly the grasshoppers in our hair, as if we were not the descendants of Europeans but the indigenous offspring of American soil. Our ancestors brought hither their European selves; they brought with them also some fragments, at least, of Old World wealth. Their schools were not of their own invention, nor was their religion. They wrote books because Jews and Greeks and Romans had written books of old, and they founded colleges because there were colleges in England and in Holland, in Germany and Italy. John Harvard's contribution from his library was more than a gift of books, it was a golden chain binding New England and the New World to the culture of the ages.

This and much more crowded to my mind directly I consented to address the Ohio Wesleyan Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, for these three great letters are not mystic nor occult symbols; they contain a very obvious meaning. Pronounce them audibly and boldly, and lo! the gods and heroes, the poets and philosophers, the soldiers and statesmen of ancient Hellas form instantly in luminous procession, bearing aloft the banners that guide the intellectual progress of mankind. Accordingly, it seemed to me that I could offer you no more fitting theme than the significance of Greek culture for our American civilization. Be warned, however, at the outset. The contributions of earlier races to Hellenic culture I shall neither deny nor consider. Just as little does it enter into my plan to compare with this intellectual radiance of Greece, the stream of religious influence that flowed from Palestine, nor the organizing energy of Rome that welded the Medi-

terranean peoples into a single empire, nor the overriding strength of our Teutonic ancestors. The modern world is the product of many factors, of which these four are chief. Hellenic culture is not the sole creator of it, and I fear it is by no means the mightiest. Indeed, I am going to plead for more of Hellenic spirit in its purity, because this seems to me a very present need of our age, especially here in America.

First, then, let me point to the chief achievement of the Greek people, considered as a whole, namely, their glorious language—the language of Homer, of Plato, and of the New Testament. I am raising no such trivial inquiry as, Shall we study—or, How much shall we study Greek in our colleges? but quite a different question: Shall we reverence exact and lucid and beautiful dictions? Shall we speak and write nobly, making of discourse a splendor and a joy, or shall we darken counsel with vulgar or technical slang, with the jargon of thieves and toughs, with sentences destitute of those cunning joinings for which the Greeks invented their expressive particles? Shall our statements be ferociously indicative or ferociously imperative, with never a mood to suggest the possibility of error or the value of intellectual humility? The brutal willfulness, the overriding and unscrupulous energy of the early Teuton spoiled his syntax; he scorned the period, he iterated and alliterated, he seized words and phrases and hurled them at his listener, too often without reflection and without selection; speech was for him the expression of an impulse rather than of thought and the readiest word served his purpose. The revival of learning first taught our forefathers a finer use of words, but we are lapsing into the old barbarism. Our newspapers abound in scraps. Our lecturers talk staccato; our humorists write slang. Words no longer signify, they only “spell”; things “go without saying.” “Psychological moments” abound and you are summoned haughtily to detect the “psychology of every situation,” while every vulgar joker insists on “handing you a lemon.” That there can be wit without vulgarity or emphasis without profanity are antiquated superstitions. I remember a question put to me by one of your former professors, the lamented Dr. Williams. “Where,” he asked me, “did you learn to write English?” “In the Greek class-

room," was my reply. It was a flagrant offense to offer a mean and incoherent translation of the lines of Sophocles or the prose of Plato to the rare scholar that made Athens live before our eyes. Every particle had its force, every mood its shade of feeling, every tense its particular instant, every verb its range of meaning, and every adjective its definite quality. I learned to respect the language of Shakespeare and Bacon by matching it against the language of Æschylus and Aristotle; I learned to rely confidently upon the resources of English pure and undefiled, and to explore its original genius, by determining to render into my mother tongue the finest, the sublimest forms of ancient thought. The wrong word became to me no better than a lie, an unjointed paragraph the evidence of disordered thinking, and a heap of scrappy sentences the outpouring of an intellectual ragbag, while a pompous procession of uncouth polysyllables revived in me the visions of a parading circus with its whole menagerie on show and all its trumpets blaring. No literature like that of Athens could have developed among a people without reverence for their language; indeed, the people made the language before the poets made the literature, and when the people corrupted the language the poets disappeared—fortunately for Europe and America, not until the standard of style had been fixed for future ages. Through Virgil it was handed on to Dante; through the poets and humanists of the Renaissance it determined the preaching of John Colet, the prose of Roger Ascham and the verse of Edmund Spenser; it shaped the speech of Philip Melanchthon and through him smoothed the rugged German of Luther's Bible; it reappeared in the splendor and precision of the controversial prose of Galileo and Pascal as in the nineteenth century it shone again resplendent in the poetry of Leopardi and of Walter Savage Landor, when

Through the trumpet of a child of Rome  
Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece.

It conquered and tamed the early extravagance of Goethe, and it challenged Robert Browning to the transparent radiance of the nobler portions of the *Ring and the Book*.

All this and more was conscious influence, but, if I may hazard

an adjective that I dislike, this reverence of the Greek for perfect diction has become the subliminal genius of all great European literature, of writers so remote in method as the Norwegian Ibsen and the Italian Carducci, and every failure of it, as so frequently in Heine and in Victor Hugo, mars the splendor with indelible spots.

Diction, however, may be exact and lucid, nay, even radiant, and yet lack strength and permanent beauty. But Greek diction, the diction of Greek poets, Greek philosophers, Greek historians, Greek statesmen, Greek orators, abounded in vigor and in charm. Its strength, like the majesty of the Parthenon, lay in its severity and self-restraint, in its confident appeal to a quick and sure intelligence, in its scorn of cheap exuberance, in its daring inventiveness of winged words and illustrations, while its beauty charmed the ear with melodious and sonorous sentences and charmed the eye of the mind with pictures of things done and things hoped for and of the sublime regions where the invisible forces weave forever the tapestry of human destiny. Matthew Arnold, in contrasting the Hellenic with the Hebrew spirit, depicts the Greek intelligence as playing freely about its object. Play indeed it was, but very serious, very solemn play; no merry dance around the mysteries of suffering and of fate, but a free intelligence scrutinizing bravely the woe and the wickedness of men and women, demanding of fate her secrets, and wrestling with the gods before submitting to their mandates. Landor alone, of later English poets, seized and recorded in lines of severe and serene beauty this aspect of the Greek mind. His poem of Agamemnon and Iphigeneia seems like sculpture made alive—and yet not all alive. The maiden speaks, but the father's silence, never breaking into words, strikes deeper still. Both have measured in that instant the vastness of their misery and both have wrestled with the gods in vain, but invincibly. The imagination easily chisels out the pictures while one reads:

Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom  
At Aulis, and when all beside the king  
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said:  
"O father! I am young and very happy,  
I do not think the pious Calchas heard

Distinctly what the goddess spake. Old age  
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew  
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood  
While I was resting on her knee both arms  
And hitting it to make her mind my words,  
And looking in her face, and she in mine,  
Might he not also hear one word amiss,  
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"  
The father placed his cheek upon her head,  
And tears dropped down it, but the king of men  
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.  
"O father! sayst thou nothing? Hear'st thou not  
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,  
Listened to fondly, and awakened me  
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,  
When it was inarticulate as theirs,  
And the down deadened it within the nest?"  
He moved her gently from him, silent still,  
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,  
Although she saw fate nearer; then with sighs:  
"I thought to have laid down my hair before  
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimmed  
Her polished altar with my virgin blood;  
I thought to have selected the white flowers  
To please the Nympha, and to have asked of each  
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,  
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,  
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipped brow;  
And (after these who mind us girls the most)  
Adore our own Athena, that she would  
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.  
But, father! to see you no more, and see  
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"  
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,  
Bending his lofty head far over hers,  
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.  
He turned away; not far, but silent still.  
She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,  
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,  
And like it. Once again she raised her voice:  
"O father! if the ships are now detained,  
And all your vows move not the gods above,  
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer  
The less to them; and purer can there be  
Any, or more fervent, than the daughter's prayer  
For her dear father's safety and success?"  
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.  
An aged man now entered, and without



One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist  
Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw  
The fillet of the priest and calm, cold eyes.  
Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried:  
"O father! grieve no more; the ships can sail."

Behold the courage of the Greek mind; its unflinching scrutiny and measurement of inevitable calamity; behold, too, the courage of the Greek soul, never finer than in the Greek maiden, the courage that struggled against invincible fate, while conquering heartbreak and rising in queenly majesty to the embrace of death. We Anglo-Saxons, with all our boasted bravery, are intellectual cravens with our shallow optimism. We fear to look the truth in the face; we fear to look calamity or death in the face. Ostrich-like, we bury our heads in delusions; we call our flatterers optimists, we denounce disclosure, we rage at the inevitable. If a great dramatist appears to show vice her own features and virtue her own image, we scold and deny and distort, or we laud and magnify extravagantly. Tranquil appreciation, calm comparison of poetry and reality, solemn recognition of the facts of life and the eternal laws to which the maiden Antigone appealed and to which she affirmed the gods themselves were subject—all this is foreign to our Teutonic willfulness.

Thus far I have spoken of literature only; of its language, its style, its substance, but always of the spirit in each. I am making no plea for the study of the language or even the literature of Greece. I am only urging the cultivation of the spirit that made the earlier Greek literature sublime and weighty; a spirit that would make us, as it made Athens, worthy of the richest fruits of human thought; a spirit that would deliver us from the plagues of fiction showered upon us ceaselessly from our colossal printing plants like insects that perish with a summer's sun; a spirit that would soon banish from our clubrooms the chattering charlatans who give us predigested literary nourishment; a spirit that would bring us far greater blessings, for it would inspire poets and prophets, creators of character and interpreters of life; it would develop, too, a critical mind, serenely wise and serenely jubilant in its appreciation of the good; serenely just and serenely implac-



able in its condemnation of the bad. Consider next some other revelations of Hellenic culture. First of all, its attitude toward what Bacon called this Universal Frame. What the Greeks may have derived from foreign sources none may tell, but the great German from whom I learned the history of philosophy used to say: "The Greeks had this advantage: they were the *first* in philosophy." And, strictly speaking, this is true. Note, however, the humility of the term, remembering that the Greek *sophia* corresponded nearly to our term "science": they were merely lovers of science, not scientists. In these days of multitudinous "ologies," when the bungler in any field of inquiry prattles glibly of his science, and when the greenest hypotheses in psychology or in sociology, or even in history, are foisted upon us as the ascertained results of scientific investigation, the humility of the early Greek thinkers might give us pause. It was, however, a humility combined with daring intellectual intrepidity. From the days of Thales of Miletus to the days of Plotinus and of Origen, Greek thinkers sought with undaunted minds to solve the riddle of the universe; they were unwearied in their ingenuity of explanation, indefatigable in their reasonings, and merciless in their extermination of detected falsehood. Nor were they speculative exclusively. I never hear mention of the distances of the fixed stars but I think of Thales and his isosceles triangle. I never am out at sea but I think of the same great Milesian geometer bisecting the circle of the horizon and drawing in his imagination figures in the starry hemisphere above his boat. Galileo searched the heavens with his telescope, but Galileo did not invent geometry or discover specific gravity. Where, indeed, were Copernicus or Kepler or Galileo or Newton without the Greek geometers?—without Thales and Pythagoras and Euclid and Archimedes? The Greeks, as Zeller told us, the Greeks were first; first in the notion that the universe contained its own secret, first in the development of the geometry that was to track the secret to its hiding place; first, too, in the blending of observation and reflection—that led them, indeed, to many false conclusions, but that has led their disciples to all that we may properly endow with the magnificent name of science. Nor was there any failure on their part to see that man and society were

also subjects of scientific investigation; the demand of Socrates that man should "know himself" contains the germ not only of all ethics but of all political and social science. And his dissuasion from studies that could throw no light on the problems that come home to men's business and bosoms should be repeated in every generation. Of what avail to know the distances of planet from planet, and not to know the distance from health to disease? Of what avail to trace out canals upon the planet Mars, and not to know how to furnish pure water to the multitudes of our great cities? Of what avail to verify the date of an ancient eclipse, yet to stand helpless in the presence of popular unreason and incompetence in high places? Were Socrates alive today, he might perhaps escape the hemlock, but he would hardly escape calumny. If he had been teaching in New York, he would certainly be blamed for the hypocrisy that he unmasked and for the incompetence that he detected, and he would be summoned to defend himself before his fellow-citizens for not worshiping the gods that the city of Manhattan worships. And just as certainly would he make the old reply: "Treat me as your benefactor and not as a public enemy." But that is not the main point. The Hellenic spirit, of which Socrates and Plato and Aristotle were the first representatives, counted it an urgent business of science to solve the problem of humanity, other knowledge having value only as it furnishes help for the welfare and progress of mankind. They shrank neither from criticism nor unwelcome conclusions. They abounded in errors, for they were pioneers. They blazed the first paths through the cosmic wilderness and often went astray. But few among the moderns have the courage to challenge truth, as they did, to show her awful features. Few among the moderns risk obloquy where they risked banishment and death. Fewer yet can meet denunciation and derision with the unruffled soul of the great Athenian, appealing calmly to the judgment of succeeding generations. Now, precisely this our civilization requires for its salvation and its betterment. Scientific inquiry must be intrepid and also imperturbable. Nothing could be more pitiful, because nothing is more cowardly, than the whining of an investigator, wincing at the touch of criticism and bemoaning his sufferings for

the truth, unless, indeed, it were the brutal criticism inflicted by men that argue with a scalping knife. "Be bold, and always bold," cried Danton. Unfortunately, boldness was translated into ferocity. Be bold, and always bold, but temper your boldness with the peace and patience of God—such is wisdom's instruction to her children. Be bold but be magnanimous. Intrepidity gives wings to science; candor is the pure air through which she mounts. Scale the heights boldly that lead to God, who is eternal truth, and ask to see his face. Thus only can you hope to see the trailing of his glory as he passes by the cleft in which he hides the earnest seeker. But trample not upon the weakest comrade who seeks the same splendor. Retreat from no foe, be he man or devil, that should bar your way. Devil, I say deliberately, for Goethe's jest is bitter truth: *Zweifel*, the German word for "doubt," is their only rhyme for *Teufel*, the word we have softened into "devil." For worse than any contradiction of men are the blinding and freezing fogs of doubt that envelop the thinker often in his upward climb, from out whose gloom malignant voices taunt him, crying: "Truth—you can never reach it. Posterity, humanity, society—what are they that you should perish for them?"

I plead for the imperturbability, the tranquillity, of the divine intelligence so finely expressed in Aristotle's description of God as moving all things, himself unmoved. Leave Berserker rage to the Gods of Valhalla; let us seek rather the quiet, steady mental energy that quails before no problem and succumbs to no difficulty, that fears no ridicule, and pursues its course unswerving as a planet guided by eternal energy, and especially let us seek it in our study of political and social science. For here the Berserker rage of the Teuton makes often havoc of our intelligence. To be sure, the political and social problems of Athens and of Greece had no such magnitude and complexity as those of our country and of our age, while, small as they were, even Athens failed to solve them. Solon and Aristides and Demosthenes were not equal to their emergencies; neither did the political thought of Plato and of Aristotle make plain the causes of their failure or point out clearly to posterity the principles of social welfare, of political stability, of civic progress. But such thinkers as Greek statesmen grappled

bravely and sanely with dangerous situations. Never a statesman wiser, more courageous, more unselfish than Solon, never a ruler who spoke more frankly to his fellow-citizens than Pericles when urging them to incur the perils of a war with Sparta, never an orator organized so desperate and so ideal a resistance as that of Demosthenes to Macedonian tyranny. And happy indeed is the nation whose political thinkers approach the problems of their time in the spirit and with the genius of the nobler Athenians. What may be our fate no prophet can foretell. We have passed already the limit of time fixed by some framers of our constitution for the duration of the Union, yet with all our faults the blood of the people is still pure. If, though, the worst should be in store for our children; if this glorious Union, this new roof, as our fathers called it, is to come crashing down upon the multitudes that it has hitherto protected; if the history of this free people is to end in the calamities that selfishness and incompetence have invariably provoked, let no member of Phi Beta Kappa have guilt upon his soul. In the spirit of the nobler Greek sages and Greek statesmen let the members of this society think and labor without haste and without rest to the bitter end, hoping against hope to rescue the republic from disaster and the people from the ruin of their liberties, lifting their hands to God, even in the hour of defeat, to protest their innocence of the monstrous crime against mankind. It would ill become us, though, to portend disaster; stupendous indeed is the American commonwealth, a thing unparalleled in human annals, a spectacle for the nations until the end of time. But our glory is not our mountains filled with gold or our prairies waving with golden harvests; our men, from Franklin and Washington to Lincoln and Grant—these have been our glory. Nor will I fail in frankness now: when a citizen of this great state, the successor of Virginia as the mother of presidents, leaves a position of dignity and quiet to assume the burdens and perils of an untried and strange protectorate, risking life and health and reputation in the colossal job, when, having succeeded in that enterprise, he pacifies a dangerous agitation in the island made forever memorable by American valor and American good faith; when as administrator he develops indefatigable industry and rare

sagacity, and when in all his public utterances he speaks without concealment, without cowardice, and with the tranquil earnestness of a responsible citizen confronting momentous issues and dealing with the destinies of millions, then, whether he becomes chief magistrate or not, let the intelligent men of all parties yield him admiration and the reverence that the citizens of a free commonwealth owe to one who combines executive ability and high ambitions with integrity and candor and devotion to the public welfare. For such a patriot is not unworthy of a place in the same sentence with Solon the Wise and Aristides the Just.

The political ruin of Athens began when her statesmen perished and her tyrants flourished, when her patriots were maligned that her plunderers might escape, when a brazen-mouthed demagogue like Cleon the tanner could be lifted into power, or a brilliant self-seeker like Alcibiades could become a popular idol; the political ruin of Athens was complete when in a great crisis her ablest citizens failed to stand together and her orators were corrupted by the Macedonian gold. The intellectual ruin of Athens began when her poets pandered to the sensual crowd and her philosophers were condemned to death or exile; and it was completed when her famous teachers advertised their readiness to support with equal energy the affirmative or the negative of any proposition.

And now a final and, perhaps, of all the weightiest word. The New Testament, divine though it be, is a Greek book. The Greek language has come to us laden with much precious freight, but this is the chiefest treasure. The first preachers of Jesus and the resurrection challenged the best brain of the ancient civilization; at Antioch and Alexandria they won their greatest triumphs and founded their greatest schools. I speak with deference of the historians who insist that the Greek theologians were speculative and the Latin practical, for these historians are my masters, but follow them I cannot. The Greek idea of salvation was to my mind not only just as practical but far nobler than the Latin; for it included freedom and knowledge—freedom from the bondage of the flesh, from the evil of the world, and freedom, too, from error and from falsehood. It was the Roman, and not the Greek, who converted the church into a *salvatorium*, into an institute of insurance



against eternal woe. Redemption from the baser nature, the subjugation of the body to the soul, was the core of Plato's ethical teaching; it reappeared in the great Christian thinkers; it is sorely needed here and now. For we are where the Salome of Richard Strauss with its sensual intoxications marks our highest reach of musical achievement, where high living and mean thinking count their slaves by the thousand, where our books of entertainment drip with poisonous insinuations, and where the lust of the flesh and pride of life make havoc of home and of city. The problem of evil, furthermore, challenged the minds of these Greek Christians; they could not solve it, but they did not evade it; they did not fool themselves by arguing that evil was, after all, a kind of good. They knew that pain hurts, that cruelty and hatred are neither mercy nor love, that disease is not a source of health or happiness, that sin is not the road to righteousness. The world to them looked clumsy or malign; at any rate, it needed mending. They perceived, dimly enough, to be sure, that if they could discover the cause of evil, they might engage successfully in its extermination, if haply they could combine into a goodly company of witnesses a phalanx of brotherhood against it. Unfortunately, for them and for us, they failed and the law of the members conquered the law of the mind. A like disaster befell them as seekers for the truth. They measured the problems that the person of Jesus had forced upon thinking men in all their magnitude and meaning. They saw that it made a difference, wide as the diameter of the celestial sphere, whether Jesus of Nazareth was a Galilean peasant merely, who mistook his own heart-beats for the throbbings of the infinite, or was indeed the Son of a living God, clothed with supreme authority. They saw, too, that to ascribe to him a functional humanity, to make his manhood incomplete, reduced the incarnation to a dream. They were not blind to the difficulties of the problems that they stated, though often blinded by the rush of angry feelings and of selfish motives. It is their glory to have grasped the issue firmly, while it is their shame to have sacrificed not only the nobler Greek traditions but the power and the dignity of Christ, for which they contended, in disgraceful and disastrous quarrels.

The lesson is obvious, and it has been repeated in every epoch and in every field of scientific inquiry: science does not live by intellect alone; it thrives only in the atmosphere of peace, and candor, and brotherly kindness, and perfect truthfulness. Science has been indeed slow to learn the lesson; the nobler sciences, the moral sciences, strange to say, have been the greatest laggards; yet upon these nobler sciences, upon the discovery of the truth about men and society, about God and the world, depend the welfare and the progress of humanity. And the scholars of America, citizens as they are of a vast democracy composed of elements easily excited and often lashed to dangerous fury, can render no better service to state or to church than to be tranquil. Stripped of the delusion that clear and steady thinking is possible in the white heat of passion, let them be like the beacon lights that stream across the stormy seas, serene but unwearied guides to safety and to progress.

Charles J. Little

## ART. III.—METHODIST MEN OF MARK

THERE is a book, well known in newspaper offices and libraries, called *Who's Who in America*, which undertakes—with a fair degree of success, considering the immense difficulties involved—to give the names of those living Americans who have achieved the largest measure of distinction in their various lines of labor. The latest edition, issued early in 1908, furnishes brief, trustworthy sketches of 16,395 who, in the judgment of the editors, have gained more than local celebrity. The volume is a wonderful mine of biographical information available for many purposes. For one thing, it may be used to increase the mutual acquaintance of special classes engaged in the same work but prevented by distance from personal contact. The great Methodist family, for example, ought to know each other better. Conferences and conventions help not a little, but many cannot attend. Those in the same section know one another, but the continent is wide and a larger survey is needed. So we have thought it good to attempt something of the sort in these pages. The enumeration must be, of course, to a certain extent defective. It is confined to the names in the book, and for omissions or inclusions there the writer of this article is in no way responsible. He is, perhaps, in a way responsible for the failure to find all the Methodists who are mentioned, but he can only say in excuse for inevitable lapses in this direction that he has taken very great pains, laying hold of all the resources within his reach and getting help from authorities in various centers. Some laymen, doubtless, have not been caught in his drag-net, for their denominational affiliation is by no means always given and he has had to rely on other means of knowledge. But the result of his researches he is quite confident will be found substantially correct and filled with points of interest to many.

One matter that early attracted his attention, for *Who's Who* has been employed by other writers to throw light on this subject, was the degree and source of the education enjoyed by those Methodists who have become sufficiently known to find a place here. Facts brought out in other quarters would predispose one to expect that

nearly all named would owe their rank in large part to the training gained in institutions of learning. And such is the case. Of our 32 bishops the record stands as follows: college graduates, 26; theological school graduates, 11; at college only, 16; at theological school only, 2; at both college and school, 9; at neither, 4. There are 171 itinerant ministers or members of Annual Conferences whose names appear on these pages. We find that of these 123 graduated at Methodist colleges and 29 at non-Methodist colleges, making 152 college men; 7 graduated at theological schools only, and of 12 others there is either no record in the matter or it is plainly stated that they had only academic training. In a very large number of cases, between 70 and 80, or nearly fifty per cent, extensive post-graduate advantages were enjoyed, mostly in theological schools of this country, but also quite largely in European universities. Of the latter Berlin, Leipzig, Halle, Bonn, Göttingen, Tübingen, Zürich, Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, and Rome are especially mentioned. Schools of theology in this country were utilized in the following order: Boston, 25; Drew, 17; Garrett, 15; Gammon, 2; Andover, 1; Yale, 1; Nast, 1; New Brunswick, 1. The college graduates owe their allegiance as follows: Wesleyan University, 38; Ohio Wesleyan, 14; Northwestern, 12; Syracuse (including Genesee and Troy), 11; De Pauw, 9; Dickinson, 5; Allegheny, 4; Boston University College of Liberal Arts, 4; Lawrence, 3; Iowa Wesleyan, 3; New Orleans, 3; Mount Union, 2; Cornell, 2; Illinois Wesleyan, 2; Hamline, 2; and eight others 1 each. The following non-Methodist institutions educated 29: Harvard, Dartmouth, Yale, Bowdoin, Princeton, Union, Hamilton, Pennsylvania, New York, City of New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio, Miami, Scio, Kalamazoo, Farmers, Straight, Philomath, Brookville, Wittenburg, Otterbein, Victoria, Acadia. When it comes to the 197 laymen whose names we have recognized as Methodists, or who have so declared themselves, the results are not quite so satisfactory, but we find no less than 90 who have received their education at our own colleges and 53 at others, while between 20 and 30 of these have taken post-graduate work at such institutions as Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Boston, Yale, Chicago, and many of the foreign institutions already mentioned, together with

London, Edinburgh and Strasburg. A few also have taken their training in law schools and agricultural schools without the college course, while many have stopped with the academies and high schools. Our Methodist colleges which come in most prominently here are: Wesleyan, 25; De Pauw, 15; Ohio Wesleyan, 9; Northwestern, 6; Cornell, 5; Boston University College of Liberal Arts, 3; Dickinson, 5; Syracuse, 4; Iowa Wesleyan, 3. Combining, now, these three lists—episcopal, ministerial, and lay—we reach the following results (counting only those that have as many as three): Wesleyan University, 67; Ohio Wesleyan, 26; De Pauw, 24; Northwestern, 19; Syracuse, 15; Dickinson, 12; Allegheny, 8; Cornell, 8; Boston University College, 7; Iowa Wesleyan, 6; Lawrence, 5; Mount Union, 5; Albion, 4; Illinois Wesleyan, 3; New Orleans, 3. In other words, these fifteen institutions have educated 212 of the 400 eminent Methodists under consideration, or 53 per cent.

Another interesting question is, what states or sections of country have been the birthplaces of these people who are contributing just now so considerably to the good of the nation. When the total names in the big book are canvassed it appears that New England bears off the palm, though the book, being a western one, edited and published at Chicago, is not likely to favor New England unduly. The figures furnished show that, while the proportion of notables to the whole population is one in 4,654, the proportion in New England is one to 1,630; in other words, while New England has only seven per cent of the population (census of 1900) it has 21 per cent of those having national celebrity. New York has one in 2,570, Pennsylvania one in 3,715, Ohio one in 3,719. Does anything like this proportion hold good in Methodism? It could hardly be expected, since Methodism was introduced into this section so much later than into some other parts of the country, and has had here such a very hard struggle while in other sections it has swept the field in completest triumph. This, however, is the outcome of our calculation, combining, as before, episcopal, ministerial, and lay records: Massachusetts, 29; Vermont, 12; Maine, 11; Connecticut, 9; New Hampshire, 5, or 66 for New England. New York, 80; Pennsylvania, 31; New Jersey, 18; Maryland, 2;



Delaware, 2; District of Columbia, 1, or 134 for the middle states. Ohio, 53; Indiana, 27; Illinois, 22; Michigan, 7; Wisconsin, 7; Iowa, 5; Minnesota, 1; South Dakota, 1, or 123 for the West. Virginia, 5; West Virginia, 4; Kentucky, 3; Louisiana, 3; Alabama, 3; Missouri, 3; Tennessee, 2, or 23 for the South. Oregon contributes 1 and California 1, and 43 are from foreign countries, distributed as follows: Canada, 17; England, 10; Germany, 4; Ireland, 3; Scotland and Wales, 2 each; Switzerland, Denmark, India, West Indies, and British Honduras, 1 each. In nine cases no place of birth is given. By this it will be seen that New York state takes the lead, as from its great Methodist population would be natural, with Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts coming after. But when the percentage of names to the percentage of Methodist membership is considered it will be seen that New England is very far ahead. According to the 1908 Year Book the Methodist membership is 3,303,221. In the six New England Conferences are 116,803; adding to this a due allowance for those members in western New England that belong to other Conferences, we may fairly reckon New England Methodism at 150,000 which is four and one half per cent of the grand total. But the 66 names make sixteen and one half per cent of the 400, or nearly four times what the numbers would warrant, which is even a little better than the 21 per cent against 7 of the entire names in the book. This is a showing that could hardly have been looked for, and may well give a mite of encouragement to the sorely-pressed New England Methodists who in some comparisons with other sections of the country are made to suffer. Of the 72 bishops from the beginning until now, twenty, or nearly 28 per cent, have been closely connected with New England either by birth, education, or long continued labors, and a goodly proportion of the rest were from New England stock. Taking the bishops of the present time, we discover that no less than 7, or nearly one fourth of them, were born in foreign countries, six in the southern states, eight in the western, 9 in the middle, and 2 in New England. Of the ministers 63 were born in the middle states, 45 in the western, 28 in New England, 7 in the South, and 22 in foreign countries. Of the laymen 70 came from the West, 62 from the middle states,

36 from New England, 9 from the South, and 13 from foreign countries.

Among the ministers it will be a matter of no little concern to know which Conferences stand at the head in the number of names furnished. Only 60, out of nearly three times that number, come in at all, and 38 of the 60 supply only 1 or 2 apiece. The ranking is this: New England, 15; New York East, 15; Troy, 8; Rock River, 8; Cincinnati, 8; New York, 6; Newark, 6; Ohio, 5; Colorado, 5; Baltimore, 4; Philadelphia, 4; Central New York, 4. The following have 3 each: New England Southern, Wyoming, East Ohio, North Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Detroit, Northwest Indiana, North Minnesota. The following 15 have 2 each: Maine, Genesee, Kentucky, Washington, Kansas, California, Southern California, Des Moines, Upper Iowa, Wisconsin, Holston, Central Illinois, Minnesota, Erie, Saint Louis German. The following 23 have 1 each: Burma Mission, Philippine Island Mission, North China, Norwegian and Danish, Puget Sound, Michigan, Little Rock, Arkansas, Dakota, Northern New York, New Hampshire, Vermont, East Maine, North Nebraska, Atlanta, Louisiana, Delaware, Central Pennsylvania, Nebraska, South Kansas, Saint Louis, Southwest Kansas, Pittsburg. No special comments need here be made, except to note that some of the very largest Conferences numerically are represented either by 1 or 2 or by none at all, even as the bishops have all come from a very small number of the Conferences, nearly all in the East. The calculation was made for the beginning of 1908, when *Who's Who* was issued.

Of the 197 laymen catalogued, a very large number, some 80, are or have been connected with educational institutions. Here come in Presidents A. W. Harris, of the Northwestern; E. J. James, of Illinois; James E. Harlan, of Cornell; J. R. Harker, of Illinois Woman's College; Samuel Dickie, of Albion; C. E. Shelton, of Simpson; T. W. Roach, of Kansas Wesleyan; W. H. Scott, of Ohio State University; A. A. Johnson, of Fort Worth and Wyoming State; W. H. Crogman, of Clark; McKendree H. Chamberlain, of McKendree; C. W. Super, of Cincinnati Wesleyan; Horace Ellis, of Vincennes; W. F. Yocum, of Fort Wayne; W. W. Par-

sons, of Indiana State Normal; Henry W. Rogers, formerly president Northwestern, now dean of Yale Law School; Daniel Bonbright, once acting president of Northwestern, now professor; T. F. Holgate, once acting president of Northwestern, now dean of its College of Liberal Arts; S. A. Lattimore, once acting president of the University of Rochester; A. L. Mason, dean of De Pauw University Law School; Melville M. Bigelow, dean of Boston University Law School; F. R. Dyer, dean of Ohio State Normal School and superintendent of schools for Cincinnati; A. F. Nightingale, superintendent of schools for Cook County, Illinois; F. D. Boynton, superintendent of schools, Ithaca; and the following professors: John M. Van Vleck, for over fifty years at Wesleyan; C. T. Winchester, H. W. Conn, W. E. Mead, Oscar Kuhns, K. P. Harrington, all of Wesleyan; W. M. Warren, M. L. Perrin, J. B. Coit, T. B. Lindsay, D. L. Sharp, all of Boston University College of Liberal Arts; H. S. Carhart, George A. Coe, J. A. James, J. F. Hatfield, U. S. Grant, W. D. Scott, G. O. Curme, J. S. Clark, W. S. Hall, I. N. Danforth, all of Northwestern; George F. Comfort, H. A. Teck, and C. W. Hargitt, of Syracuse; T. N. Carver, of Harvard; E. B. Van Vleck, of Wisconsin; George E. Vincent, dean of the faculties of art, literature, and science in the University of Chicago; A. H. Thorndike and E. L. Thorndike, of Columbia; I. F. Russell, of New York University; Richard Parsons, professor of Greek at Ohio Wesleyan for thirty-three years; J. H. Morgan, of Dickinson; G. H. Blakeslee, of Clark College; C. C. Bragdon, for thirty-four years at the head of Lasell Seminary; H. S. White, of Vassar; E. G. Conklin, of Princeton; M. P. Hatfield, of the University of Illinois; R. A. Armstrong, of West Virginia University; Delos Fall, of Albion, and superintendent of schools for Michigan; R. S. Copeland, of Michigan; G. L. Scherger, of Armour Institute of Technology; F. B. Mumford, University of Missouri; B. H. Ripton, twenty-three years at Union; W. N. Stearns, of North Dakota; T. H. Eckfeldt, of Saint Andrews, Concord, Massachusetts; John E. James, M.D., of the Hahnemann Medical School, Philadelphia; L. B. Bangs, of the Bellevue Hospital Medical School; Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson, Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, Miss Mary H. Norris, all deans of the Woman's

College, Northwestern; Mrs. Martha McClellan Brown, of Cincinnati Wesleyan College; Mrs. Louise R. Stowell, of the University of Michigan; Miss L. M. Hodgkins, of Wellesley; Miss Catherine J. Chamberlayne, formerly of Lasell, Wilbraham, and Cincinnati Wesleyan, now preceptress of a school for girls in the Fenway, Boston. Thirty or more have gained distinction in politics, and hold, or have held, positions of more or less eminence in national, state, or city governments, where they have done credit to their church while at the same time serving well their country. Here is the list, headed by Vice-President Fairbanks. Has there been any other Methodist in this office? We do not recall any. Of United States senators we have at present four, namely: A. J. Beveridge, of Indiana; J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa; J. B. Foraker, of Ohio; and W. P. Dillingham, of Vermont, besides Warner Miller, of New York, in other days. Of Methodist members of Congress, past and present, there are ten. George W. Faris, of Indiana, has been in three Congresses, the fifty-fourth, fifty-fifth, and fifty-sixth, and was chairman of the Committee on Manufactures in two of them. William R. Warnock represented the Eighth Ohio District for four years, and has been since 1906 United States pension agent at Columbus. Frank Plumley, just elected from Vermont, has been chief judge for the court of claims in the state, and served as umpire for Great Britain and Holland in the Venezuela imbroglio, is also lecturer on international law in the Norwich University. Mark L. De Motte, who represented the Tenth Indiana District in the Forty-seventh Congress, has been for thirty years dean of the North Indiana Law School. James E. Watson has represented the Sixth Indiana District since 1895, and has been president of the State Epworth League. John H. Baker, of Indiana, was a member of Congress for six years and district judge for ten. C. L. Henry, of Indiana, was member of Congress for four years, is now president and general manager of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Traction Company. Eben W. Martin, of Deadwood, South Dakota, was Congressman at large for six years. John E. Andrus, of Yonkers, New York, manufacturing chemist and philanthropist, is completing a four years' term in Congress. Warner Miller, paper manufacturer, was in Congress thirty years ago.

Of governors there are and have been nine who counted themselves Methodists, and did honor to the name: John L. Bates, of Massachusetts; John H. Mickey, of Nebraska; Richards Yates, of Illinois; W. T. Durbin and J. F. Hanly, of Indiana; E. C. Stokes and Franklin Murphy, of New Jersey; E. W. Hoch, of Kansas; Leslie M. Shaw, banker, was secretary of the United States treasury, as well as governor of Iowa for two terms. Melville W. Miller, journalist and editor, was assistant secretary of the interior for two years. W. H. Berry, consulting engineer, is treasurer of the state of Pennsylvania. A. J. Sampson, lawyer of Arizona, is envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Ecuador, the first person for over sixty years living in a territory to receive an office of this grade. Bird S. Coler, banker, was controller of New York city, and Democratic candidate for governor of the state, and is now President of the Borough of Brooklyn. Frank Moss, lawyer, was president of the Board of Police, New York city, counsel to the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and active in various legislative and municipal investigations. Humphrys H. C. Miller, lawyer, was mayor of Evanston, and Brand Whitlock, lawyer, mayor of Toledo. Francis G. Monnett has been Attorney General of Ohio.

Of United States consuls we have three: Carlton B. Hurst, in Saxony; John K. Gowdy, at Paris; and Fleming D. Cheshire, who has been consul general at large for China, during the past two years; previous to that he was consul general at Mukden, and has been in the consular and diplomatic service at various Chinese ports for over thirty years. Here, perhaps, should come in the still more remarkable career of John C. Ferguson, who may be reckoned either as minister or layman—more suitably the former, since he was a member of the New England Conference when *Who's Who* was issued, and for twenty-one years previously, but has just located. He went out as a missionary in 1898, and was president of the Nanking University till 1897, then of the Nanyang Government College at Shanghai for five years; since then he has been in the employ of the Chinese government as secretary of the ministry of commerce, chief secretary of the Railway Administration, foreign adviser to the viceroys of Nanking and Wucheng, member



of the Chinese commission to revise treaties with the United States and Japan, and has been sent several times by the Chinese government on special missions to the United States. Very many of these political officeholders, 17, were lawyers. Some 23 more of this profession have a place in our list, including Charles B. Lore, chief justice of Delaware; John Wesley Lacy, chief justice supreme court of Wyoming; F. E. Baker, judge supreme court, Indiana, and more recently judge United States circuit court; Alexander Dowling, associate justice supreme court, Indiana; S. M. Weaver, judge supreme court, Iowa; H. C. McWhorter, judge supreme court of appeals, West Virginia; Hiram S. Sibley, judge of circuit court, Ohio; Oliver H. Horton, judge of circuit court, Illinois; T. F. Shepard, circuit judge, Michigan; Charles Z. Lincoln, of Albany, legal adviser to various governors of New York; A. S. Moore, United States district judge for Alaska; Martin M. Jonson, and S. M. Coon, district attorneys; Eugene W. Chafin, prohibition candidate for president of the United States; James A. Fowler, Republican candidate for governor of Tennessee; Austin Bierbower, legal practitioner in Chicago for over twenty years; John Farson, also president of a street railway company, James F. Rusling, and a few others.

It is rather remarkable that, besides Dr. James, of Philadelphia, already mentioned, and Drs. Bangs, Hatfield, and Danforth, who are also professors, only two other Methodist medical men are mentioned. One is Dr. Henry O. Marcy, of Boston, who conducts a private hospital for the treatment of surgical diseases. The other is Dr. William P. Spratling, medical superintendent of the Craig colony for epileptics at Sonyea, New York, the first institution of its kind to be built in the world.

There is one musical conductor, Tali Esen Morgan, a Welshman, a very active prohibitionist, and in charge of music at Ocean Grove for twenty years. Other specialists of note are John R. Mott, Young Men's Christian Association official; E. W. Halford, private secretary to President Harrison, and paymaster in the United States army; E. R. Graham, publisher; Sam Walter Foss, poet, and in charge of the Public Library, Somerville, Massachusetts; Hugh M. Smith, deputy commissioner and editor for the

United States bureau of fisheries; Alfred C. True, director of experiment stations in the United States department of agriculture; Mrs. C. C. Fairbanks, president-general of the D. A. R.; Mrs. Judith Ellen Foster, daughter of a Methodist minister in the New England Conference, lawyer, temperance worker, and Republican campaign orator; Mrs. Harriet C. McCabe, first president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, editor of Woman's Home Missions for twenty years; Miss Alice M. Guernsey also editor of the Woman's Home Missionary Society; Mrs. Angelia F. T. Newman, first woman delegate to the General Conference, and prominent in temperance and mission work; Miss Martha Van Marter, present editor of Woman's Home Missions. Other editors are H. K. Carroll, for twenty-two years with *The Independent*, more recently a secretary of the Missionary Society; James R. Joy, of the *Christian Advocate*; T. L. Flood, founder and for many years editor of *The Chautauquan*; Eugene Thwing, editor-in-chief and business manager of *The Circle* magazine; Frank C. Bray, editor of *The Chautauquan*; Samuel Merwin, associate editor of *Success*; D. D. Thompson, of the *Northwestern*; B. T. Titus, of the *Northern*; and George B. Lockwood, editor of the *Marion Evening Chronicle*.

Of Methodist women 23 names appear. We have already indicated the special work of 13. The other 10 are authors: Miss L. Gray Noble, of Wilbraham; Mrs. Nora Ardelia Roe, of Worcester; Miss Mary Allette Ayer, of Haverhill; Miss Frances Bent Dillingham, of Auburndale; Mrs. Mary Sparkes Wheeler, of Ocean Grove; Mrs. Charlotte F. Wilder, of Manhattan; Miss Mary Treat, of Vineland, New Jersey; Miss Mary A. Lathbury, of East Orange, New Jersey; Mrs. Sarah J. Brigham, also of East Orange; Mrs. Frances Jane Van Alstyne, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, who under the name of Fanny Crosby has written more than 6,000 hymns which have greatly blessed the world.

Business positions do not figure so largely in our volume as those which are political, educational, and literary. There seem to be only a score or so of Methodists in this line of effort who have found a record here. First comes the venerable William Deering, of Evanston, eighty-two years old, long engaged in manufacturing

harvesters. John D. Archbold is vice-president of the Standard Oil Company. Frank A. Arter, of Cleveland, was long in the oil business. E. T. Burrowes, of Portland, Maine, is president of the largest wire screen factory in the world, and has taken out many patents, one for railway car curtains which he manufactures. E. O. Fisk is at the head of an extensive Teachers' Agency firm. Louis Klopsch, journalist, has been proprietor of The Christian Herald for the last sixteen years, raising and distributing in that time over \$3,300,000 in international charity. William H. Gold, of Redwood Falls, Minnesota, is president of several banks. So is Hugh Dougherty, of Indianapolis. F. T. McWhirter is president of the People's State Bank in the same capital. John A. M. Adair is president of the First National Bank of Portland, Indiana. Charles H. Stowell, of Lowell, is general manager and treasurer of the J. C. Ayer Company, formerly professor in Michigan University. Charles A. Carlisle is manufacturer of carriages at South Bend. Charles Wesley Chadwick is a wood engraver in New York, and S. R. Badgeley a church architect in Cleveland. John E. Searles was president of the Tennessee Northern Railway Company. John C. Stubbs is vice-president of the Southern Pacific; B. D. Caldwell is vice-president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad; E. D. Easton is president of the American Graphophone Company; N. W. Harris and John W. Vroom are bankers. Winship E. Scarritt is a broker, and Henry Floy a consulting engineer.

There should be some mention of the war record made by these Methodist laymen. Eighteen names appear on the list as figuring more or less prominently. James F. Rusling, who became a colonel, was brevetted brigadier-general "for faithful and meritorious services during the war." Governor Murphy served three years in the army of the Potomac, being a first lieutenant. Senator Miller was lieutenant in a cavalry regiment, and was taken prisoner at Winchester. Francis Asbury Smith served two years as second lieutenant. J. W. Vrooman took part in both attacks by the navy on Fort Fisher. Governor Durbin, besides serving in the Union army in the sixties, was colonel of an Indiana regiment in the Spanish-American war. H. C. McWhirter was captain in the

Union army; T. L. Flood as lieutenant fought at Antietam and Chancellorsville; A. J. Sampson became a captain; so did M. L. DeMotte; Dr. Marcy was an army surgeon, and became medical director of Florida in 1864; Governor Mickey served with an Iowa regiment; Hugh Dougherty was taken prisoner at Stone River; John K. Gowdy served in the cavalry for three years under Sherman and others; Jonah F. R. Leonard was with Jim Lane in the Kansas war for a free state, and served through the Civil War till 1865, being wounded at Vicksburg; he was nominated for president of the United States in 1900 by the United Christian party. C. C. Bragdon, J. E. Harlan, and James M. Gray also fought. It is a little singular that the number of Methodist ministers who saw service is larger than the number of laymen. Twenty names appear on this list. John B. Van Petten was in command of a regiment for over two years, commanded a brigade at Port Hudson, and became brevet brigadier-general. D. R. Lowell became major as well as chaplain; D. C. Knowles, J. B. Young, T. N. Boyle and W. C. Sawyer were captains. S. L. Gracey, now for many years consul at Foochow, was three years in the army of the Potomac. H. A. Gobin, T. C. Iliff, and A. J. Palmer were also three years in the army, the latter being for nine months a Confederate prisoner. Eli McClish served under Sherman two years. Henry Wheeler had a chaplaincy in a cavalry regiment. F. D. Blakeslee served in the quarter-master's department from 1863 to 1865. G. P. Mains was in the navy under Admiral Porter. Orville James Nave has been a chaplain in the United States Army for twenty-three years. B. W. Baker received many wounds in many battles during his four years' service. John F. Spence was an officer in the army from 1862 to 1865. Lewis Curts, James H. Potts and H. H. Lowry helped to defend their country.

In politics ministerial entries are not many. H. A. Buchtel is governor of Colorado. Ernest Lyon has been minister resident and consul-general of the United States at Monrovia for the last five years. E. D. W. Huntley was chaplain of the United States senate for four years. J. D. Botkin was a Congressman-at-large from Kansas on the Populist ticket in 1896; he was Prohibition

candidate for governor of Kansas in 1888. A. B. Leonard, E. L. Eaton, and S. C. Swallow have been Prohibition candidates for governor in Ohio, Wisconsin, and Pennsylvania.

Turning now to the educational record of the 171 ministers, we find a formidable list of presidents and chancellors, deans, and professors numbering about 100. Joseph E. King has been president of Fort Edward Collegiate Institute for fifty-four years. Jabez Brooks has been professor of Greek at the University of Wisconsin for thirty-nine years, and was connected with Hamline University, most of the time as president, for fifteen years previously; he began to teach in 1850. William Fletcher King was president of Cornell College for forty-three years. William F. Warren has been connected with Boston University and the Theological Seminary which preceded it, most of the time as president, forty-two years. Ammi B. Hyde has taught nearly all the time, at Cazenovia, Allegheny, and Denver, since his graduation from Wesleyan in 1846. H. A. Buttz has been professor and president at Drew for forty years. W. N. Rice has been professor at Wesleyan for forty-one years, and is now acting president. W. C. Sawyer, now professor in the University of the Pacific, has taught for thirty-eight years. Herbert F. Fisk has been forty years at the Northwestern University, beginning to teach in 1855. John P. D. John has been thirty-five years teaching, serving as president of Brookville College, Moores Hill College, and De Pauw University. C. J. Little has been thirty-four years an educator, at Dickinson, Syracuse, and Evanston. H. C. Sheldon has been professor at Boston University for thirty-three years, B. P. Bowne for thirty-two. Besides these thirteen veterans we have not noted any who have been over thirty years in the class room. Other presidents, in addition to those already mentioned, are W. E. Huntington, of Boston; B. P. Raymond, of Wesleyan; George E. Reed, of Dickinson; W. H. Crawford, of Allegheny; J. R. Day and Daniel Steele, of Syracuse; Herbert Welch, of Ohio Wesleyan; H. A. Buchtel, of Denver; Samuel Plantz, of Lawrence; also E. D. W. Huntley and C. W. Gallagher, of the same; J. A. Kummeler, W. H. Wilder, F. L. Barnes, and E. M. Smith, of Illinois Wesleyan; DeWitt C. Huntington and Isaac Crook, of Nebraska Wesleyan;



John W. Hancher, C. L. Stafford, F. D. Blakeslee, and J. T. McFarland, of Iowa Wesleyan; Thomas Nicholson, of Dakota Wesleyan; L. H. Murlin, of Baker; F. S. Hoyt and George Whitaker, of Willamette; W. A. Shanklin and T. J. Bassett, of Upper Iowa; J. H. Race, J. F. Spence, and R. J. Cooke, of Grant; A. B. Riker, of Mount Union; Albert E. Smith, of Ohio Northern; G. H. Bridgman, of Hamline; H. A. Gobin, of De Pauw; J. F. Goucher, of the Woman's College, Baltimore; C. W. Winchester, of Taylor; G. F. Bovard, of Southern California; G. P. Benton, of Miami; G. B. Rogers, of Baldwin; F. H. Knight, of New Orleans; William Fielder, of Fort Worth; Eli McClish, of the University of the Pacific; E. L. Parks, of Simpson; A. B. Storms, of Iowa State College; W. P. Thirkield, of Howard University; G. B. Addicks, of Central Wesleyan; J. M. Cox, of Philander Smith; Frederick Muntz, of German College; E. M. Randall, of Puget Sound; A. E. P. Albert, of Gilbert; J. W. E. Bowen, of Gammon; B. W. Baker, of Chadcock; and W. K. Brown, of Cincinnati Wesleyan Woman's College. Of principals in seminaries and professors at colleges we note the following: M. D. Buell, H. G. Mitchell, C. W. Rishell, J. M. Barker, A. C. Knudson, L. T. Townsend, G. K. Morris, and Foy Spencer Baldwin at Boston; O. A. Curtis, C. T. Sitterly, J. A. Faulkner, R. W. Rogers, E. S. Tipple, and S. G. Ayers at Drew; M. S. Terry, C. M. Stuart, and Charles Horswell at Evans-ton; C. M. Cobern at Allegheny; Edwin Post at De Pauw; W. W. Davies, of Ohio Wesleyan; Alba C. Piersel, of Iowa Wesleyan; J. B. Van Petten, of Claverack; J. F. L. Raschen, of Lafayette; J. H. Pillsbury, of Smith; D. C. Knowles, of Tilton; W. F. Berry, of Kents Hill; C. W. McCormick, of Hackettstown; H. L. Durfee, of Poultney. W. L. Davidson has been secretary of the American University for ten years and superintendent of instruction at fifteen Chautauqua Assemblies. B. B. Loomis was for some years president of the Round Lake Summer Institute and director of the Ocean Grove Assembly.

Engaged in works of charity and reform, including missions and such like, a goodly list emerges. Purley A. Baker is national superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America; and prominent in the same line are H. A. Durfee and Carl L. Eltzholtz. J.

L. Hurlbut was for twenty-one years in the Sunday school work, to which D. G. Downey has now been called. George V. Morris has been president of the Lexington Associated Charities for the last two years. Jacob E. Price devotes himself just now to bringing the Oppenheimer treatment for alcoholism within reach of the poor. F. H. Knight is superintendent of the New England Home for Little Wanderers at Boston. In publishing and disseminating Methodist literature Homer Eaton has been employed nineteen years; G. P. Mains and H. C. Jennings, twelve years each; Lewis Curts, for eight years. In promoting missions A. B. Leonard has been occupied twenty years, A. J. Palmer was four years a missionary secretary, and S. O. Benton has been in the mission office for six years. H. C. Stuntz, who has recently taken up these duties, had previously a record of nine years in India and six in the Philippine Islands. Seven others have been engaged in the foreign field, including J. C. Ferguson already referred to. H. A. Buchtel was for a little time in Bulgaria, J. M. Barker in Mexico, D. M. Tompkins as a teacher in Nynsee Tal and Mussoorie, India. James Mudge was ten years in Lucknow, India, Julius Smith eighteen years in Burma, H. H. Lowry has been forty-one years in China, where he is now president of Pekin University. Connected with home and city missions we have the names of T. C. Iliff, so long in Utah and the Rocky Mountain regions, chairman of the allied Christian forces which opposed Brigham H. Roberts as polygamous Congressman from Utah; George Elliott and A. G. Kynett; F. M. North, for sixteen years corresponding secretary of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society. M. C. B. Mason has given himself for seventeen years to the work of the Freedmen's Aid Society. E. M. Randall is superintending the work among the Methodist young people. W. I. Haven is organizing Bible distribution, as corresponding secretary of the American Bible Society. Addis Albro has been general secretary of the American Reform Association for ten years. E. M. Mills as secretary pushed to successful completion the great Twentieth Century Thank Offering Fund, and is now field secretary of the Board of Education. James E. Gilbert for several years gave himself to promoting the spiritual culture of the church. J. P. Brush-

ingham was secretary of the Commission on Aggressive Evangelism.

Eighteen names appear on the roll of Methodist editors: the three with the longest terms of service being J. H. Potts, who has been connected with the Michigan Christian Advocate for thirty-one years; J. M. Buckley, for twenty-eight years in charge of the Christian Advocate at New York, and Charles Parkhurst, for twenty years in command of Zion's Herald. Then follow W. V. Kelley, of the Review; S. J. Herben, of the Epworth Herald; C. B. Spencer, of the Central; Levi Gilbert, of the Western; J. B. Young, formerly of the Central; F. S. Hoyt, editor of the Western twelve years; J. T. McFarland, of the Sunday School Journal; R. J. Cooke, book editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church; F. D. Bovard, of the California Christian Advocate; F. Muntz, of the Haus und Herd; C. F. Eltzholtz, of the Norwegian and Danish paper; C. M. Stuart, assistant editor of the Northwestern for ten years; E. Robb Zaring, assistant editor of the Western now; A. E. P. Albert, formerly of the Southwestern Christian Advocate; S. C. Swallow, of the Pennsylvania Methodist. Closely allied to the editorial work is the writing of books. In the list of authors a considerable proportion of all the 400 names with which we are dealing appear, although in some cases it is only a single volume or a few pamphlets published locally that furnish the foundation for the title. We cannot undertake for reasons of space to give them all, nor would it serve any useful purpose. Fifty of the laymen have dabbled more or less in printer's ink, issuing in many cases schoolbooks or other such technical publications. Sam Walter Foss and Fanny Crosby are preëminently the poets. Among the prose writers C. T. Winchester, George A. Coe, Oscar Kuhns, H. K. Carroll, D. L. Sharp, Austin Bierbower, L. H. Larabee, and T. N. Carver have probably done the best work. Among the 80 ministers who have written it is more difficult to select a few. Without repeating the names of the editors, many of whom have sent out excellent books, it may suffice to mention the following: L. A. Banks has put forth fifty volumes, mostly sermons; L. T. Townsend has nearly thirty to his credit, beginning with Credo forty years ago; Borden P. Bowne has issued a dozen or

so, many of them exceedingly weighty; M. S. Terry has about the same number, chiefly in the expository line; H. C. Sheldon has favored the church with some very solid volumes of history, as well as a system of doctrine; Daniel Steele's devotional works will long keep his memory green; W. H. Meredith has written most admirably of Methodist history; J. Wesley Johnson and E. J. Haynes have shone in the realm of fiction; S. M. Dick won the Shearman prize of \$250 given by the American Economic Association in 1891 for the best essay on state and local taxation of personal property in the United States. In addition to these ten we can do no more than name briefly these 24 who have given to the public volumes of high value: R. W. Rogers, O. A. Curtis, C. W. Rishell, H. G. Mitchell, W. N. Rice, W. F. Warren, D. W. C. Huntington, J. L. Hurlbut, O. J. Nave, Henry Wheeler, C. M. Cobern, Bostwick Hawley, James E. Gilbert, Samuel Plantz, C. M. Stuart, E. S. Tipple, J. M. Barker, W. F. Sheridan, C. J. Little, C. E. Little, H. A. Buttz, Isaac Crook, A. H. Tuttle, F. J. McConnell. None of the above have given themselves entirely to the literary life. Indeed, it can be said that very few out of the hundreds here canvassed have confined themselves strictly to any single line of labor. There are scarcely any unmixed careers. Nearly all the educators have either preached a little (perhaps much) or have published something. A very large proportion of the pastors have obtained their celebrity from their pen work or their official positions. From the principles on which *Who's Who* is made up not many who have been simply pastors can find recognition in its pages. Among those who come nearest to this description are Charles E. Locke, who won national distinction by his conduct of McKinley's funeral while pastor at Buffalo; Hugh Johnston, of the Metropolitan Church, Washington; C. L. Goodell, Henry Ostrom the evangelist, C. B. Mitchell, L. H. Dorchester, W. P. Odell, E. B. Patterson, and a few others.

Only six of our colored brethren find a place in the list: Presidents Bowen, Crogman, Cox, and Albert, Bishop Scott, and Secretary Mason. There are only four couples, so far as we have noticed: Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks; Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Stowell, of Lowell; Dr. and Mrs. W. Kennedy Brown, of Cincin-

nati; Dr. and Mrs. Henry Wheeler, of Ocean Grove. The palm of age is taken by Bostwick Hawley, who is ninety-four, the oldest living alumnus of Wesleyan. Next comes Francis Southack Hoyt, who is eighty-six; Joseph E. King and Jabez Brooks, eighty-five; A. B. Hyde, eighty-three, and J. B. Van Petten, eighty-one.

Noting the laymen in the last three General Conferences who appear in *Who's Who*, we find that there were 32 in 1900, 14 in 1904, 6 of these repeated from 1900, and 20 in 1908, 3 of whom were repeated from 1900, and 2 from 1904. Eight of those who were elected in 1900 and appeared in the book then have dropped out of the present edition through death or other causes, so that there are at present 47 names of General Conference laymen in the volume. The number of the ministers is far greater.

A comparison between the Methodist names in this book and those pertaining to other branches of the Christian Church discloses about 275 names of Presbyterians (ministers and laymen), and almost exactly the same number of Congregationalists. As all the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church are inserted, that brings their numbers up pretty close to these other two. Only about a hundred Baptists were discernible. Nor were there many Roman Catholics or Lutherans aside from the bishops. Of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 41 ministers (including the bishops) together with laymen appeared to be all. The other Methodists yielded the following record: African M. E., 14; A. M. E. Zion, 5; Free Methodist, 5; Methodist Protestant, 4; United Brethren, 13; United Evangelical, 4; Evangelical Association, 2; 47 in all.

*James Mudge.*



#### ART. IV.—THE PREACHER AND GOOD ENGLISH

OF all the countless callings that meet the approval of the present day there is no one that requires so large a measure in the man who follows it as the ministry of the gospel. He has, presumably, deliberately chosen this highest office in completest harmony with the will of God. He deals directly with the human soul, and the infinite variety of human life demands of him the richest and most expressive capacity. Other men are given the opportunity and development of marvelous segments in faithful lifework, but the minister of the gospel may possess the perfect round. No other sphere of action can so thoroughly supply the essential elements for the "full stature of the man in Christ Jesus," and men who fail in the ministry do so very largely for two reasons: they do not themselves sufficiently realize this fundamental fact, and, on the other hand, the people who keep them in their service do not sufficiently realize the genius and the dignity of the ministerial office. Both sides, hampered and bound by the constantly besetting superficial considerations, lose sight of the heart of the matter, but there is no doubt of the very sincere desire for the apprehension—the taking hold—of the inherent truth of the subject. And if we may define from time to time just what the human shepherd of the sheep should be, if we may pause and look a little, and together, upon the symmetrical ideal, that will help us by so much more, in faith as well as knowledge.

It is coming to be understood in all classes and professions that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is never a garment to be put on and taken off at will, never a pedestal or projection for self-glorification, but that it is the best possible development in every way of the distinctive, individual character for the fullest foliage and the richest fruitage, that every calling is a sacred calling, and that the successful Christian must be, first, last, and all the time, a robust and efficient citizen of this world if he establish his right to the life to come. And little by little in all this varied process comes the true meaning of the countless passages

in God's Word which illuminate the interdependence of the soul and body.

For the soul is not the body, and the breath is not the flute;  
Both together make the music: either marred and all is mute.

A finer conception of our social conditions and propensions is gained. We distinguish more carefully between physical and spiritual values, and define more clearly the functions of the conscience and the will. With the new theology which has caused us so much concern arrives a new psychology which, in its fresh application of irrevocable law, is giving us a master word in our jangle of doubt and fear. And in this larger, juster estimate of the requirements of the Christian life the minister is expected to stand head and shoulders above the people in a thoroughly modern and aggressive way, leading them unswervingly through the portentous day and making no camp by night that is not also the place of peace and rest. He must know the medium through which the very least, the very greatest, and the many mediocre strive. He must know the use of all the countless tools with which they toil, and, above all, he must have a precise and practical unison with his own instruments as they inspire and regulate and express his own inherent power. We accomplish wonderful things in the grace of God with the meagerest equipment, but—also in the grace of God—that is the most efficient minister, in the boundless sense of the beautiful word, who takes his special endowment sternly and sacredly in hand and cultivates its every slightest faculty to the greatest possible perfection. And because he is fundamentally the preacher, because he touches life at every conceivable point through the vital and creative word, setting forth the *Logos* made flesh to dwell with men, he cannot overestimate the importance of the English that he uses as the definite vehicle of his gift of speech. The most astounding thing in the day of judgment may be the interminable array of "idle words," the poor, miserable, slouchy, slangy, empty, decrepit, worn-out words, that mark our progress through this preparatory world, and our strangest revelation the overwhelming perception of our unpardonable treachery to our mother tongue! And no really manly man who claims his divine heritage will excuse himself for such defec-

tion on the ground that the mechanism of our language is such a tremendous matter. It is indeed, like the human entity, fearfully and wonderfully made. Its various twists and turns and inexplicable formations, its arbitrary moods and tenses, its cases and numbers, its autocratic conjunctions and pronouns, all knotted and snarled in, apparently, the most despotic and unreasonable way, are enough to fill us with despair. And the difficulty is very much greater if the early training has been deficient and one is bound by the meager years. To such a one, despite the promise of the Most High God, there are many hours of the bitterest defeat before he gains the victory, many years of sore infliction upon his people before he wins his great reward. But "all one's life may be a music if we strike the keys aright," and the clue to this labyrinth is within our hands if we but reach in the right direction. Rudyard Kipling said in regard to his wonderful *Jungle Book*: "When I once found the Law of the Jungle the rest was easy." And in spelling and grammar and rhetoric, and every other human difficulty, he voices the secret of every human attainment in that splendid lyric, "O hear the call—good hunting, all, who obey the Jungle Law." And in the second book of *Jungle Stories* he strikes the keynote still more emphatically in the detailed definition,

Now these are the laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they,  
But the head and the hoof of the law—and the haunch and the hump—is,  
Obey.

And so it really does not matter so much what the preacher's chances have been. Some men go through college and retain habits of speech that, in the last analysis, more greatly offend the ignorant than the cultured soul, since his especial commission is to the "little ones," the weak and needy and school-forgotten ones, to whom the pastor at the head of his church stands for very nearly all it is possible for them to receive in the way of educational advantage. On the other hand, there are men—of different fiber, indeed—who out of the slenderest resources somehow acquire a purity and precision of expression in adequate keeping with all the varied demands of their high calling, rejoicing in the aspiration of the more fortunate of their parishioners, and blessedly respond-

ing to the inspiration of the very least of them. The matter of training in some thoroughly effective sort cannot be eliminated. It is absolutely essential. But the finest school is absolutely worthless unless it gives the student that mastery of himself that insures the mastery of his tools, and the school of life is the place of death unless it develops and directs the consecrated will. The habitual use of accurate English is the result of learning once for all its fundamental rules, and so fixing them by application that the "one right word" in the moment's requirement becomes a matter of second nature. In order to do this the work must be as much a part of us as the good red blood in our veins, and there must be, no matter what our rate of progress, no stoppage in any of its functions. The entire consciousness must be saturated with the finest, simplest, most efficient exposition, and we must constantly make our increasing acquirement the crystal glass for crystal thought. And as a painter never grows weary of mixing his multitude of colors that he may portray what to him is the meaning of life, as the sculptor knows every possible advantage of chisel and stone, as the architect brings his frozen music in this latter day out of pulleys and derricks and steel and cement, as the musician touches trembling strings or vibrant keys for the palace of the soul, so the preacher, working in the art of arts, has his endless fascination and reward in the best of all instruments, the rarest of all mediums—the magic and the marvel of the winged word. John Ruskin is right when he says, "The greatest thing the soul ever does in this world is to see something clearly and to tell it in a plain way." And when the vision of the Christ is the central figure in all that he beholds, or should behold, how this general truth is glorified in its particular relation, what a supreme delight in setting it forth in some consonant fashion!

In this conception of the great commission—and he should have no other—the preacher is intensely concerned with all the elements that enter into such deliverance. In the work of acquiring any adequate diction he has naturally developed some sort of style that may be very good as far as it goes, but for the complete mastery of his medium he can only be satisfied with the very best manner that lies within his possibilities. The message is supreme,

but he who prates about opening his mouth for God to fill it, rejecting the means that God has given him, announces himself as a blind leader of the blind, a travesty upon the heavenly Father's confidence and love. Words are given in special inspiration when the life has been held in faithful tutelage. The cup of cold water does not come from a shallow wayside pool but from the deep wells which we have dug down to the living rock and kept clear and free. And so, once more, we are ready to define a few simple laws that are essential to the various phases of the minister's fullest expression. He is not only the pulpiteer, and the possible writer of essays and books; he is the teacher and guide in study and speech, and the prompter, in all his relations with the people about him, of Christian edification—the steady upbuilding of the efficient workman of whom the Lord is not ashamed. He must, then, without any shadow of turning, adhere to the narrow way that leads to every fortress of spiritual life. If he would see a thing clearly, he must grasp irrevocably the principle of perception. Whether a theme comes to him as a mere suggestion, or seems to be at its very birth well-nigh complete, he must test it over and over again, this way and that, in the light of God's Word and the ministry of the Holy Spirit, until he is absolutely certain that what he sees is right and true and inalienably his own. Other men may have a very different point of view. The vast majority may entirely ignore his effort to give forth his precious possession. But he can look into the face of the eternal verities with every fiber of his being and know that the truth doth make him free. Many times and seasons may pass before he reaches the moment of sufficient utterance. He may need to make profound inquiries, to absorb from a thousand sources the elements of dominant power, to search for models and direction among the sacred writers, to drink at the fountain of the classics or the wellsprings of the day—all this with the close touch of nature, and human nature, and the strength of meditation and prayer—and when all things are ready for the shaping of his idea how sincere is his word; how lovely, and honest, and simply blended! What easy balance and rare proportion, what precision and virility, what splendid life and action mark the telling of what he has come so worthily to behold!



He does not give us chalk and water for the sincere milk of the Word. He does not feed us predigested food when we are able to assimilate strong meat. This rule of sincerity demands that he shall "buy the truth and sell it not," and he is ready to pay the price of fundamental sacrifice and restraint. He cannot juggle with his skill, though all the world should press about him to applaud the while he kept his painted balls and gleaming knives up in the air. Nor can he belittle for a moment any phase of art that in its aptitude he has a perfect right to use. Some of our greatest masters have shown us the power and place of the court jester and the simple fool, but what a crass performance it would be if a Shakespeare or a Hugo should elect, himself, to put on the cap and the bells. The possession of these two qualifications—the open vision and its inherent honesty—usually insures the third great essential of the thoroughly good style; the fine force of a deeply rooted, widespreading simplicity. But its full power, like every other masterly quality, only comes through careful cultivation. It means the constant rejection of words and phrases, and whole paragraphs and pages, that often in the first seizure of thought seem fine and strong and captivating. It means a continual vigilance in the work of composition, making every slightest detail as effective as possible in itself, and contributing its exact measure to the logical conclusion. It means forever seeking the closest, clearest, plainest, most insistent, and convincing form for the ideas to be sent forth, and never being satisfied until we can say, with the Creator of the universe, "It is very good," and with all this it means as well—the utmost distinction in any worthy work, in any transcendent character—the splendid ease of a perfect machine, the fullness of joy in adapting prescribed means to the largest ends, the marvelous climax and unity that binds into harmonious exposition a multitude of diverse and changing qualities. And this trinity of requirements is closely overlapped and intertwined with a fourth important element, the law of variety. In the way of material the resources are infinite. The preacher has the whole universe of God from which to draw. God himself, in every leaf, and twig, and stone, and star, in every human feature and expression, declares, day by day and through the pregnant

night, that no two things may be exactly alike. We may produce many things of the same kind, but if we would "find our own law, and stand or fall by it," we must learn in every fresh conception, in every slightest effort toward adequate utterance, the myriad ways in which we can declare our message to the world. Twentieth century humanity is like the old Athenian product, ever seeking after something new, and living water is most welcome out of virgin powers. The preacher appeals to the emotions, to the reason, and to the conscience; he is the orator, the logician, and the great awakener; and for every phase of this triple advantage he has a hundred forms from which to select the special structure for the special need, a hundred opportunities for the most effective invention and arrangement. There is no possible excuse for vain repetition, however apt and appropriate the thing in itself may be, and there is no possible remission for the artistic sin of running every sort of theme into the same familiar mold, no matter how good the particular fashion. The style is the man. How the heart leaps up when we recognize the word of some beloved master in a strange environment! Yet we well know that the style of such a quality has come to its especial distinction not only because "the vine has struck a fiber" but because it reaches out in every direction with every tiny tendril as well as vigorous root and pliant branch.

We're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.

How barren and poor the painter would be without the quality of rich diversity!

And, finally, when all these dominant requirements have been properly considered in all their changing relations and interwoven meanings, when the thought receives its ultimate expression it must be tested for the breath of life. No matter what our skill may be in construction and polish; no matter if our medium is as strong as Carlyle's, as flexible as Macaulay's, and as finished as Matthew Arnold's; no matter if we speak with the tongues of angels, if our production is not charged with the vital spark, is not permeated through and through with the life-giving power, we have somehow

failed at some important stage of our development. Perhaps we have been deceived by some psychological mirage; perhaps we have been led astray by some cadence or rhythm or figure of speech; perhaps we have said the very thing we meant not to say; perhaps we need to cast the entire creation aside and shape our thought from the very first again into the effect we desire at the last. Such a man as Emerson

Hung his verses in the wind,  
Time and tide their faults to find,

and

When all were winnowed through  
Five lines lasted sound and true:  
Five were smelted in a pot  
Than the South more fierce and hot.  
These the siroc could not melt;  
Fire their fiercer flaming felt,  
And the meaning was more white  
Than July's meridian night.  
Sunshine cannot bleach the snow  
Or unmake what poets know.  
Have you eyes to find the five  
Which five hundred did survive?

Then shall not the distinctively Christian expositor be ready for such salutary heroism? In the examination of himself and his processes he may pass over, if he will, the entire treasury of our matchless English literature for teaching and comparison and logical judgment. The Word of God is replete with artistic law, and its inherent penalty and reward. It is no mere coincidence that the perfect round of divine revelation was given to mankind in such language as could be rendered into every living tongue, and, best of all, into such accurate and vivid English. One cannot conceive a more flexible and comprehensive vehicle than our own especial heritage, and it is the Bible that is most truly "the well of English undefiled." It is no accident that every fundamental element of the rarest rhetoric is found in this transcendent book; that every possible value of the human word is found in this marvelous interpretation of the life that now is, this sacred assurance of the life to be. History or pastoral, oration or prophecy, proverb

or parable or poetry, discourse or essay or general epistle, whatever the form of the divine message and whatever the circumstances of the messenger, there it stands, the perfection of crystalline strength and beauty, to which nothing may be added, from which nothing can be taken away, throbbing with creative power, and holding up for all the ages the mission of the Christ. Can we imagine for a moment what the Bible would be had these writers sometimes been possessed of the demon of "bad grammar," or the disease of theatrical mannerism, or the selfish display of superficial skill? Can we fancy for an instant what our literature and our life would be did they not flow from a source so absolutely pure and free? Who shall extol the spirit of the Most High and then ignore the methods he has chosen to body forth his gracious power?

We have drawn a wide circle and there can be but one reply: The kingdom of good English, like the kingdom of heaven, is within you. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you," ye shall ask what ye are inclined to and it shall be generated for you.

Florence L. Snow.

## ART. V.—EVIDENCES OF IMMORTALITY IN NATURE

"If a man die, shall he live again?" asked the stricken emir of Uz, three or four millenaries gone by. His friends, however sincere their wish to relieve his griefs, could frame no reply to his question nor could he himself give it a clear response; but musing in self-communion, he uttered the words, echoed, after his time, from the hearts and minds of myriads of human beings: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change—not my extinction but my change—come"—words which hold the essence of every concept of the ongoing of our personalities after death that has been formulated by the mind of man. That ongoing of our organism is hardly a subject provable by logic. Whittier said truly that it is impossible to climb to heaven by a syllogism; and no method of induction nor of deduction can be used to prove the continued existence of the spirit after death. Simply to look steadfastly up into the depths of the envelope enfolding our earth is more suggestive to most minds of things beyond this present being than could be any words arrayed for the proving of such things. Such reason as can be advanced for the belief in them lies in its history, its universality, the suggestions of it in nature; in the early unfoldings of a series of spontaneous suggestion, so to speak, of nearly all primitive peoples, and in its unfoldings in Hebraic and Christian thought developed through six millenaries.

In respect to matter, or of the origin of things material, we are referred to a conscious Mind made evident to the senses only by the medium of its materialized thought. Matter is defined as an elementary substance, not divisible by chemical analysis, or a combination of such substances acted upon by the force which manifests itself interchangeably as light, heat, or electricity. What elementary matter is, more than the mere mention of it, we know not, and are not likely to know. In its combinations it is a varied, delightful, somber mystery, composing and encompassing us—an entity essential to the present grade of existence. All things evident to the senses are inexplicable, hence wonderful. The



adjectives "strange," "marvelous," are among the most common in use, for the reason that they are applicable to everything that we see or hear or touch, applicable also to all the inner experiences of all things animate. But, if matter is a materialized thought of the Supreme Mind, the inference that it is an ever-enduring materialized thought appears to be reasonable, for we cannot conceive of that Mind as capriciously destroying what it has made—framing and annihilating, as one may see a lad making a kite and destroying it when he ceases to care for it. It has been capable of proof, by metaphysical analysis, that matter is explicable only as a result of force; that is, of an energy resultant from a power voluntarily exercised by a conscious Personality. Any other description of matter has thus far failed of recognition from the studious and the reverent.<sup>1</sup> The elemental forms of matter evade analysis. The physicist can merely give them a name—atom, monad, or the like. All he knows is that "in the beginning," hardly calculable in its remoteness of time, the Divine Spirit put into form one of its first thoughts for the creating of this world.<sup>2</sup>

After six millenaries of philosophy and of the spiritual development it is difficult, to say the least, to accept such an explanation of the making and maintenance of the universe, though the explanation have been never so ingeniously brought out. We believe with a will and with a "heart"; that is, with perception, determination, and love. Our belief, germinant with the present time cycle, has been duly unfolded during the centuries of the cycle, nor is it too much to say that it has ever had the allegiance of a majority of the reverent and the righteous in the past and in the present: hence when we hear a spiritual man read the twenty-first chapter of the Apocalypse, for us average minds, religiously educated, to

<sup>1</sup> Jos. John Murphy, *Introduction to a Scientific Basis of Faith*. Macmillan, London, 1873.

<sup>2</sup> Haeckel and his disciples, intoxicated by the vast and varied pageant of the universe, to the study of which they have devoted their lives, have elaborated by laborious degrees a set of monads, self-acting, self-organized into a primal sun, itself self-acting and amenable to its own law. In the course of many eons other suns were thrown off from the original one, and human personalities emerged, graded from the dullest digger of clods to such beings as Aristotle, Homer, Socrates, Leibnitz, Gladstone, each and all composed of monads whose law and attributes of intelligence, will, judgment, affection, virtues, and vices, are to be considered as monad action, manifestations of primal, material energy. Ernest von Haeckel, *Riddle of the Universe, passim*. Translated by Jos. McCabe. Harper & Brothers, 1901. For a discussion of Haeckel's and other modern rationalistic theories, see *Beliefs of Unbelief*, by W. H. Fitchett, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York, 1906.

abandon our faith for a theory, a novelty, however garnished with fancy and learning it may be, is hardly possible. The character of Jesus is an enigma to the rationalist. He is a noble teacher, an enthusiast or, more accurately, he is a group of atoms which exerted great power over other groups of atoms. Haeckel has unearthed a Jewish tradition which avers that Pandarus, a Greek, was the father of Jesus. One has, then, to choose between the dead, buried, for a moment unearthed tradition, and the gospel which has been received as authentic and has sustained and vitalized millions on millions of the human segregations of atoms. Between the groups of atoms which work for good and those which work evil, one has ever to choose. Of such a system, *cui bono*? The inclusiveness of the Christian system, as contrasted with the exclusiveness of the materialist theory, is also to be considered. The one has to do with the things which are seen; the other includes with these the realm supersensible, with its hopes and aspirations. The one excludes all but the visible pageant of nature, and denies the validity of the portion of our being which has also been developed by graded growths through thousands of years.

Force has not yet been defined in terms scientific, but to the average mind it presents itself as stated above: a power put forth by a Person, human or more than human, upon things animate or inanimate, things evident or non-evident to the senses. It may be indirect, as it is perceived in the motions of the realm of nature, or it may be direct—"the tireless might of the Father."<sup>1</sup> The physicists hypothesize, as we know, a substance to which we give the name ether; impalpable, imponderable, elastic, in and above our atmosphere, filling all space, possessing great power of permeation, and of an apparently resistless quality. In the invisible ether lie the solar systems of the universe as the islands and continents of earth lie in the oceans. Folded about by the ether envelope, the universe is shown by spectrum analysis as a unity in substance, subject to one system of law. It shows also a round of serial processes similar to those observed in our realm of nature. A continuous future is indicated by all phenomena. Even the worlds outworld, "dead," seem to be waiting a renewal, or to suggest relations of themselves

<sup>1</sup> Clement of Alexandria. Clark, Ante-Nicene Library, vol. II, p. 392.

to the systems to which they belong. By intermingling movement they are probably again to take part in the general scheme of life. There is advance produced by periodicities. In reality there are no disconnections in the links. Augustine hinted at this sixteen centuries ago when he wrote, "Nothing returns to nonexistence,"<sup>1</sup> and Heraclitus, a thousand years before Augustine, wrote: "Life is eternal flux. Being is ever becoming."<sup>2</sup> "Nature's changes are all exchanges."<sup>3</sup> Matter, then, being indestructible, its informing animus, the feeling that beams in a smile, the purity that shines in the candid eyes of a maiden, the manliness that is expressed in the high bearing of the young man, these must equal in duration the substance which invests them. It is hardly comprehensible that the thoughtfulness and love which found expression in a letter long put by and cherished should be less enduring than the paper and ink of the letter itself. We perceive that an animated entity exists in nature in successive forms, of which the first and the last are widely contrasted. An eagle is first a cell, or aggregation of cells, within an egg shell. It grows to gaze on the sun and to float above the clouds, to fall in swift security to levy tribute on lesser creatures of its kind in the period of its strength and power. Egg existence, with its sequent grades of life, implies a persistence, a going onward, ever new conditions, and in changed forms. Aristotle, Newton, La Place, and all lesser intelligences existed individually as cells before birth, and passed through the subsequent developments of our mortal term. A future is signified in such phenomena, and a hint of the resurrection. "We all are changed by still degrees." We perceive, then, in the world of nature, as a whole, change of form and phase, serial rounds, and "ever-becoming" in continuity<sup>4</sup>, permanence of substance, that is, indestructibility, our planet with all it produces may perish as

<sup>1</sup> Migne, *Opera Omnia*, vol. I, chapter vii. 1350.

<sup>2</sup> This noble but obscure philosopher held to an ether whose purest form is soul or spirit. The senses perceive the phenomena of nature, but the senses need direction from the inner wisdom, which recognises, as they cannot, the laws of the universe. The mind, soul, spirit, is immortal. Here, in brief, is the summary of the later contention between the material evolutionists and the Christian philosophers, Henry Drummond and others, opposed to them. Johnson's *Cyclopædia Art.*, "Heraclitus." 1873.

<sup>3</sup> Antoinette Brown Blackwell, *Physical Basis of Immortality*, chapter iii, p. 57. Putnam's, 1876.

<sup>4</sup> Recurrence, periodicity, and advance characterise all the geologic periods. *Story of the Earth and Man*, Sir John Dawson. New York, Harpers, 1887, p. 178.

such in some distant eon, when the sun has burned himself out. The future of a dead planet is not as yet clearly known, but if it remain dead, it will disintegrate, will fall in fragments through space, and will lodge upon some sphere or spheres where it will again pass through the metamorphoses of the previous time cycle. What we know of the amount of heat liberated in the universe justifies the conclusion that the universe is ever perpetuating itself. Three thousand years ago the Psalmist wrote: "The heavens . . . shall wax old; . . . as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed." The late representative Agnostic of England held to a belief in immortality as inferred from the persistence, the constancy, of nature.<sup>1</sup> This small planet, then, our home for a span of years, is running its course. It is at present in its period of approaching maturity, and will enter on its period of decay; but it is not to lose its place and entity among the starry hosts; the

Wheels of splendor,  
Whirled ever in their orbits,  
Along the Godlight, by his quickening touch.

With the Morning Star it sings:

I wind in orbits smooth and white,  
With that intense rapidity!  
Around, around,  
I wind and interwind,  
While all the heavens about me spin!  
Stars, planets, suns, and moons dilating broad,  
Then flash together in a single sun,  
And wind and wind in one;  
And as they wind, I wind—around, around,  
In a great fire I almost take for God!<sup>2</sup>

The modes of transition, the behavior in certain conditions of crystals, for example, is one of the myriad wonders of the

<sup>1</sup> The sidereal heavens show a continually recurring birth, growth, and death; a periodic succession of the following coamo-genetic conditions: (1) the forming of a germ world from incandescent gases; (2) its condensing into a rotating mass of apparently liquid fire; (3) the casting off at the equator zone of rings which round themselves into planet spheres; (4) the forming of a sun whose planets revolve around it, each at a given distance; (5) the falling of frozen moons from the planets, and the falling of dead planets back upon the suns; (6) the collision of two spent suns; (7) by the falls and collisions heat is generated, raising nebule again to incandescence, and renewing thus the cycle of the life of sun and planet. Haeckel, *Riddle*, etc., pp. 372-3.

<sup>2</sup> E. B. Browning, *Drama of Exile*. "Song of the Morning Star" (adapted).

natural world. "Crystals are alive," say those who study them. Invisible particles, globulites in compact groups, united as if directed by an intelligent purpose—the Earth-spirit of the ancient Greeks; the spirit that stirs to life in her products and offspring.<sup>1</sup> These globulites combine in a thousand varied figures of accurate proportions, complex models of elaboration and symmetry. If the crystal structures are injured the globulites in due time direct themselves toward a rebuilding of it. Cycle after cycle may elapse ere the renewed crystal emerges from its wreckage, re-formed, reflecting the light of the upper regions, when it is brought out of the depths, the lower parts of the earth in which the long process is curiously wrought. What is more, the globulites form themselves after one fashion in the interior and after another fashion on the exterior in related lines of direction. Carbon, crystallizing into diamonds, assumes a form derived from the cube quartz, and takes the shape of a six-sided prism. Each crystallizing substance adheres to its particular form, or set of forms. With the exception of crystals, minerals are amorphous. In such activities, crystals simulate the well-directed energy of living organisms. It would seem that a storage of force so persistently active must proceed from a Force of power and duration far beyond our capacity to perceive. So, too, certain botanists are of opinion that one or more species of vegetable organism shows little, if any, evidence of a principle of inherent decay. In the preserving cold of the arctic regions are lichens, lowly growths, whose term of life is measured at eighty years and upward. In arctic and subarctic latitudes the pine tree matures at five hundred and thirty years of age. The English cemetery yew lifts its pointed top unimpaired after a thousand years' growth, and certain of our California Sequoia Gigantea were two thousand years old when the Son of Mary was born in Bethlehem. One of the trees, still living and vigorous, is believed to be eight thousand years old. Noticeable among the lower animate organisms is the "potentially immortal" Protozoön Heterometer, of the order Infusoria, which multiplies by fission, in some species lateral, in others longitudinal. The

<sup>1</sup> For a modern restatement of this concept, see Mrs. Browning's *Drama of Exile*, *passim*: spirits of organic and inorganic nature; spirits of the earth and of the waters; of the trees and of the flowers; of the beasts and of the birds.



multiplication is rapid, the original protozoön remaining ever fresh and vigorous.<sup>1</sup> These protozoa are devoured as food by organisms of a higher order, but apparently are not otherwise subject to death. The earth itself was an entity, a solid mass, if we may trust the averments of certain physicists, something like fourteen millions of years gone by,<sup>2</sup> and the stone trap of our earth crust is believed by accredited geologists to be two million years old. Such extensions of time lead the thought to endless sequence of it, that is, into eternity, and eternity, according to the generally accepted way of thinking, must be linked with life, and eternal life is immortality. Time, we have to remember, is a series of fractions, measurements of a portion of eternity.

Among the congeries of mysteries and marvels evident in the realm in which we are set is there anything more inscrutable, though clearly the result of a series of intentions or thoughts, than the many thousand fringed, gemlike atolls of the southern seas? Scattered over an equatorial belt some eighteen hundred miles wide, they lie in coronets, oval, annular, horseshoe, stirrup, or shuttle shape, some of them with curvilinear outlying additions, placed like a setting of pearls around a diamond; in one instance linked like the links of a chain which is hung from a peg, in other instances decorative groups of reefs whose foundations rest on the earth floor of the ocean. They who first beheld these garlands of verdure laid by a viewless Hand upon the opalescent seas, with what emotions of awe and astonishment, with what a sense or artistic design, of cosmic beauty, were they moved! Darwin, and after him John Murray, attempted an explanation of their upbuilding by the labors of the coral polyps—tiny creatures, some of invisible dimensions—but neither those eminent men nor any others have as yet discovered the secret of their structure. Why should polyps lay their foundations on the rims of possible submarine crater crests when elsewhere they shape long, projecting reefs like that great barrier which girds for

<sup>1</sup> For some evidence of the indestructibility of blood fibrin, see *Intimations of Eternal Life*, by Caroline Leighton. Lee & Shepard, 1891, pp. 36-38.

<sup>2</sup> The four geologic periods—the primary, secondary, tertiary, post-tertiary or quaternary—according to the reckoning of certain geologists amount to forty-eight million years. The estimates of the earth's age vary from fifteen million to two hundred and seventy million years. Haeckel, Riddle, etc., p. 270.

eleven hundred miles the northeastern coast of Australia? How is it that the seaward faces of their works slope invariably at a given angle, and that the line of direction of all reefs and atolls, as first laid on the sea floor, is continued ten feet, more or less, above the hightide level of the sea surface? How is it that the foundation craters, if such there be, are curvilinear? How explain the deposits from the central fires being laid in such fashion, as from the cup of a huge candle? The polyp structures are two hundred thousand years in building,<sup>1</sup> and to these we must add a third hundred thousand for rendering them incomparably beautiful homes for human kind, and for the "half souls," gentle leaping creatures and birds of brilliant plumage. After all this prolonged toil, this embodying of creative thought, is the human personality, the final work of the Creator, to perish for all time, leaving less trace of itself than the polyp has left—extinguished as the flame of a candle is extinguished when it is blown upon? The archetypal Artist bestows, as we know, on the lowliest of his work the utmost of finish. As a response to our æsthetic perception, what variety of invention, what lavishness of form and color has he set in array in the *Utile cum Dulce; cum lauto, praeclaro, gratoque!* It would appear that he tints and tones for his pleasure as well as for ours. Curious sands, stones, gems, subterranean mosses, insects, plumage gorgeous and variegated, are placed beneath the earth, on the floors of ocean, in desert wastes and forest solitudes, scattered like sketches and pictures awaiting a collector and a gallery for exhibition. Under the lens

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<sup>1</sup> The coral polyp appears in the Silurian Age, Paleozoic Period; and is outranked in priority only by the Crustacea and the Protozoa. These last are nearly, if not quite, coeval with limestone; and this occurs in the Laurentian strata of the Eozoic Period, the foundation of the earth crust. We thoughtlessly use the earth surface, little recking how much of its substance and shaping we owe to our humble kindred the Protozoa and the Diatoms, whose labors have given the name Cretaceous to the latest period of the Mesozoic Age, and who have laid the vast chalk foundations of the five great continents. The chalk beds of south England attain in places to a thickness of a thousand feet. Deposits of this material extend from Ireland to the Crimea, a length of one thousand one hundred and forty miles; and from southern France to Sweden, eight hundred and forty miles. Such deposits are extensive also in Asia, Africa, and the two Americas. (*Story of the Earth and Man*, Sir John Dawson. Harpers; 1887, p. 226.) It is to these lowly creatures with the coral polyps that we owe the configuration of perhaps a fourth or a third of our earth surface, and of the sea floor. Their deposits are found in the Alps, the Himalayas, the Andes, and on many lesser ranges. For a probable hundred million of years they have been coworkers, so to speak, with the divine Architect, overlaying and decorating the floors and earth surfaces of our planet.

of the microscope minute organisms, soft as the egg of a shad roe, show fifteen geometric planes, each overlaying the other in singular complexity of arrangement. The wonders revealed by the microscope are scarcely less than those of the sidereal heavens as revealed by other lenses. The wings of certain moths and butterflies, for example, under a powerful microscope, show forty-two million—at least we are instructed to accept this number—of brilliantly tinted scales to the square inch. If the scales number not above one million, there would seem, to persons not accustomed to microscope work, abundant reason for doubting the statement; but if such largeness of labor, such expenditure of thought, is lavished, as if for very pleasure, without effort, on creatures whose glimmer of consciousness lasts but for a summer, what beauty of body, mind, and soul, may not belong to us, who are the final result of the cosmic purpose as related to this earth; us in whom the creative Wisdom has its delight; us who, being made a little lower than the angels, are crowned with honor!

What has been designated as the glad or sportive activity, the "play impulse," of the Divine Energy is noticeable in certain merry little creatures such as the rabbit, the squirrel, the paroquet, whose gaiety is a condition rather than a mood.<sup>1</sup> Such were

Bold to add

A word to God's, and when his work was full,  
To "Very good," responded "Very glad."

Notwithstanding the somber side of nature, inclusive of its sentient life, we can with difficulty escape from the impression that all such life was made for happiness; still less can we, or would we, put by the hopes that all such life may attain to happiness in some future when we who are human shall accord ourselves with the divine, and when what appears discordant in the visible realms shall be adjusted and explained.

Noticeable among the remarkable works of the present period is Ernest von Haeckel's *Art Forms in Nature*<sup>2</sup> (*Kunst Formen*)

<sup>1</sup> We may include also the young of nearly all creatures.

<sup>2</sup> The collection is an abridgment from fifty volumes, containing three thousand plates; the pictorial record of the sea harvest gathered by the scientific expedition of the *Challenger* in 1872-8, in southern seas. The larger work contains some thirty thousand examples of organisms hidden in the ocean, most of them unknown to man till the above date.

in *Die Natur*), a serial collection of some ninety plates illustrating the lower forms of life, more especially of sea life. They represent in all upward of a thousand sea creatures of surpassing variety, symmetry, and complexity, all so inwrought and overlaid with plane upon plane of outlines, angles, whorls, curvilinear forms, bud designs, stars, rays, lances, placed at precise angles the one from the other that he who scans the plates is bewildered at the exhibition collected at the end of millenaries and cycles for his instruction and edification.<sup>1</sup> There is no decorative art, whether textile or of metal, stone, gems, wood, leather, or lace, that has not been copied, wittingly unwittingly, from these divine creations. Many of these latter, semisolid, gelatinous, or shell-inclosed, retain wavelike contours. All the shell forms retain the crimped or longer wave outline, and the sea tints, iridescent, identical with the hues of the prism and the spectrum. Among the smaller fungi are designs suggestive of bulbs for electric lights. Species of the medusæ show shields crossed and striated with spear heads, disks fringed with a dense serpentine coil. Similar to these are the Ophioidæ, serpentine star forms, imitating in coils the more developed ophidian creatures. In these, or next to these, and in the presentation of bats, we perceive an initial of the idea of beauty. The earliest reptiles of land and sea have no hint of it, but the slightly advanced suggest it, mingled with the grotesque, the horrid, in some instances even with the hideous. Beauty has its development through many cycles. There are as yet, however, but few examples of absolute, complete beauty, though an approach to it has been presented in a few pictures and a few statues.<sup>2</sup> The Ammonitidæ, Echidnidæ, Diatomaceæ, Desmidiaceæ, in elaboration of decorative surfaces, would distract a designer of ornament in the precious metals, or the precious stones. The last two orders, and other unicellular ones among the Algæ, are packed by the

<sup>1</sup> The formative period of invertebrates may date back forty million years.

<sup>2</sup> In the human order the material must be flawless, clear, and even in color, quickened with intelligence, with love and spiritual perception; with these, refinement and purity in every plane of the skin surface; emanations of virtues and graces from the whole. Heinrich Hoffman's five portfolios illustrative of the life of Jesus in Palestine, for an approach to absolute human beauty, are equaled only—if equaled they are—by the Transfiguration, the Sistine Madonna, one Madonna by Fra Bartolomeo, and one or two compositions by Francia and Palma. Other ideals remain beckoning before us, approachable, but unattainable.

million in each cubic inch of their deposits. A species of *Radioliria* the size of a grain of sand is fashioned in a polygonal crystal form of several planes, the whole spiked with fifteen delicate, elaborated lances. Hydroids that would barely cover a pencil point are shaped like a flowering Hyacinth, Bryozoa, moss organisms, vegetable in form but possessing a degree of capacity for motion, show web and lace decoration indescribable save in a copy. The silicious sponges are balloon-shaped in a dozen variations, and are lavishly furnished with curled tendrils. No exhibition of hand work could surpass, hardly could it favorably compare with, that of the thousand lovely little creatures who have lived their happy, hidden lives far beneath the waters, eon after eon, through perhaps a hundred million years, known only, till of late, to Intelligences superior to us, whose home is in a realm beyond our seeing. The Cystoidea, bottle-shaped creatures, with streamers, tassels, or fringes, as the case may be, suggest various forms of decorative Oriental flasks and lanterns, but richer in decoration than any fabrication of human hands. Certain of the Rotatoria suggest vases filled with fernlike, feathery sprays, or a polygonal pagoda. The Bryozoa, tiny moss creatures, suggest tiles and mosaics. Among a dozen other orders we mention a species of Siphonophoræ shaped like an India truncated turret, decorated with fruits, and draped with close-curved tendrils, the whole supported by a spiral vine, and all so lavish, a mystery at once animal and vegetable, that one can but gaze upon it in mute amazement.

The nebulous trains of some comets are sixty million miles long. Light, traveling a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, is still on its way through the measureless heavens to our little earth from worlds created in some remote past. The nearest fixed star is twenty-one millions of miles distant from our sun. The leading English astronomer, Professor Kapleyn, calculates that the radium of the universe from its possible center is expressed by the figures eighteen with sixteen ciphers appended. From stars of the sixth magnitude light has been traveling toward our earth from a thousand and forty-two to two thousand seven hundred years; two thousand years are required for the transmission of light to us from the most distant star yet discovered,



a star which shows itself in the telescope merely as a faint glimmer, a dim spark, scarcely noticeable. More than this, it is told that the light of certain suns, still on its silent trajet, requires two million years for its reaching our lenses. When, on some red letter day for astronomers, the rays from those spheres shall reach us new solar systems will be announced, and with lauds and pæans place will be accorded them on the sidereal charts. We, too, of the plain people in this period, like Kepler, may faintly think some of the thoughts of God. The discoveries made in the illimitable areas of the countless solar systems of the empyrean upper ether, the magnitude and brilliancy of the orbs, the inconceivable distances, the tremendous primordial primal forces, ceaseless in their outgoings and ongoings—no created mind lower than that of the seraph and the cherub, can take full cognizance of them. Through all the historic centuries,

Thoughtful men have bent their spacious brows  
Upon the storm and strife seen everywhere,

tracing the elusive motions of the heart of a lost angel who vexes the spirits of all human kind, or to render the quest by another phrase, endeavoring to account for the somber aspects, the glooms, of nature and the defects of man. The earth itself, though in much of its fashioning fitted for the home of man, is as yet but partially so fitted, and for but a partially developed humanity. It has many waste places, abominations of desolation, waiting for transformation. Venomous reptiles and ravenous beasts seek their prey. Many plants are poisonous to man and beast. Rent by convulsions, like Chronos of old, our trembling earth devours her children. The tornado, the cyclone, the simoon destroy the long-wrought, carefully devised work of men, and lay them lifeless in the dust. In our pains, our manifold griefs, neither earth, wave, nor sky is moved to sympathy. We lie down in the darkness and waken with the sunrise, wondering that the resplendent realm around us gives no sign of sharing in our sorrows, no lightening of the burden of our sins. None the less, in our normal hours, our periods of natural adjustment to our surroundings, we are elated by the pageant of earth, air, sea, and sky; the verdure brilliant with dew and gemmed with flowers of every hue is grateful

to our eyes. We are warmed with gratitude, remembering the nourishment provided day by day for all animate creatures, and we feel a power within us equal to the enduring of every calamity possible to this life, if so be that our hearts and minds shall be kept in unison with Him who "in wisdom" has made, or who, at least, has permitted the existence of things as they are, and as they are to be. The solemn silence of the hills, the sweet surprises of the woods, the forest aisles sheltering innocent winged creatures who in their flights and returns seem to be germ types of angelhood, the valley enfolding peaceful homes, lighten our cares, soften our griefs, and relieve us of ourselves. Happy are they who can abandon for a season the daily round and surrender themselves to restorative influences in bower or garden, by stream or cascade, in summer respite from their toil. Hill and mountain, vale and meadow, bower and stream, bear the sign manual of the cosmic Artist. The constancy of nature, in her recurring seasons and growths, gives us a sense of security, a confidence, gaiety, and buoyancy for the treading of our appointed paths. "Shall the orbit of the star be laid out, and the hip joint of the locust be so set that he can make music for himself through the sultry night, and the blows which fall on the soul of man fall haphazard, fortuitously?" The order and symmetry indicated in every specimen of the *Kunst Formen* is equally manifest in every object of the animate creation; equally, too, in every object—crystals, stones, snow, sand, etc.—of the inanimate creation. The universe has been made and is ruled over by a Mind of inviolate order, symmetry and beauty. We may safely apprehend the divine sufficiency in a system of things too vast for our comprehension, but which we, nevertheless, feel assured to be good. We are in an orderly universe with Infinite Perfection directing it. We can trust the sovereign Director.

*Thos. M. S. Robinson.*

## ART. VI.—THE CORONATION OF HUNGER

A NEW dramatic literature, dramatic at least in spirit, is now occupying ground long preëmpted by Shakspeare. It has come silently, flaunting its standard. It is modern, yet on closer view it seems to have sprung from the far past into the midst of this generation. In its semblance of truth it is pretentious, and there is a sense in which its tragic ideal is superseding that of our bard of Avon. Sympathetic and powerful as is the portrayal of *Œdipus* and *Antigone*, their story has always held, until recently, a factor decidedly alien to the Christian consciousness. That element is fate. With us the key to the tragic always rests in personality. There is and can be no doom to human life apart from its own essential character. External force may bring a man misfortune, but his self-consciousness may in the midst of his pain save him from tragedy and, indeed, find for him on the very field of desolation an environment in which the sublime may be achieved. But with *Œdipus* there was no obliquity of moral will. His pathetic mishaps arrayed against him spiritual powers whose vengeful punishments were not penalty, never could be penalty. The forces to which he succumbed were not those of the moral world. In that world he intentionally did no wrong. The real hero defies such forces as overwhelmed the son of *Laius*. Hear Pascal: "Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the entire universe arm itself to crush him. A breath of air, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies, and the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him." On that ground Shakspeare stands. *Richard III* and *Desdemona* are not, with him, in the same category. The morally debauched king by his very villainy wrought his own undoing. *Desdemona*, on the other hand, shines in her lustrous purity while the Moor's hands are clinched upon her throat. Shakspeare, not Sophocles, has furnished us the standard of the tragic. But the old Fates are again among us. Life is again con-

ceived as the prey of the external. It is in the hands of circumstance. It is the plaything of whimsical but relentless forces. The place of personality, in its drama, has been reduced to the minimum. Destiny has been rechristened. Its name is not soul, nor will, it is legion of influences compacted in heredity and combined with environment. According to the program of Comte we are in the age of science, yet, verily, the grip of times mythological is upon us and the accent is elsewhere than upon the human. There is the vast cosmic order with its chill, there is the resistless pressure of the long past, there is the transient event loaded heavily against the individual—then, presto! his movements and his ends are as securely determined as were ever those of the Greek tragedy. Our great dramatist has proved untrue and has lost his claim to immortality. Now human consent is not asked. Human responsibility is not assumed. There is no righteous penalty, for the royal forces are the characterless ones of nature. Fiction in some of its developments sounds this as its gospel: "For this purpose are heredity and environment manifested, that they might destroy honor, truth, love, and righteousness." And it has come to pass that a school of scientists have adopted, with their own interpretation, the heartrending cry of Augustine: "Thou hast counseled a better course than thou hast permitted." But a new interpretation of life has not finality in the simple fact of its newness. A protest must submit itself to critical inquiry. The reaction may follow the immemorial custom of overemphasis, and, in consequence, necessitate another stating of the case. The point where those theories break is in their lack of inclusiveness. Neglected outlying facts insist on asserting themselves and wrecking any principle that failed to include them. Nothing can be winked out of reckoning. If the world is too large for our formulated system, we must revise and enlarge our conceptions. With this in mind we ask if current systems of thought have not omitted some factors. Sometimes the passion for orderliness leads scholars to exclude facts that require to be reckoned with. This is not a meager and grim world, easily classified, catalogued, and explained. There is opulence, copiousness everywhere. Such abundance greatly embarrasses life. It complicates its problems. Gov-

ernment, morality, religion, pure thought are at their wits' end. Russia has had periods of fitful peace, but never yet in comradeship with exuberance of national life. Puritanism as a historic movement or as a present temper is timid before the largeness and the throb of things. The Puritan has always lacked confidence in human nature, and has sought to save it by building fences around it, hedging it in from large areas of the beautiful and the pleasing. Life is not considered adequate to the stress of the too large and complex. It chooses the simple as the safe. It appears, however, that intellectualism has lost all fear, and is casting its net over all stars and enmeshing every fact of the cosmos. It does its comprehensive work under a spirit and form that may almost be styled "Russian monism." By very name it has unity. But what a unity! Under the fire and sword of its principle the peace attained is unholy, for it is the enforced wedlock of the sacred and the bestial. No, no! The laudable effort for unity and orderliness is never to be realized by impoverishing the world's rich variety. Leave the world as it is. Our friends, the scientific realists, have furnished too easy a solution of the problem of life. Heredity and environment cover a wide area but they omit a very important something. Shakspeare and Jesus, with their conception of personality, convince and grip us.

The very partialness of a theory dooms it. Malthus omitted something in his economic scheme for man. He prophesied ill for the workingman; he proved that the working classes would multiply up to the starvation point. Had man been just a man-animal, that might have been true, but he is a man-man, and it is false. Robert Louis Stevenson was invited to write a criticism of Lord Byron for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. His manuscript was rejected on the ground that, while he had properly recounted the sensuous and gross in the poet, he had failed to credit him with the finer qualities of emotion and thought on which his fame would rest. Stevenson accepted the judgment with this musing: "How much easier it is to write of the feet of clay than of the head of gold!" With unutterable pain Romanes accepted a godless evolution until he discovered that it failed to account fully for just one fact—man. And we contend that the startlingly complex



phenomena involved in heroic moral personalities are not to be sacrificed for the sake of a superficial explanation. "Heredity" and "environment" are large words but they fail of completeness. Man is not explained in the mere enumeration of the forces that have played upon him. He is not a finished product. And this, not because the past has not been rich in the quantity and quality of its influences. It is owing to the very structure of his inner life.

Man knows partly, but conceives beside,  
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,  
And in this striving, this converting air  
Into a solid he may grasp and use,  
Finds progress; man's distinctive mark alone,  
Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are,  
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.

He is in the making. His past may have been splendid, he may have "dented deep footprints in historic clay," yet no estimate that is final can ever be put upon him if it leaves out of reckoning his hopes, his prophetic hunger of soul, those appetencies that perpetuate in him the sublime audacity of the Hebrew who would climb to "the secret place of the Most High." Cells and history, then, do not, either singly or in combination, speak the "open sesame" before the mysteries of personality. There are two voices whose messages affect powerfully the destiny of man; one of them speaks from the past, the other is the cry of his own spirit unto the future. Strange it is that the future which we have not yet sighted is through our heart-yearning touching our characters with shaping fingers. The todays and the yesterdays have no monopoly in the building of life. Man is not pushed and thrust along by a past more than he is summoned by a future. To heredity and environment we must add a third force—that of hunger.

May we legitimately give such honor to one of the most delightful of sensations, that gentle and agreeable stimulus, that feeling linked with instinct and sometimes passing out into the agonizing, the terrible? Yet hunger is the necessary outfeeling, outlooking, outpressing of life in order to its maintenance and fulfillment. In some form it is in the lichen; in some, in the

archangel. Someone has painted this picture: "The face is lividly pale, the cheeks are sunken, the eyes—O, what an expression in the eyes! never to be forgotten by those who have once seen it! All the vitality of the body seems to be centered there in feverish brightness; the pupil is dilated, and the eye is fixed in a wild stare which is never veiled by the winking lids. How plainly it all says, 'I am hungry!'" Nor will we forget that this body that hungers is not mere flesh. It is a literature, an assembly of hints to life in still higher quality. And, verily, this primary sensation is found to belong to thought and love! The path of David Livingstone into the far and fatal wilds of Africa was not predetermined by heredity and environment. He knew no compulsion save that of the yearning hunger of love. Yesterdays and todays have no monopoly in building life. The tomorrows that contain the very resources that match our hunger summon and fulfill us. Paul's past could hardly keep pace with him while he ardently pressed on to know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His suffering. Longfellow's "Excelsior" was not so much designed as a minute and carefully-drawn portrait of a youth with a banner as it was to signify the deep human impulse for progress and the vision of the ideal to be won. Its structure is half flimsy and its development is lacking in genuine movement; it is verse, not poetry, yet its message is true to the structure of the soul. It is haunting and will survive. Aristotle contended that man was unintelligible except as he was viewed in the light of his "end," his type toward which his potentialities pointed. The youth who climbs, and strives, and shouts his "Excelsior," is but giving the appetencies of his nature opportunity to claim their own. In that somewhat extravagant history of his dead and much-loved dog, Maeterlinck recounts in fascinating prose the speed with which the animal, packed with instincts, finished his education; and about one thing, interesting to us as fact, and as symbol of the eternal forever calling to our heads and hearts, he writes: "The dog glances at the sky which he is soon done with, for he finds it uninteresting, as there is no food in it." In meaningful contrast with that listen to these lines from Browning:

I crossed a moor with a name of its own,  
And a certain use in the world, no doubt;  
Yet a handbreadth of it shines alone  
Mid the blank miles round about.  
For there I picked up on the heather,  
And there I put inside my breast,  
A moulted feather, an eagle feather!  
Well, I forget the rest.

That single feather, with its message from the far heights above him, probed his soul and kindled his aspirations more than the empty miles of ground upon which he might tread were capable of doing. *There* is a large part of the difference between the man and the dog. Evolution and modern psychology have been closing into gaps the wide gulfs that once separated them. Their permanent and infinitely significant difference lies in their hungers, which, translated into the vogue of philosophy, is their capacity to form ideals. So Plato was right in his contention that what one loves is of more importance than what one knows; what one wants to do, is interested in doing, than what one has done. And in so defining man it must be gratifying to the religious thinker to find his world of spirit, of the good and true, is not unrelated to that whole in specific portions of which other scholars are working. All, through hypothesis, hunger, and faith, are urging on in order to crown human life and this universal frame with rationality, to discover the satisfying food of human life. Spinoza lived upon six cents a day, declined a professorship that would have brought him \$5,000 a year, ostracized himself from society, lived as a plain boarder in a humble home and worked himself to death at the age of forty-four—and all to find the principle on which this vast system of things could become a cosmos. It was a consuming intellectual craving. Roosevelt is not a mere piler up of work, a mere meddler in every interest between our coasts; he is lured by the agreeable vision of harmony in the lumpy and crude material of our industrial and political and social world, and he pants after this as the hart panteth after the water brook. It is not to be forgotten, then, that the prophetic outreaching of soul that appears to some to furnish the very font and source of religion is easily observable elsewhere than in the supposedly

mystical regions of faith. Drummond was wrong only in the title of his really great book. There is a closer kinship between the natural and the spiritual than has yet been found. The thirsting of the heart for God is, as one of the phenomena of life, freed from that isolation and uniqueness that subjects the field of religious inquiry and toil to special criticism. Man's spirit is crying for life as otherwheres it cries for truth. The rise of religion is not farther to seek than the rise of philosophy when this profound impulse of our nature, this soul-compelling force, is noted. Religion is not imposed upon life. No external authority has decreed it for man. It springs from his own nature and perfectly complements it; it is the soul's expression of its ideal. So it will be forever impossible to declare just how much the yearning heart has found and just how much is the gift of God outright; and it does not matter. The tunnels projected from opposite sides of the vast mountain range meet accurately somewhere under the peaks, and history demonstrates how accurately God's truth and grace in Christianity meet the cry of universal humanity. This genuine idealism, this heavenward working of life, warm but never swamping us in emotionalism, full of thought yet never losing itself in intellectuality, holds in it the crown and consummation of life. The ideal is the very engine of human progress, for in its presence the restlessness and discontent of hunger are upon man. His spirit grows because and in so far as it cannot be satisfied. The beasts are doomed to remain beasts because they are contented with their food and general conditions. It is man's glory never to know enough, never to be enough, never to do enough. The superb initiative is in himself. With Tennyson's dragonfly it was "an inner impulse rent the veil of his old husk," and with man it is the same. He is limited in his faculties but unlimited in his aspirations, undivine in power but divine in passionate out-reaching. And herein is his interpretation.

The order of the universe reverses the explanation commonly offered in evolution. In the evolutionary method there is a persistent effort to compass and explain the larger in the less and in the still smaller in the decreasing series. The visible product is one thousand, but in some way this must be made to disappear in

nine hundred and ninety-nine, which in turn must be found in nine hundred and ninety-eight, and so on until the integer, one, is reached out of which the whole process was spun. This is explanation? The meaning of the universe is only found in its last work. The Romanticists were right in their conclusion that the world expresses itself intelligibly only in man. And man is understood only in the higher ranges of his desires. One Sunday evening an Atlantic voyager devoted himself to the study of a certain chapter in Darwin's *Descent of Man*. Dedicated to all truth but heavy of heart, he waded through that story of beginnings as conceived by the great scientist. He followed the long list down and grew to look upon very humble forms as his progenitors, upon his lungs as modified swim-bladders and upon the place of his origin as some tide-washed shore. He wrote: "I retired to rest, almost dismayed. The majestic industry, the massive patience, the colossal induction was not to be gainsaid. But as I lay awake in my cabin I heard presently the burst of an organ, and voices went over the star-lit sea in chants and hymns. The vast ship was rushing along twenty miles an hour and I could see through the little window of the porthole the water cut into white swaths of foam. What words were those? 'Lead, kindly Light!' 'There is a green hill far away.' Then I felt that the question is not what man may have been but what he is; not what he is like but what he can do; not what organisms have been employed in molding his body but what they have become." It is much for us that as a race we are an hungered.

*Arthur M. Walker*



### ART. VII.—FRENCH LIGHT ON THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS SITUATION

DURING a visit to France in July, 1908, I took occasion to interview representative men interested in religion to get their judgment of the causes, motives, effects, etc., of the recent disestablishment of the Roman Catholic Church, and of the general religious condition of the country. Though there was nothing private in the communications of those who kindly favored me with their views, I do not feel at liberty to publish their names, as I asked, in the first place, only for my own information and not for publication. But it has occurred to me that these authoritative testimonies ought not to be denied to a wider public. I accurately reproduce the substance of what my informants said.

Canon of a cathedral in a provincial city: "The state does nothing to support the church; they are absolutely separate. The former is actuated by animosity; it is *against* the church. The legislators are largely Freemasons and infidels. We must support ourselves, and the Catholics here are responding finely. In some places, as in Lyons, our people are very backward and worldly. The Pope forbade the formation of the worship associations, therefore we have not formed them. So we use our churches only by sufferance. The state simply allows us to go on. But we cannot tell when a change will come, as the state hates us. We are hoping for the best, and trust that God will bring good out of evil."

The Paris correspondent and agent of a leading foreign journal: "The movement for the separation of church and state was necessary and wholesome. Formerly the monastic orders and the church were against the state; the latter put a stop to that. Now the church can attend to its own affairs; therefore religion is more sought after, more people attend church, they give their means to support the church, and everything is healthier and better. Formerly the people held off because the state supported the church; now the people themselves support it. It is not true that the government is against the church or against Christianity; it is simply against

control of the state by the church. Of course there are individuals who are against religion. There are Freemason lodges here which have expunged all references to God from their rituals; but there are also lodges of Freemasons which have not, but are in communion with the lodges in England and America. The former kind of lodges are really political clubs."

Another correspondent: "Most of the educated Catholics are semi-infidels. The separation law is working well; it will benefit the church in the long run, and though the Pope has forbidden his followers to accept any terms, the government is allowing them to keep the churches, which now legally belong to the state (they had been built by kings, and so belong to the state, anyway). The inventory law was really for the church. For instance: the sexton or other ecclesiastical officer sold a church vase to some outside party; the government traced it and restored it to the church. Protestants and Jews accepted the separation law without question. Some Catholic priests live with women as their wives, and if they are faithful to them, it is allowed. An archbishop was actually married, and another in Africa was allowed to marry and live with his wife. [I cannot vouch for the truth of these statements, but only for the high character of the journalist who made them.] In matters of law for women, France moves slowly. They have no rights except as stated in the marriage contract. They cannot inherit a franc unless so stipulated. France is improving here, but it is slow work. A Frenchman married a woman in Canada, brought her to Paris, and then stole her trousseau and her money. She had no legal redress, even if she could have found him. There are thousands of licensed fallen girls and women in Paris, and many not licensed. They are allowed to solicit on the streets, but they do it politely and pass on. Do not think from this that Paris is more rotten than London, for it is not, nor than Berlin, where there are 80,000 prostitutes. The McAll Mission is the only agency which is doing anything on a large scale for French fallen girls. Other societies prevent, and provide help for girls out of work."

An educated liberal Roman Catholic layman: "Not over one tenth of Frenchmen are infidels. The great majority of French are Catholic, but in religion are indifferent. They do not go to

church but still are Catholic. The French government has deteriorated the last few years. It consists too much of irresponsible persons—lawyers without briefs, doctors without patients, etc. They have taken away the liberty of the church, have disestablished her, but not in the American sense. If they had separated church and state in the American sense, there would have been no objection. There are no monarchists in France. No one wants the Napoleonic regime back again. But the government is corrupt, sells itself for votes, and a change must come. It is supported by its numerous functionaries and employees. What about socialism in France? It also is corrupt; that is, the socialists do not do good work; they want short hours, big pay, and to control everything, which is absurd. Speaking of the separation law, it must be remembered that the history of France shows that the government has always wished to control everything, especially the church, it being believed that it was necessary to the state to do this. So now under this new law the church and its property are brought under a surveillance which to an American would seem intolerable. Will the liberal Catholics ever become Protestants? No."

A Protestant theological professor at the University of Paris: "To avoid greater evils, popular dissatisfaction, etc., the government allows the Catholic Church the use of the churches even though they have not organized the associations cultuelles, and are therefore technically outside the law. But the schools, manses, etc., have been taken from them, though in some cases relet. Since 1870 many of the Catholics, especially the clergy, have been against the republic, and the latter determined that they should not work against the state and yet receive the state's money. So they were disestablished, and also Protestant churches. The latter did not like the law very much, but accepted it, and everything goes on well. The new law has served to bind Catholics a little more closely to their church, but not in any deep, effectual way. Will there be any change in these relations, or any uprising? No. There may be administrative changes, but no change in the relation of the church to the state. Many Catholics are practically infidels, yet remain Catholics. Protestantism is not popular for historic reasons, dull service, Calvinistic theology, etc. It is not true,

as so often asserted, that Catholics could not form associations cultuelles to suit themselves—that is, associations that would have favored their doctrine and discipline. The rights of the hierarchy were conserved. [A good deal of sawdust has been blown into the eyes of Englishmen and Americans by Catholic writers on this point. If the reader will refer to Sabatier, *Disestablishment in France*, New York, 1906, or his *Open Letter to Cardinal Gibbons*, Boston, 1908, he will find the facts.] Religious orders of nurses were allowed to remain. There is good family life in France. Of course Catholicism has encouraged immorality in a way, because it has taught that the church is the chief thing, and fidelity to her covers a multitude of sins. As to Protestantism, the Methodists, Baptists, Free Churches, etc., are doing a genuinely good work. They have not great success, but their work is excellent as far as it goes. As to the liberals and conservatives in the Reformed Church of France, these currents are intermingling. The old liberals are becoming more conservative, and there are many liberals among conservatives, especially in matters of biblical criticism. All who have studied this last subject are, as to that, liberal. [This is not true in Germany, where eminent scholars are still more or less conservative.] As to technical theology, the average Protestant is indifferent. Will Modernism have a future in the Catholic Church? No. I cannot see with Sabatier here. The Modernists will either leave or be silenced. They are excellent, pious people, but I see nothing for them in the church. Under Leo XIII Catholic students used to attend my lectures; they do so no longer, except one or two who timidly come in."

A French Wesleyan Methodist pastor: "There are some earnest and devout French Catholic clergy, others degenerated. Most Catholic laymen are practically unbelievers. The separation law was partly due to antireligious influence, but impartial as between Catholic and Protestant churches. There never will be a reaction against the present law; it will stand. Were the Catholics really disloyal toward the republic? Some, but not all. The Jesuits had educated many, especially among the aristocracy, and these were better Catholics than republicans. Catholicism in France cannot win the respect of its intelligent nominal adherents.

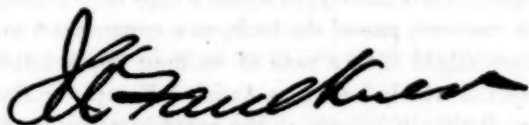
For instance, take the priests' attitude toward cleanliness. A Catholic girl came to us to live as a servant. We took her only on two or three conditions, of which this was one: that she must take a complete bath in warm water at least once a week. 'Impossible,' she said; 'my priest told me not to take a bath.' When she found that we were inexorable she said: 'I shall consent upon the condition that you never tell anyone in my native village.' If it were known there she would be banished for immodesty. Students in the priests' seminaries are not allowed to bathe all over during the four or five years of their course. After that they are assumed to be impervious to the appeal of the tub. The aristocratic girls in Catholic high schools are allowed to bathe once each year. Bathing is against modesty, but this much of a concession is made to cleanliness. This banning of the bath we have heard from various sources. Is it any wonder that intelligent Catholics cannot stand such religion? Their attitude may be seen in Sèailles, *Les Affirmations de la Conscience Moderne*, and in Anatole Lebras, *Le Pays des Pardonniers* [Brittany]. Some of these intelligent Catholics—even Sèailles himself—have been brought to a reasonable faith by conferences with able Protestants. One or two incidents will shed sidelight on the priests. A priest in the confessional box spoke loudly and angrily the penances which he imposed on a boy whose confession he was hearing. The next who went to the box was a woman who told the priest that he must not publish aloud his recriminations against her, as she did not want the people in the church to know what she might confess. The priest replied: 'The mother of that boy is deaf, and he is deafer still, and I have to halloo thus.' The woman said: 'That boy is mine, and he can hear perfectly, and so can I,' and she arose and left the church. Another priest told a woman who had lost a brutal, drunken husband that she ought to pay for some masses for the repose of his soul. 'He has gone,' said the woman, 'to the place where masses will do no good' (meaning hell). A few days after, the priest told her that he had been studying the matter in his books and found that even if her husband had gone to hell, a few masses would cool the flames. These are actual instances for whose accuracy we can certify. You cannot understand Catholicism in France and other

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Latin countries from the conditions in America. A priest who came to us showed by his conversation and all his bearing that his education in the seminary had been most narrow, perverted, harsh. There are three synods of the Reformed Church in France," continued my courteous pastor—"the conservative, with its organ, *Foi et Vie*; the central, with its organ, *Revue Chrétienne*, and the liberal, with a weekly paper as its organ. Pastor Charles Wagner belongs to the last. Liberal sentiment is growing in Protestantism. The Catholic Modernist movement will not amount to much. It will be crushed. The priests who have come out and have formed associations culturelles are not strong men and represent no general tendency. We Methodists have about forty native ministers in France, including the supernumeraries. The work is uphill. Last year we had a net loss of six members. France is Catholic, either convinced (about three millions) or nominal."

Thus my able and kind informants. I add no comments, but let their facts and judgments stand in their naked strength.



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## ART. VIII.—AN EXPLOSIVE QUAKER:

JOHN WOOLMAN

EVERY denomination has its saints as really as Rome, though without canonization. John Woolman, an explosive Quaker, born in Northampton, New Jersey, in 1720, dying in York, England, in 1772, was one of the strong and uncalendared saints of the Society of Friends, a society particularly rich in inspiring biographies. He certainly was no ordinary man who, dwelling upon the heights of evangelical belief and life, could win the esteem of the drama-loving Charles Lamb. In the latter's essay on a Quaker Meeting he writes: "Get the Journal of John Woolman by Heart." William Ellery Channing, who also differed widely in belief from Woolman, pronounces Woolman's Journal "beyond comparison the purest and sweetest biography in the language." John Morley, to whom a copy of Whittier's Life of Woolman was sent, passed the book, as a treasure, on to Gladstone, who acknowledged it in a note of warmest appreciation. Though not so well or widely known as Assisi, à Kempis or Bunyan, yet Woolman distinctly belongs to the same high order of spiritual devotion and sweet human fellowship. In analyzing the various elements that entered into the formation of our national life ample recognition has been given to the work of the Puritan and of the Cavalier, while full justice, perhaps, has not been done to the work of the Quaker. William Penn, for instance, brought to the shores of America some very vital and wholesome mustard seeds of religious, political, and social truth, such as freedom of speech, freedom of religious views, good manners, and integrity in dealing with the natives. These seeds grew up and flourished, and had their effect in preparing the way for the Declaration of Independence. It is an interesting fact that a descendant of Penn's arrived at San Francisco, not a great while ago, from New Zealand, where, as governor of that country for seven years, he helped to put in force various legislative and humanitarian provisions which have made New Zealand one of the most advanced

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communities in the world in dealing with social questions. John Woolman's influence on our national life can be traced no less distinctly.

One night Socrates dreamed that a white dove flew into his bosom and after nestling there flew abroad: the next day Plato entered his school and became one of his disciples. Such was the relation of Woolman to the poets Whittier and Lowell: they nestled in his bosom and flew abroad on wings of song with the living truths that throbbed in his heart. Whittier was, spiritually and intellectually, distinctly a child of Woolman. No other human being taught him so much or impressed him more. The notes of calm religious assurance, of human freedom, and of the sweet simplicity of life, so conspicuous in his poetry, he caught from Woolman. In his preface to the *Journal*, Whittier thus writes:

From his little farm on the Rancocas he looked out with a mingled feeling of wonder and sorrow upon the hurry and unrest of the world, and especially was he pained to see luxury and extravagance overgrowing the early plainness and simplicity of his own religious Society. He regarded the merely rich man with unfeigned pity. With nothing of his scorn, he had all of Thoreau's commiseration for people who went about bowed down with the weight of broad acres and great houses on their backs.

Likewise Lowell in his *Bigelow Papers* has given immortal utterance to Woolman's teaching:

Es for war, I call it murder—  
There you hev it plain and flat;  
I don't want to go no furdur  
Than my Testyment fer that.

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war and pillage.

But John P.  
Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Within his own spirit he was always calm and serene as a quiet summer evening, but unconsciously, by his life and teaching and activity, he helped lay the fuse for the most tremendous upheavals the world has known in the last century and a half. Truth is the most explosive thing in the world. A man in Indiana has recently discovered, or invented, a new explosive with an uplifting and dispersive power far beyond that of dynamite or gun cot-

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ton. He calls it "Mitchellite." But truth is vastly more explosive than any chemical compound. When Martin Luther got hold of the truth, "the just shall live by faith," he lifted the whole world into a new orbit. That truth has been a mightier force in human history than the steam engine. The one deals with physical forces, the other with spiritual. That was a mighty dynamic in human affairs when Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds to the earth and introduced the era of electricity, but the Declaration of Independence, which he also signed, was a vastly greater dynamic force in human progress. Now, Woolman dealt at first-hand with eternal and epoch-making truths. He worked his way through to true and sound conclusions on certain great subjects and spent his life in the cause of their enthronement in human society. He added to his knowledge virtue, putting the full force of his manhood behind his convictions. Browning is right: the most interesting thing in this world is the history of a human soul. In no book do we find a more faithful history of a human soul than in this *Journal of John Woolman*. If he had been a recluse, he could not have been more frequent or fervent in communion with God; if he had been all the time among men, he could not have cared more assiduously for their good. His beneficence cannot be separated from his saintliness. In addition to the story of a true and beautiful soul—and a man's supreme achievement in life is himself—the *Journal* reveals Woolman's high endeavor in behalf of freedom, moderation, and justice. In relation to the first he aimed, even when as lonely as John the Baptist in the wilderness, at the total abolition of human slavery. In relation to the second, moderation, he aimed at the regulation of the individual life in reference to business, to property, and luxury. In relation to the third, justice, he aimed at a just wage to labor, a fair, brotherly, and sympathetic consideration of the toiler. The right of every human being to possess himself and direct himself, under proper moral, political, and social responsibility, the cruel passion for luxury and self-indulgence at any cost, and the just, fair rights of labor have been the storm centers of the last century and a half. Fortified iniquities, especially if they are profitable, are generally uplifted through explosions. Possibly this is one of the things Saint

Peter meant when he said that the old heavens and the old earth should go away with a great noise. Heavenly things, conceptions of spiritual things which are inadequate or false, earthly things, political institutions which rest upon a basis of falsehood and injustice—these go away with explosion, noise, and revolution. In this pathway of progress through conflict the clear, brave thinker is one of the first to lay the fuse. Such a man was John Woolman. He thought truly and profoundly and the leaven of his conviction worked widely and mightily.

Happily, we are past the point where any section of our country can incriminate another with reference to the curse of slavery. The truth is, North and South must go backward, like Shem and Japhet, mutually bearing the garment that hides the nakedness of a common ancestor. Woolman's testimony and agitation on the subject were among his own people in New England and in England, and especially in Rhode Island, where many Quakers—meek, silent, and devout saints—were deeply engaged in the slave trade on the coast of New Guinea, which was very profitable. It is said that many strangled serpents were found around the cradle of the infant Hercules. So this Christian Hercules, even in his youth, throttled the growing serpent of slavery. Curious enough, his conscience was first aroused by a white bondsman, a Scotchman, who had been brought over under indentures and who died from the effect of gross abuse and neglect. He soon became convinced that the system was wholly wrong and shook himself absolutely clear of it. He would not, even in writing a will, write the clause by which a slave passed from one owner to another. He was not easy in the home of a Quaker who held slaves unless he was a particularly kind and humane master. In such a case he bore his testimony with great sweetness. If he suspected oppression, he insisted on paying for his entertainment as he went about as an itinerant preacher. He gave up trading in sugar and molasses; in fact, gave up the use of them altogether, because of their relation to the slave labor of the West Indies. He cites, in justification of this, David's act in pouring out the water from the well by the gate of Bethlehem because it was the price of blood. He was so burdened for the enlightenment of his people upon

this subject that he made it the constant theme of testimony and conference in this country and in England. He was not a violent agitator, though he drew up a petition to the Legislature of Rhode Island on the subject, perhaps the first to be so drawn, nor did he condemn those who were kind to their slaves and who had not the light he had received. Nevertheless, he saw, even in that early day, the dark cloud hanging over the land. "The seeds of great calamity and desolation," he said, "are sown in it, and the result will be grievous to posterity." Within another century the explosion came. As to the second storm center, moderation, Woolman has much to teach. It has been the theme of poets and philosophers of all ages. "The golden mean" was the safe counsel of Aristotle, and Horace sings his sweetest lay in praise of it. For that matter, our own dramatist, Shakespeare, excels them all in proclaiming this gospel, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! Each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores  
And make a sop of all this solid globe.

Now, in these days we hear a great deal of the simple life. Charles Wagner came all the way from Paris to tell us about it. The truth is, the modern apostles of the simple life have not carried the chain a single link beyond Aristotle, Horace, or Shakespeare. The defect of the theory lies in its lack of a true ideal. There is one thing better than the simple life of wholesome self-restraint and judicious compromises, and that is the simplest life; as Woolman puts it, life under the light of the cross, realizing in all the ranges of our life the spirit and mind of Jesus Christ. The central truth of Woolman's life was the present lordship of Jesus Christ, and his one ideal the complete reorganization and direction of his life by his living, present, and mighty Lord.

The contrast between Woolman and Tolstoy is interesting also. There are many good things in Tolstoy's gospel: the dignity of labor, freedom from luxury and extravagance, sympathy, and brotherhood; all such things are good, but the defect of Tolstoy's

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gospel lies in its lack of a true and sufficient dynamic. The new creation will never come by piecework; it must come, as Jesus teaches, by the inbreathing of a new spirit. At every point and moment of his life Woolman's aim was to be absolutely under the sway of spiritual ideals and spiritual forces. He was fully persuaded that only as Christ reigned on the earth, through the obedient lives of his followers, would all abuse and oppression come to an end. He aimed to permit Christ, through an enlightened conscience, to fix the limits of business, of property, of enjoyment, and of service. Obedience to spiritual conviction was the one thread upon which all the deeds of his life were strung, and this relieves them from eccentricity or vanity. Whatever tended to endanger his soul, or load his conscience, he declined. No act was of little consequence if its result might have any spiritual effect, nor would he receive profit from a transaction in which even his indirect action might do injustice.

He became troubled over the increase of his business, its profits grew far in excess of all his needs. Instead of finding delight in this it troubled him. He arranged to surrender a large part of his business to others and contented himself to work at his trade of a tailor, by which he had a sufficient income, that he might be free to give his testimony and service to suffering humanity. Becoming convinced that dyed garments ministered to pride and vanity, he determined to wear only garments of natural color. It so chanced that in that year white hats were ultra-fashionable, and so the conscientious Quaker came to the meetinghouse arrayed like a dandy. But he persisted and in a short time the fashion of the world passed away and his testimony was felt. Recently a letter on the curse of luxury was prepared and published by some of the most prominent men of England. It reads like a page from John Woolman's Journal, written more than a hundred years ago. The French Revolution, that broke out soon after Woolman's death, fulfilled his note of warning of the destructive evils of self-seeking and self-indulgence regardless of the cry of the oppressed. Indeed, it is said that some of the actors in that great drama were men who had become impressed and imbued while in America with Woolman's ideas of justice

and humanity. The truths the Quaker taught were elements in the great explosion.

No man ever walked this earth whose sympathy with its toilers was more intelligent, genuine, or tender than that of John Woolman. Like Moses of old, he went out from a position of ease and looked upon their labors, and this not as an academician, or modern kid-gloved student, that he might write about them, but that he might identify himself with them. To use his own words, he was mixed with his fellow-creatures in their misery and could not consider himself as a distinct and separate being. Holiness and humanity were the polar truths of his life. His constant aim was to love God supremely and his neighbor as himself, and his quick human sympathies enabled him to put himself in the place of the lowliest toiler. He steadily pleaded for a high ideal of distributive justice, for a fair and honest wage to labor, for proper consideration of the natural limit of human endurance, of the toiler's right to and need of leisure and recreation. He pointed out the connection between luxury and oppression and the menace in that direction. He saw that gross luxury is often the direct cause of poverty. To provide for it capital and labor are diverted from more wholesome, productive, and remunerative channels. Luxury often leads to cruelty in industrial relationships. The rich, the landlord, and the profitmaker become careless of the wrongs, suffering, and disablements of the workers. The exhausted toiler, from the very poverty of his inner life, from the hopelessness of his outer lot, falls into indifference or despair and becomes an easy victim of drunkenness and gross destructive pleasures. Woolman would begin the regulation of social disorders from within. "Universal love," he writes, "reconciles the mind to a life so plain that a little doth suffice to support it, a life of simplicity and sufficiency where the real comforts of well being are not lessened, while costly and cumbersome ways of living, involving unnecessary labor and entailing expenses that lead to covetousness and oppression, are spots on the leopard's skin, their beauty disguising the cruelty within." He foresaw and foretold the tumults that would arise from a reckless disregard of justice and humanity in the relation between capital and labor. "If," he says, "oppression be so hard to

bear that a wise man is made mad by it, we may reasonably expect that a series of it would alter the manners and behaviour of a whole people." On the fourth day of the first month in the year 1770 he wrote:

I have seen in the light of the Lord that the day is approaching when the man that is most wise in human policy shall be the greatest fool, and the arm that is mighty to support injustice shall be broken to pieces. The enemies of righteousness shall make a terrible rattle and shall mightily torment one another, for He that is omnipotent is rising up to judgment and will plead the cause of the oppressed, and He commanded me to open the vision.

These words recall the thrilling lines of Julia Ward Howe in the "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword,  
His truth is marching on.

Let it be granted that Woolman was to some degree the victim of an overscrupulous conscience, that the world of art lay utterly beyond his horizon, that he never grasped the function of organized society in the service and progress of humanity, that he had but a scant conception of the dominant forces of the gospel in an opulent civilization; but it must be remembered that he lived in the twilight of the modern world and on the edge of a great wilderness. Nevertheless, after all abatement, this remains: the essential elements of a true, beautiful, and beneficent life he grasped with singular clearness.

When but a child, scarcely twelve years of age, he was greatly impressed with Saint John's description of the river of life and the peace, serenity, and joy of that land. He resolved to live for that high fellowship, and evermore he dwelt in spirit close to the river of life, by

Silva's brook, that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God.

He writes:

I was early convinced that true religion consists in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator and learns to exercise true justice and goodness not only toward all men but toward the brute creation. I found no narrowness

respecting sects, or opinions, but believed that sincere, upright-hearted people in every society, who truly love God, were accepted by him. . . . Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance, and some appearance of right order in their temper and conduct whose passions are regulated by the indwelling spirit.

Like Francis of Assisi, he entered into sympathy with all creatures. A block used to be pointed out which he had constructed that calves might be slaughtered with less cruelty. Observing that some cocks among the fowls on shipboard ceased to crow after they had passed out of the Delaware River, and that they crew no more until the shores of England were sighted, he thus writes:

In observing their dull appearance at sea and their puny sickness, I remembered the Fountain of goodness, who gave being to all creatures and whose love extends to caring for the sparrows. I believe where the love of God is verily perfected a tenderness toward all creatures made subject to us will be experienced, and a care felt in all of us that we do not lessen the sweetness of life in the animal creation.

Once on recovering from an illness he heard a melodious voice say: "John Woolman is dead; John Woolman is dead." Knowing that he was still in the flesh, he recognized it as a new call to a perfect consecration. Henceforth, like the apostle, he was crucified with Christ and knew no will but his. Where may one find a fairer ideal of daily life than this:

To walk with God in all our occupations, to keep a watchful eye towards the real objects of charity, to visit the poor in their lonesome dwelling places, to comfort those who through the dispensation of Divine Providence live in strait and painful circumstances in this life, and steadily to endeavor to honor God with our substance—this should be the aim of a rational and righteous soul. . . . I endeavor always to be inwardly acquainted with the language of the true shepherd.

Here we have the deep, yet open, secret of gracious and beneficent life.

*Naphtali Lucroft.*

## ART. IX.—THE MISSIONARY MESSAGE OF ACTS

THE epochs of history always happen at the fullness of the times. The complex preparation is completed and then the crisis comes to a head. The circumstances of the first century are an excellent illustration. In Greek philosophy there was found a spiritual interpretation of the universe; the exalted monotheism of the Hebrews had been made known through the Jewish synagogues, the language of Greece was in official use among the nations, the practical politics of Rome and its conception of universality helped to enlarge the Imperial Empire, and through its magnificent roads, "straight as an arrow," distant peoples were vitally kept near to the seat of power. But throughout the world there was a feeling that life was a disappointment and a failure. The lax morals, the subtle vices, the terrible remorse increased the funereal gloom. Paganism was conscious of its helplessness, Judaism was aware of its limits, and the human heart was yearning for relief. This was the situation when Jesus Christ issued his commission to the disciples to go forth and evangelize the world. How they carried it out is described in the book of Acts. As we follow this guide with our intelligent imagination we are impressed by the "free and spacious atmosphere" of the period. The Christian movement was marked by initiative and independence, originality and enthusiasm, intense activity and steady advance. The two notes of battle and buoyancy recur on every page of the record. Lest we unduly idealize we are reminded that the apostolic age had features common to our own. Success came through struggle. They were pressed by problems occasioned by the times of transition. There were difficulties incident to the spread of the cause. The leaders as well as the rank and file were men of like passions and prejudices with us. That great tragedy, the fall of Jerusalem, took place in the year A.D. 70. It was a fatal blow to the hopes and pretensions of Judaism. What relation had it to Christianity? It made more explicit the elements of freedom, universality, and divinity in the gospel. The book of Acts was written to illustrate this truth. Thus the author ac-

curately traces the development of the Christian Church, from its small beginnings in Jerusalem, as it spread throughout Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, even unto Rome. The closing scene introduces us to the apostle Paul diligently declaring the things concerning the Lord Jesus. This was about A.D. 59. So, then, the record deals with the work of nearly thirty years. What a short time, and yet what remarkable achievements were made! In spite of the organized opposition of Judaism and the inveterate interferences of paganism, Christianity was already securely intrenched in all the cities of any importance. It had become a power to be reckoned with. So healthy was the growth that it confidently took hostages from the future as it planned propaganda unto the uttermost part of the earth. The note of expectation which is struck in the opening sentence continues throughout and does not cease even with the last sentence, which, indeed, predicts an unlimited continuity of evangelistic effort and expansion. Every subsequent century in this apostolic succession is thus justified in adding chapters to the unfinished book of Acts.

It is a fact of great moment that the Christian Church was founded and organized by laymen. This partly explains the informal nature of the movement in its earlier stage. It is true that men with special training, like Saint Paul, joined it, but this was after the cause was well under way. The experience of salvation as a present reality kindled the fires of holy enthusiasm. Here was a living faith, and it spread abroad regardless of obstacles and impervious to opposition. Everyone who confessed the faith felt under obligation to proclaim it. Their mode of living, their fraternal intercourse with each other, their dealings with the outside world—in short, the general behavior of these Christian men and women made a positive impression. Through personal influence one believer produced another. It was not the public preaching so much as the private interviews with one and another that secured the desirable results. "We are witnesses of these things; and so is the Holy Spirit, whom God hath given to them that obey him" (5. 32). These words tersely emphasize the twofold pressure of the gospel appeal, and may well be called "the keynote of Acts." The names of the vast majority of actors



are unknown to us. Only a few are mentioned, and their appearance coincided with the turning of the tide in the direction of larger advance. Soon after the pentecostal outpouring the church was inclined to confine its efforts to Jerusalem and immediate vicinity; but the stoning of Stephen broke up this narrow groove. It became apparent that Judaism would not tolerate Stephen's type of believer in Jesus. This was vigorously shown in the bitter persecution which dispersed the Christians and which also awoke within them the missionary spirit. The work of Philip at Samaria was a specimen of similar efforts elsewhere. The conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch had a far-reaching issue which is not here traced. The conversion of Cornelius, the Roman centurion, is, however, considered in fuller detail because it was an earnest of the influx of the Gentile element into the church. Peter's eloquent plea for the open door was soon to be followed by an event of cardinal importance. Certain unknown disciples, who were scattered as far as Cyprus and Antioch, gave emphatic utterance to their devotion to the Lord Jesus. Their testimony caused such unprecedented success that in a few years Antioch became the center of Gentile Christianity, as Jerusalem was the center of Jewish Christianity. Meanwhile, in a different part of the world, another event of far-reaching moment had taken place. It was the conversion of Saul. Jerusalem and Antioch met in this great apostle of the church. He possessed the requisite qualifications to undertake the conquest of the Roman world for Christ. He was familiar with the teachings and practices of Judaism, possessed of wide culture and large sympathies, able to accept the new while retaining what was of permanent worth in the old, keen to appreciate the religious needs of the human race, strong in convictions and balanced in judgment, energetic in spirit yet constant in endurance. His theology was based upon a profound experience of freedom from the bondage of law and sin through faith in Christ. His conception of Christ as "the Creator of a new life of moral liberty" permitted him to offer the gospel on equal terms to men of every race and creed. Here, then, was an ideal missionary—without prejudice but with a passion for the salvation of humanity. The church at Antioch offered him the first opportunity to engage in

his great mission, which was to bear such abundant fruit in the near future. At this point in the narrative the attention of the reader is directed to the manifold and many-sided activities of Saint Paul and his companions. He was not the first apostle to the heathen, but he was the first to make the principle of a mission to the Gentiles a concern of vital importance to the very existence of the church. He did not secure this privilege for the Gentiles without encountering much opposition from the Jewish Christians, who always and everywhere insisted that there must be submission to the Mosaic ritual before there can be an admission into the church. This partisan spirit tended to paralyze evangelistic fervor. There would have been stagnation had it not been for the wise and insistent advocacy by Paul. He not only pleaded the claims of the Gentiles, he also furnished convincing proofs of men gloriously won for Christ from paganism.

An interest in missionary work is one of the marks of a progressive and aggressive church. What had happened in Antioch could be repeated in other Gentile cities. The Christians of Antioch were convinced of this, and gladly became a party in encouraging Paul to enter and occupy new fields for the Lord Jesus. The three great missionary journeys were all undertaken under the auspices of the church in Antioch. What signal tokens of success accompanied this work is vividly described by the sympathetic pen of Luke. On the first journey Paul and Barnabas visited Cyprus and certain cities of Asia Minor. At the notable conference in Jerusalem, to consider the rights and privileges of the Gentiles, Paul made report of this trip and convinced the leaders that the gospel of Christ alone is sufficient for salvation for all. The second journey covered more territory and the evangel was proclaimed also in the cities of Macedonia and Achaia. The third journey was to strengthen the churches already established. In this period an extended mission of over two years was conducted in Ephesus and neighborhood with stirring consequences. Including his imprisonments in Cæsarea and Rome, the Christian labors of Paul covered about twenty-five years. What a record it is of passion and privation, enthusiasm and endurance, consecration and conquest! Well might he say: "I have fought the good

fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." The experience of pentecost was a prophecy of the world-wide destiny of Christianity. Those peoples who heard in their own tongues the mighty works of God were representative of all humanity. At the close of the apostolic age, A.D. 100, Christianity had penetrated into Asia Minor as far as Galatia, and Bithynia and had entered the lands lying on the Mediterranean border from Syria to Italy. The outlook for further triumphs was most encouraging. This fact is all the more surprising when we remember that most of the leaders and all the rest were poorly equipped as regards intellectual, social and political advantages. It must be acknowledged that the gospel had the seeds of undreamed-of, innumerable harvests which were to ripen in the course of the centuries. It also propagated principles whose application created revolutionary results. With a courage that was captivating, a confidence in its privileges that was reassuring, a catholicity of sentiment that was all-comprehending, Christianity went forth on its career conquering and to conquer. Barriers of nationality were disregarded, worthy traits in heathen religions were generously accepted, and on this basis was builded the superstructure of Christian faith. While repudiating the exclusiveness of Judaism good use was made of its synagogues, where invariably the fulfillment of the Messianic hope was first announced. When it was rejected there they turned to the Gentiles. The Christians borrowed largely from the Old Testament. Indeed, the gospel of Christ cannot be understood apart from the Scriptures of the Jewish Church. But the practice of borrowing was not confined to Judaism. As Christianity hospitably incorporated most diverse nationalities, so it also appreciatively borrowed from many quarters. In thus doing it proclaimed itself to be the surest hope of human redemption. The cosmopolitan character of Christianity emphasized its missionary spirit. Because it borrowed from far and near it must not be inferred that it was an eclectic religion. This idea must be discarded when it is remembered that the line of separation between Christians and non-Christians was strictly observed. So much was this the case that the Christians were almost universally disliked. They were an object of suspicion by the state and were popularly

charged with lack of patriotism, hostility to other faiths, opposition to public amusements—which generally had the sanction of the pagan religions—a spirit of otherworldliness which bred fanaticism. They, nevertheless, practically wrested the scepter of success from the enemy.

No theory is adequate which endeavors to explain this movement without recognizing the Divine Presence. It was the consciousness of the influence and companionship of the risen Christ in their midst which gave an irresistible impetus to their efforts. His person was the center of this community, at once the watchword of its membership and the explanation of its valiant endeavors. It was their persistent faith in him as Saviour and Lord which alone can account for the marvelous missionary expansion of the primitive church. One who played an honorable part in that early time has suggested the secret of victory in words which are well worth pondering even today: "And who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"

Oscar L. Joseph

## ART. X.—MY FATHER'S BAYONET

• THE bare, white, ascetic walls of my student's cell are shocked by few ornaments. In the center of a great blank, above fifteen feet of friendly books, and looking fondly down on the back of my head as the original used to look years ago when her young Ulysses was struggling in the coils of two Unknown Quantities, either of which was insidious enough and mean enough to enthrall him, hangs the picture of a sweet-faced woman. Her hair has a suspicion of silver and her lips the hint of a smile. On the table before me, in the midst of an orderly chaos, unanswered letters, writing-pads, Shakespeare, *The Deeds of Beowulf*, *The Japanese Three Graces*, and all the paraphernalia of the pedant and the sedent—right in the moil of work, where she belongs, sits a little decisive Scotch head framed in a square of gold. The eyes—wonderful eyes, with spots of red like the speckled mountain trout of the Alleghenies—rest on me always. In them I catch a flash of fun, a veil of reproach, a mist of compassion. Besides these two attendants and the books which flank and hedge me about, the only noteworthy companion of my solitude dangles from the top of the brown walnut dresser—my father's bayonet! There it hangs—a trumpet of the Sixties. No profane hand has ever offended by polishing the rusty steel or furbishing the copper belt-plate. No attempt has been made to bring it into harmony with the new age. It has never been fraternized. Its message is as stern and un-euphemistic as in '65. The very sweat of the Wilderness still whitens the leather belt. The scars on the scabbard spell Cold Harbor and Spottsylvania as indubitably as they did forty years before Brander Matthews, and now, as I look at it for the thousandth time, my father's account of how it came into his possession creeps back out of boyhood recollections.

The Army of the Potomac had camped for the night in an auspicious vicinity and early in the morning "while it was yet night," my progenitor, then seventeen years old and unsurfeited by chickory and hardtack, began a series of commissary investigations at an outlying farm. Satisfied with the fine ham and yams,

my father, who was a connoisseur of millinery as well as of gastronomy, had climbed in an upper window (the inmates had all fled) to refresh himself with the sight of at least the *shell* of a woman. Foolishly, and unsoldierly, he left his gun below on the stoop. Only a minute and he was aroused from his soft revel in hoops and flounces by a yell from a passing soldier, and, looking out of the window, saw his regiment moving off. He slid hastily down a post and to his consternation found his gun—gone. (There must be Irish somewhere in the ancestry.) It was no time for vain regret and he started on the triple-quick after his regiment. Fortune favored him. His course lay past a persimmon tree with a soldier at the top and a gun at the bottom. Father grabbed the gun without breaking step and was soon lost in the moving column. The poor fellow who was treed kept yelling futilely in his chagrin: "Drop that gun, you son of a gun." I have since doubted if the soldier may not have assigned some other pedigree to the cheerful robber, because the repetition of the word "gun" in so short a sentence is rhetorically weak; but father was usually veracious and I repeat his exact words. Thus the bayonet came into the family—typical of plunder.

War must ever be lawless. It may be undertaken in order to enforce law, but it is in its nature and methods lawless. So must every change be. Inertia is the only condition conformable to the past—the one purely law-abiding attitude. Revolution and progress must be anarchic. You must have war if you would not have death. When you no longer hear the clash of principles be sure Beelzebub is lord and has bribed or gagged the voices of righteousness. There was war in the old heaven and there will be war in the new heaven, else it will not be worth inhabiting. A company where with one accord all are good would soon find it out, admit it, and tell each other about it—and then there would be the devil to pay. I do not prefer Lucifer and Moloch to Michael and Gabriel, but I do believe they will always be on deck and worthy of hostile steel. Voltaire it was who said: "If God did not exist, man would do well to invent him." I am inclined to think that if there is no devil, and some have hinted it darkly, man should make one for a spiritual buffer. He ought to be just "a



stuff to try the soul's strength on." I do not advocate any more devils, because, even if Satan himself has gone, he has left a numerous progeny of imps who are able to squeeze into smaller corners of the soul-hearth than their heroic father ever noticed. With the heightened complexions and increased complexities of society, temptations to hoodwink plain old Morality and suck the egg without a scratch on the shell, have become legion, and just in proportion has developed diabolical skill in performing. But man is spared the necessity of inventing Satan just because these little imps have remained. We do not need to go abroad to tilt; in our own rooms we may find enough exercise of this sort.

The bayonet has not been left so far behind. This relic not only reminds me of heroic struggles of a past age; it tells me I too must fight. It says life is hard; it warns me that ease invites sloth and sloth breeds death. Maybe it is because I am so "incurably Protestant," that my blood has been so charged with the "dissidence of dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion," which makes me see a serpent behind so many roses of beauty and enjoyment; but, anyway, I think the bayonet speaks sooth. It has become a recent fashion to deride the old figure of the Christian life as a battle. It ought to be a triumphal procession with brass band and frequent stops for red lemonade and ice cream cones, from the moment the "soul is saved"—as if ever a soul was "saved" for good and all by a single prayer or a single act of repentance. Well, I remember what Christ said, "Not peace, but a sword." Life was not easy for Him. Socrates did not find life easy, nor Epictetus, nor Huss, nor Luther, nor Wesley, nor Carlyle, nor Lincoln. To the best of earth this has been no parade-ground, but a battlefield. Be suspicious of the offer of serenity in this life. You may be getting mere spiritual morphine. The man who lays down his arms and lets somebody else or something else—some God or some church—fight for him, the while he reposes in irresponsible comitoseness, has not won the fight but has deserted the cause and forfeited his hope of everlasting reward. We need another Carlyle with his "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" The cantankerousness and dyspepsia could be endured for the sake of the *moral awareness*.

"Oh," I hear, "but you are making the good life unhappy and discouraging people from following it." Good! They ought to be scared away that follow for the loaves and fishes. Survival of the fittest reigns in the spiritual world, too. Happiness? What's happiness? Did anybody ever die to win happiness? If so, I wonder if they found it. The man who loses his life in saving another's because of the pleasure he has in doing good—well, that man is looking inward and he had better *look out!*

"But you make yourself actually unhappy by your continual ferment of conviction."

Be it so. I would rather grow tired than be always ennuyé; I would rather have the idea of something better that I do not have, and be unhappy for the want of it, than be contented with the lower thing that comes if we merely keep step and follow safe leaders.

Then may the sweat of forced marches and the blood of battle remain on the old bayonet! There is no time to make clean and pretty. After polishing our faith and scouring our religion we might fear to tamper with life because of the taint of skepticism so apt to strike in, and so draw them from their sheaths only in the sanctity of the church and surrounded by the brethren. I prefer to let the microbes do their worst on the steel of the sword of the spirit. They cannot injure it. If I encased it and gave it a neat label, who knows but I too would grow fearful of disturbing its serenity to tarnish it by the world and soil it by doubt?

J. P. Bayer

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

## HARNACK ON THE RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY

FROM Harnack's *What Is Christianity?* we quote: "Whatever may have happened at the grave of Christ and in the matter of the appearances, one thing is certain: *This grave was the birthplace of the indestructible belief that death is vanquished, that there is a life eternal.* It is useless to cite Plato; it is useless to point to the Persian religion, and the ideas and literature of later Judaism. All that would have perished and has perished; but the certainty of the resurrection and of a life eternal which is bound up with the grave in Joseph's garden has not perished, and on the conviction that *Jesus lives* we still base those hopes of citizenship in an Eternal City which make our earthly life worth living and tolerable. 'He delivered them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage,' as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews confesses. That is the point. And although there be exceptions to its sway, wherever, despite all the weight of nature, there is a strong faith in the infinite value of the soul; wherever death has lost its terrors, wherever the sufferings of the present are measured against a future of glory, this feeling of life is bound up with the conviction that Jesus Christ has passed through death, that God has awakened him and raised him to life and glory."

Further on Harnack says: "What else can we believe but that the earliest disciples also found the ultimate foundation of their faith in the living Lord to be the strength which had gone out from him? It was a life never to be destroyed which they felt to be going out from him; only for a brief span of time could his death stagger them; the strength of the Lord prevailed over everything; God did not give him over to death; he lives as the first fruits of those who have fallen asleep. It is not by any speculative ideas of philosophy but by the vision of Jesus's life and death and by the feeling of his imperishable union with God that mankind, so far as it believes in these things, has attained to that certainty of eternal life for which it was meant, and which it dimly discerns—eternal life in time and beyond time. This feeling first established faith in the value of personal life. But

of every attempt to demonstrate the certainty of immortality by logical process, we may say in the words of the poet: 'Believe and venture; as for pledges, the gods give none.' Belief in the living Lord and in a life eternal is the *act* of the freedom which is born of God."

From Harnack's *Christianity and History* we take the following: "I admit that if historical research had proved that he was an apocalyptic enthusiast or visionary, whose image and utterances were advanced to the level of pure aim and lofty thought only by the refining influence of later times, it would be another matter. But who has proved that, and who could prove it? For besides the four written Gospels, we possess a fifth, unwritten; and in many respects its voice is clearer and more effective than those of the other four—I mean the united testimony of the first Christian community. It enables us to gather what was the prevailing impression made by this personality, and in what sense his disciples understood his words and the testimony which he gave of himself. It is true that his clothes—the outward form of his doctrine—were part of the heritage; but the great and simple truths which he came to preach, the personal sacrifice which he made, and his victory in death, were what formed the new life of his community; and when the apostle Paul with divine power described this life as a life in the Spirit, and again as a life in love, he was only giving back the light which had dawned upon him in and through Jesus Christ his Lord. This is a simple matter of fact, which no historical criticism can in any way alter. All that it can do is to place it in a clearer light, and so increase our reverence for the divinity which was revealed in radiance in a Son of Abraham, amid the wreck and refuse of a narrow world. Let the plain Bible-reader continue to read his Gospels as he has hitherto read them; for in the end the critic cannot read them otherwise. What the one regards as their true gist and meaning, the other must acknowledge to be such. But the facts, the facts! I do not know how there can be a greater fact than the one which I have just been describing. By the side of it, what can any historical detail signify?" As one says: "Harnack thus suggests that, standing upon a broad basis of secure historical fact, one may find the personality of Christ continually verifying itself to him anew, through its thoroughgoing consistency with our deepest rational and ethical convictions. That personality 'finds' us more surely than any other fact of the world; fits, as does no other, the highest and worthiest in us. Greater proof than this it is hard to ask, or to give."

Once more we quote Harnack: "Eighteen hundred years separate us from this history; but if we seriously ask ourselves what it is that has given us the courage to believe that in the history of the world God prevails, not only by moral and intellectual forces but by his presence in the midst of it, if we ask what it is that leads us to believe in an eternal life, our answer is, that we make bold to believe it in reliance upon Christ. *Jesus lives, and with him I live also.* He is the first born among many brothers; he is our surety for the reality of a future world. So it is, then, that God speaks to us through him. It was testified of Christ that he was the *Way, the Truth, and the Life*; as such he is still revealed to our inmost feeling, and therein consists his presence to us. As surely as everything depends on the soul finding God and becoming one with him, so surely is he the true Saviour, Guide, and Lord who leads the soul to God."

To these extracts from Harnack we add what that inspired seer, George Matheson, says concerning the impossible consequences implied in the denial of a future life: "If there be no immortality, Christ is dead—the purest, the fairest, the loveliest life that ever breathed has become less than the napkin, less than the graveclothes, less than the sepulcher. It is to Paul an impossible consequence. He cannot think of Christ as dead. He says: 'If Christ be dead, death must be a delusion.' Did you never feel this experience? You parted with a friend an hour ago, and the next hour you heard that he was dead; you said, 'Impossible!' And when it was confirmed, you said again: 'Impossible! if he be dead, then death is not to die. I must have misnamed it, misread it, mistaken the inscription on its doorway. Death henceforth is a gate of life to me.' Son of man, whenever I doubt of life I think of thee. Nothing is so impossible as that thou shouldst be dead. I can imagine the hills to dissolve in vapor, and the stars to melt in smoke, and the rivers to empty themselves in sheer exhaustion; but I feel no limit in thee. Thou never growest old to me. Last century is old, last year is old, last season is an obsolete fashion, but thou art not obsolete. Thou art abreast of all the centuries, nay, thou goest before them like the star. I have never come up with thee, modern as I am. Thy picture is at home in every land. A thousand have fallen at its side, but it has kept its bloom; old Jerusalem, old Rome, new Rome—it has been young amid them all. Therefore, when oppressed by the sight of death, I shall turn to thee. I shall see my immortality in thee. I shall read the possibilities of my soul in thee. I shall measure the promise of my manhood by thee. I

shall comfort myself by the impossible conclusion, 'If there be no immortality, Christ is dead.'"

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### AN AGNOSTIC'S CONFESSION

At the age of twelve George K. Chesterton was a pagan. From the time when he was sixteen he was something worse—a complete agnostic. He was a precocity, if not a prodigy, in decided and avowed religious ignorance. All he had heard of Christian theology had alienated him from it. On through many years he was a freethinker. Freethinkers are described as men who think, or think they think, without ever knowing anything except that they don't know. From the chief ports where the human mind had been accustomed to enter and cast anchor young Chesterton was outward bound, sailing whither the four winds blew him, drifting as the currents took him, doubtful if any solid land would ever lift itself into sight out of the vast and vacant sea.

After long drifting and sailing far from home, as he thought, the lookout sighted something like land looming against the horizon, and while the voyager saw it to be solid land and wondered what strange island it might be, the coast took on a familiar look and was presently recognized as the stable old continent of Orthodoxy. Chesterton likens his religious history to the experience of an Englishman who should head for distant seas and the other side of the world, and after many changes of courses and long gibing about should find that the land he sights is really good old England, and his wayward voyage ends in the comfortable and happy sense of getting home. The doctrines of orthodoxy are seen to be the headlands of Truth and of cosmic Reality. The book in which Chesterton tells of his voyage and its end is confirmation strong of an essay once written on "The Ripening Experience of Life." In the safe and quiet harbor of the Christian faith his sea-faring soul casts anchor, and he comes ashore into the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God. He calls his book "a slovenly autobiography"; but it is in effect a Christian polemic, though such as never was written before.

He exposes the self-contradictions of heterodoxy and tells how he was brought to orthodoxy.

I had read the scientific and skeptical literature of my time—all of it, at least, that I could find written in English and lying about—and I read nothing else, nothing on any other note of philosophy. I never read a line of Christian



apologetics. It was Huxley and Herbert Spencer and Bradlaugh who brought me back to orthodox theology. They sowed in my mind my first wild doubts of doubt. Our grandmothers were quite right when they said that Tom Paine and the freethinkers unsettle the mind. They do. They unsettled mine horribly. The rationalist made me question whether reason was of any use whatever; and when I had finished Herbert Spencer I had got as far as doubting (for the first time) whether evolution had occurred at all. As I laid down the last of Colonel Ingersoll's atheistic lectures the dreadful thought broke across my mind, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." I was in a desperate way.

This odd effect of the great agnostics in arousing doubts deeper than their own might be illustrated in many ways. I take only one. As I read and reread all the non-Christian or anti-Christian accounts of the faith, from Huxley to Bradlaugh, a slow and awful impression grew gradually but graphically upon my mind—the impression that Christianity must be a most extraordinary thing. For not only (as I understood) had Christianity the most flaming vices, but it had apparently a mystical talent for combining vices which seemed inconsistent with each other. It was attacked on all sides and for all contradictory reasons. No sooner had one rationalist demonstrated that it was too far to the east than another demonstrated with equal clearness that it was much too far to the west. No sooner had my indignation died down at its angular and aggressive squareness than I was called up again to notice and condemn its enervating and sensual roundness. In case any reader has not come across the thing I mean, I will give such instances as I remember at random of this self-contradiction in the skeptical attack. I give four or five of them; there are fifty more. Thus, for instance, I was much moved by the eloquent attack on Christianity as a thing of inhuman gloom; for I thought (and still think) sincere pessimism the unpardonable sin. Insincere pessimism is a social accomplishment, rather agreeable than otherwise; and fortunately nearly all pessimism is insincere. But if Christianity was, as these people said, a thing purely pessimistic and opposed to life, then I was quite prepared to blow up Saint Paul's Cathedral. But the extraordinary thing is this. They did prove to me in Chapter I (to my complete satisfaction) that Christianity was too pessimistic; and then, in Chapter II, they began to prove to me that it was a great deal too optimistic. One accusation against Christianity was that it prevented men, by morbid tears and terrors, from seeking joy and liberty in the bosom of nature. But another accusation was that it comforted men with a fictitious providence, and put them in a pink-and-white nursery. One great agnostic asked why nature was not beautiful enough, and why it was hard to be free. Another great agnostic objected that Christian optimism, "the garment of make-believe woven by pious hands," hid from us the fact that nature was ugly, and that it was impossible to be free. One rationalist had hardly done calling Christianity a nightmare before another began to call it a fool's paradise. This puzzled me; the charges seemed inconsistent. Christianity could not at once be the black mask on a white world, and also the white mask on a black world. The state of the Christian could not be at once so comfortable that he was a coward to cling to it, and so uncomfortable that he was a fool to stand it. If it falsified human vision, it must falsify it one way or another; it could not wear both green and rose-colored spectacles. I rolled on my tongue with a terrible joy, as did all young men of that time, the taunts which Swinburne hurled at the dreariness of the creed—"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown gray with thy breath." But when I read the same poet's accounts of paganism (as in *Atalanta*), I gathered that the world was, if

possible, more gray before the Galilean breathed on it than afterward. The poet maintained, indeed, in the abstract, that life itself was pitch dark. And yet, somehow, Christianity had darkened it. The very man who denounced Christianity for pessimism was himself a pessimist. I thought there must be something wrong. And it did for one wild moment cross my mind that, perhaps, *those might not be the very best judges of the relation of religion to happiness who, by their own account, had neither one nor the other.* I deduced that Christianity must be something even weirder and wickeder than they made out. A thing might have these two opposite vices, but it must be a rather queer thing if it did. A man might be too fat in one place and too thin in another, but he would be an odd shape.

Here is another case of the same kind. I felt that a strong case against Christianity lay in the charge that there is something timid, monkish, and unmanly about all that is called "Christian," especially in its attitude toward resistance and fighting. The great skeptics of the nineteenth century were largely virile. Bradlaugh in an expansive way, Huxley, in a reticent way, were decidedly men. In comparison, it did seem tenable that there was something weak and overpatient about Christian counsels. The gospel paradox about the other cheek, the fact that priests never fought, a hundred things made plausible the accusation that Christianity was an attempt to make a man too like a sheep. I read it and believed it, and if I had read nothing different, I should have gone on believing it. But I read something very different. I turned the next page in my agnostic manual, and my brain turned upside down. Now I found that I was to hate Christianity not for fighting too little but for fighting too much. Christianity, it seemed, was the mother of wars. Christianity had deluged the world with blood. I had got thoroughly angry with the Christian, because he never was angry. And now I was told to be angry with him because his anger had been the most huge and horrible thing in human history; because his anger had soaked the earth and smoked to the sun. The very people who reproached Christianity with the meekness and non-resistance of the monasteries were the very people who reproached it also with the violence and valor of the Crusades. It was the fault of poor old Christianity (somehow or other) both that Edward the Confessor did not fight and that Richard Cœur de Lion did. The Quakers (we were told) were the only characteristic Christians; and yet the massacres of Cromwell and Alva were characteristic Christian crimes. What could it all mean? What was this Christianity which always forbade war and always produced wars? What could be the nature of the thing which one could abuse first because it would not fight, and second because it was always fighting? In what world of riddles was born this monstrous murder and this monstrous meekness? The shape of Christianity grew a queerer shape every instant.

I take a third case; the strangest of all, because it involves the one real objection to the faith. The one real objection to the Christian religion is simply that it is one religion. The world is a big place, full of very different kinds of people. Christianity (it may reasonably be said) is one thing confined to one kind of people; it began in Palestine, it has practically stopped with Europe and America. I was duly impressed with this argument in my youth, and I was much drawn toward the doctrine often preached in ethical societies—I mean the doctrine that there is one great unconscious church of all humanity founded on the omnipresence of the human conscience. Creeds, it was said, divided men; but at least morals united them. The soul might seek the strangest and most remote lands and ages and still find essential ethical common sense. It might find Confucius under Eastern trees, and he would be writing, "Thou shalt not steal." It might decipher the darkest hieroglyphic on the most primeval desert,

and the meaning when deciphered would be, "Little boys should tell the truth." I believed this doctrine of the brotherhood of all men in the possession of a moral sense, and I believe it still—with other things. And I was thoroughly annoyed with Christianity for suggesting (as I supposed) that whole ages and empires of men had utterly escaped this light of justice and reason. But then I found an astonishing thing. I found that the very people who said that mankind was one church from Plato to Emerson were the very people who said that morality had changed altogether, and that what was right in one age was wrong in another. If I asked, say, for an altar, I was told that we needed none, for men our brothers gave us clear oracles and one creed in their universal customs and ideals. But if I mildly pointed out that one of men's universal customs was to have an altar, then my agnostic teachers turned clean round and told me that men had always been in darkness and the superstitions of savages. I found it was their daily taunt against Christianity that it was the light of one people and had left all others to die in the dark. But I also found that it was their special boast for themselves that science and progress were the discovery of one people, and that all other peoples had died in the dark. Their chief insult to Christianity was actually their chief compliment to themselves, and there seemed to be a strange unfairness about all their relative insistence on the two things. When considering some pagan or agnostic, we were to remember that all men had one religion; when considering some mystic or spiritualist, we were only to consider what absurd religions some men had. We could trust the ethics of Epictetus, because ethics had never changed. We must not trust the ethics of Bossuet, because ethics had changed. They changed in two hundred years, but not in two thousand.

This began to be alarming. It looked not so much as if Christianity was bad enough to include any vices, but, rather, as if *any stick was good enough to beat Christianity with*. What again could this astonishing thing be like which people were so anxious to contradict, that in doing so they did not mind contradicting themselves? I saw the same thing on every side. I can give no further space to this discussion of it in detail; but lest anyone supposes that I have unfairly selected three accidental cases I will run briefly through a few others. Thus, certain skeptics wrote that the great crime of Christianity had been its attack on the family; it had dragged women to the loneliness and contemplation of the cloister, away from their homes and their children. But, then, other skeptics (slightly more advanced) said that the great crime of Christianity was forcing the family and marriage upon us; that it doomed women to the drudgery of their homes and children, and forbade them loneliness and contemplation. The charge was actually reversed. Or, again, certain phrases in the epistles or the marriage service were said by the anti-Christians to show contempt for woman's intellect. But I found that the anti-Christians themselves had a contempt for woman's intellect; for it was their great sneer at the church on the Continent that "only women" went to it. Or again, Christianity was reproached with its naked and hungry habits; with its sackcloth and dried peas. But the next minute Christianity was being reproached with its pomp and its ritualism; its shrines of porphyry and its robes of gold. It was abused for being too plain and for being too colored. Again, Christianity had always been accused of restraining sexuality too much, when Bradlaugh the Malthusian discovered that it restrained it too little. It is often accused in the same breath of prim respectability and of religious extravagance. Between the covers of the same atheistic pamphlet I have found the faith rebuked for its disunion—"One thinks one thing, and one another"—and rebuked also for its union—"It is difference of opinion that prevents the

world from going to the dogs." In the same conversation a freethinker, a friend of mine, blamed Christianity for despising Jews, and then despised it himself for being Jewish.

I wished to be quite fair then, and I wish to be quite fair now; and I did not conclude that the attack on Christianity was all wrong. I only concluded that if Christianity was wrong, it was very wrong indeed. Such hostile horrors might be combined in one thing, but that thing must be very strange and solitary. There are men who are misers, and also spendthrifts; but they are rare. There are men sensual and also ascetic; but they are rare. But if this mass of mad contradictions really existed—quakerish and bloodthirsty, too gorgeous and too threadbare, austere, yet pandering preposterously to the lust of the eye, the enemy of women and their foolish refuge, a solemn pessimist and a silly optimist—if this evil existed, then there was in this evil something quite supreme and unique. For I found in my rationalist teachers no explanation of such exceptional corruption. Christianity (theoretically speaking) was in their eyes only one of the ordinary myths and errors of mortals. They gave me no key to this twisted and unnatural badness. Such a paradox of evil rose to the stature of the supernatural. It was, indeed, almost as supernatural as the infallibility of the Pope. An historic institution, which never went right, is really quite as much of a miracle as an institution that cannot go wrong. The only explanation which immediately occurred to my mind was that Christianity did not come from heaven, but from hell. Really, if Jesus of Nazareth was not Christ, he must have been Antichrist.

And then in a quiet hour a strange thought struck me like a still thunder-bolt. There had suddenly come into my mind another explanation. Suppose we heard an unknown man spoken of by many men. Suppose we were puzzled to hear that some men said he was too tall and some too short; some objected to his fatness, some lamented his leanness; some thought him too dark, and some too fair. One explanation (as has been already admitted) would be that he might be an odd shape. But there is another explanation. He might be the right shape. Outrageously tall men might feel him to be short. Very short men might feel him to be tall. Old bucks who are growing stout might consider him insufficiently filled out; old beaux who were growing thin might feel that he expanded beyond the narrow lines of elegance. Perhaps Swedes (who have pale hair like tow) called him a dark man, while Negroes considered him distinctly blonde. Perhaps (in short) this extraordinary thing is really the ordinary thing; at least the normal thing, the center. Perhaps, after all, it is *Christianity that is sane and all its critics that are mad*—in various ways. I tested this idea by asking myself whether there was about any of the accusers anything morbid that might explain the accusation. I was startled to find that this key fitted a lock. For instance, it was certainly odd that the modern world charged Christianity at once with bodily austerity and with artistic pomp. But then it was also odd, very odd, that the modern world itself combined extreme bodily luxury with an extreme absence of artistic pomp. The modern man thought Becket's robes too rich and his meals too poor. But then the modern man was really exceptional in history; no man before ever ate such elaborate dinners in such ugly clothes. The modern man found the church too simple, exactly where modern life is too complex; he found the church too gorgeous exactly where modern life is too dingy. The man who disliked the plain fasts and feasts was mad on *entrées*. The man who disliked vestments wore a pair of preposterous trousers. And, surely, if there was any insanity involved in the matter at all, it was in the trousers, not in the simply falling robe. If there was any insanity it was not in the bread and wine.

I went over all the cases, and I found the key fitted so far. The fact that Swinburne was irritated at the unhappiness of Christians and yet more irritated at their happiness was easily explained. It was no longer a complication of diseases in Christianity, but a complication of diseases in Swinburne. The restraints of Christians saddened him simply because he was more hedonist than a healthy man should be. The faith of Christians angered him because he was more pessimist than a healthy man should be.

Chesterton describes orthodoxy as a wise balancing of extremes and opposites, just as sanity is a sort of mental equilibrium. He illustrates this in particular with Christianity's poise between mere pride and mere prostration. He says:

In one way Man was to be haughtier than he had ever been before; in another way he was to be humbler than he had ever been before. In so far as I am Man I am the chief of creatures. In so far as I am a man I am the chief of sinners. All humility that had meant pessimism, that had meant man taking a vague or mean view of his whole destiny—all that was to go. We were to hear no more the wall of Ecclesiastes that humanity had no pre-eminence over the brute, or the awful cry of Homer that man was only the saddest of all the beasts of the field. Man was a statue of God walking about the garden. Man had pre-eminence over all the brutes; man was only sad because he was not a beast, but a broken god. The Greek had spoken of men creeping on the earth, as if clinging to it. Now Man was to tread on the earth as if to subdue it. Christianity thus held a thought of the dignity of man that could only be expressed in crowns rayed like the sun. Yet at the same time it could hold a thought about the abject smallness of man that could only be expressed in fasting and fantastic submission, in the gray ashes of Saint Dominic and the white snows of Saint Bernard. When one came to think of oneself, there was vista and void enough for any amount of bleak abnegation and bitter truth. There the realistic gentleman could let himself go—as long as he let himself go at himself. There was an open playground for the happy pessimist. Let him say anything against himself short of blaspheming the original aim of his being, let him call himself a fool and even a damned fool (though that is Calvinistic), but he must not say that fools are not worth saving. He must not say that a man, *quâ* man, can be valueless. Here, again in short, Christianity got over the difficulty of combining furious opposites by keeping them both, and keeping them both furious. The church was positive on both points. One can hardly think too little of oneself. One can hardly think too much of one's soul.

In pages as exciting as a chariot race Chesterton notes in Christian history the strenuous insistence on points of doctrine, and says, speaking of the monstrous wars about small points of theology, the earthquakes of emotion about a gesture or a word:

It was only a matter of an inch; but an inch is everything when you are balancing. The church could not afford to swerve a hair's breadth on some things if she was to continue her great and daring experiment of the irregular equilibrium. Once let one idea become less powerful and some other idea would become too powerful. It was no flock of sheep the Christian shepherd



was leading, but a herd of bulls and tigers, of terrible ideals and devouring doctrines, each one of them strong enough to turn to a false religion and lay waste the world. Remember that the church went in specifically for dangerous ideas; she was a lion tamer. The idea of birth through a Holy Spirit, of the death of a divine Being, of the forgiveness of sins, or the fulfillment of prophecies, are ideas which, any one can see, need but a touch to turn them into something blasphemous or ferocious. The smallest link was let drop by the artificers of the Mediterranean, and the lion of ancestral pessimism burst his chain in the forgotten forests of the north. Of these theological equalizations I have to speak afterward. Here it is enough to notice that if some small mistake were made in doctrine, huge blunders might be made in human happiness. A sentence phrased wrong about the nature of symbolism would have broken all the best statues in Europe. A slip in the definitions might stop all the dances; might wither all the Christmas trees or break all the Easter eggs. Doctrines had to be defined within strict limits, even in order that man might enjoy general human liberties. The church had to be careful, if only that the world might be careless.

This is the thrilling romance of orthodoxy. People have fallen into a foolish habit of speaking of orthodoxy as something heavy, humdrum, and safe. There never was anything so perilous or so exciting as orthodoxy. It was sanity: and to be sane is more dramatic than to be mad. It was the equilibrium of a man behind madly rushing horses, seeming to stoop this way and to sway that, yet in every attitude having the grace of statuary and the accuracy of arithmetic. The church in its early days went fierce and fast with any warhorse; yet it is utterly unhistoric to say that she merely went mad along one idea, like a vulgar fanaticism. She swerved to left and right, so exactly as to avoid enormous obstacles. She left on one hand the huge bulk of Arianism, buttressed by all the worldly powers to make Christianity too worldly. The next instant she was swerving to avoid an Orientalism, which would have made it too unworldly. The orthodox church never took the tame course or accepted the conventions; the orthodox church was never respectable. It would have been easier to have accepted the earthly power of the Ariana. It would have been easy, in the Calvinistic seventeenth century, to fall into the bottomless pit of predestination. It is easy to be a madman; it is easy to be a heretic. It is always easy to let the age have its head; the difficult thing is to keep one's own. It is always easy to be a modernist, as it is easy to be a snob. To have fallen into any of those open traps of error and exaggeration which fashion after fashion and sect after sect set along the historic path of Christendom—that would indeed have been simple. It is always simple to fall; there are an infinity of angles at which one falls, only one at which one stands. To have fallen into any one of the fads from Gnosticism to Christian Science would indeed have been obvious and tame. But to have avoided them all has been one whirling adventure; and in my vision the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect.

Speaking of the people who attack Christianity and of the effect of their work, Chesterton says:

Orthodoxy's chief merit is that it is the natural fountain of revolution and reform. Its main advantage is that it is the most adventurous and manly of all theologies. It is urged against it that it is in its nature arbitrary and in the air. But it is not so high in the air but that great archers spend their



whole lives in shooting arrows at it—yes, and their last arrows; there are men who will ruin themselves and ruin their civilization if they may ruin also this old fantastic tale. This is the last and most astounding fact about this faith; that its enemies will use any weapon against it, the swords that cut their own fingers, and the firebrands that burn their own homes. Men who begin to fight the church for the sake of freedom and humanity end by flinging away freedom and humanity if only they may fight the church. This is no exaggeration; I could fill a book with the instances of it. Mr. Blatchford set out, as an ordinary Bible-smasher, to prove that Adam was guiltless of sin against God; in maneuvering so as to maintain this he admitted, as a mere side issue, that all the tyrants, from Nero to King Leopold, were guiltless of any sin against humanity. I know a man who has such a passion for proving that he will have no personal existence after death that he falls back on the position that he has no personal existence now. He invokes Buddhism and says that all souls fade into each other; in order to prove that he cannot go to heaven he proves that he cannot go to Hartlepool. I have known people who protested against religious education with arguments against any education, saying that the child's mind must grow freely or that the old must not teach the young. I have known people who showed that there could be no divine judgment by showing that there can be no human judgment, even for practical purposes. They burned their own corn to set fire to the church; they smashed their own tools to smash it; any stick was good enough to beat it with, though it were the last stick of their own dismembered furniture. And yet the thing hangs in the heavens unhurt. Its opponents only succeed in destroying all that they themselves justly hold dear. They do not destroy orthodoxy; they only destroy political courage and common sense. They do not prove that Adam was not responsible to God; how could they prove it? They only prove (from their premises) that the Czar is not responsible to Russia. They do not prove that Adam should not have been punished by God; they only prove that the nearest sweater should not be punished by men. With their Oriental doubts about personality they do not make certain that we shall have no personal life hereafter; they only make certain that we shall not have a very jolly or complete one here. With their paralyzing hints of all conclusions coming out wrong they do not tear the book of the Recording Angel; they only make it a little harder to keep the books of Marshall & Snelgrove. Not only is the faith the mother of all worldly energies, but its foes are the fathers of all worldly confusion. The secularists have not wrecked divine things; but the secularists have wrecked secular things, if that is any comfort to them. The Titans did not scale heaven, but they laid waste the world.

If anybody has found evangelical orthodoxy tame and dull, let him resort to this indescribably sparkling and stinging book. It is full of the twanging of a lively bowstring and the whizzing of arrows. It gives the heterodoxies many a bad five minutes. It often turns the enemy's flank and crumples up now his right wing and now his left. Its methods are sometimes those of guerilla warfare, but calculated to worry the foe. Better still, it often makes him look ridiculous.

**THE ARENA****"SO AS GOD'S WORK IS DONE"**

Go forth 'mong men not mailed in scorn,  
But in the armor of a pure intent;  
Great duties are before us, and great songs,  
And, whether crowned, or crownless, when we fall,  
It matters not, so as God's work is done.

THE work of God must be done in his way. Who is equal to the task of setting forth his method? It is certainly unwise to measure his method or work by our shortsighted judgment. All great works are accomplished by serving God with what we have in hand. Time and eternity only can unfold the influence for good which a single soul may exert when fully saved from sin. The world needs to feel the throb of spiritual power that thrills the hearts of his bloodwashed saints. An earnest consecrated Christian woman, many years ago, in the Irish Highlands, approached a godless though promising young man, with an earnest appeal in regard to his soul, saying, "The Lord has a work for you." At first he treated the appeal as an impertinence, and later it provoked him to anger. But in spite of his efforts to throw off the impression, it deepened on his heart into a pungent conviction, and the few words uttered in faith were, under God, the means of his conversion. He afterward gave himself to the work of the ministry, and his life became preëminently successful in the world-wide work of God. Such was the story of the conversion and call of the late Dr. William Butler, that princely man of God, whose labors were so blessed in founding our mission work in India, and later on in Mexico. We may not always see the fruits, but where we go trustfully on with God in the pathway of duty he will take care of the results.

With the preacher, usually, must commence the blessed work of developing power in the church. Exceptional examples may be cited, but not usually are revivalistic influences inaugurated on the part of the laity. Not that the preacher, however able, can be life, energy, power to a lifeless or inactive congregation. But he must almost invariably initiate the measures which shall be productive of blessed spiritual results. The live preacher, to the full measure of his ability, will lift up the banner and sound forth the bugle note that shall call the forces into action for an advanced movement. There is no patent device, no merely mechanical apparatus, for the development of spiritual action and power in the church. Machinery when novel in character runs constrainedly and noisily, and when old rattles or produces friction, and so the last state of that church is worse than the first. What shall be done? The people clamor for novelty. The novice in revivalism is accepted and the time-tried agency, the worker and his method, are discarded or set aside. Unrest and dis-

quietude prevail. People are changed from what they used to be, and plain, old-fashioned brains in the pulpit are not revered, and the newest styles in religion are necessary to catch men. The up-to-date things in religious matters strike the old in the face and turn the old veteran to the wall. Half-truths cast upon the winds sweep into the warp and woof of common life with a thrill. Great principles, if they bite on selfishness, are eschewed, while platitudes bolstered with mirth of catchiness, take the popular ear. It is a time when substantial, stable things, owned of God and venerated by our fathers, are displeasing to the average taste, and they who give them forth are dubbed "old fogies." It now requires three times the effort, humanly speaking, to get a soul saved that it did thirty years ago. What it will be in thirty years more, at the present rate of travel, is a serious problem for consideration.

Great wisdom, tactfulness, adroitness in thought and action must enter into the problem before us, and the best of brain and heart must be used and carried into the matter. The one who, under God, is to lead the hosts to certain victory must himself be a man of power. But shall they depend upon him to champion their cause? For direction, most assuredly. For God has in all ages selected the men—sometimes the mightiest were of slow and faltering speech—for the guidance of his people. And they do well who will not permit the divinely chosen to be displaced or supplemented in order to make room for untried methods in furthering the interests of his kingdom. So that it is needful that the church be carefully organized for efficient work. But organization is not everything. Assuming it to be such, there are men who are forever foisting some forms of novelty upon people. The people fall in readily with the novel. Not weighing matters fully, the common methods in vogue are thrown aside, new ways are substituted, and before they are fully proven along comes another Methodist and the air is full of unrest and revolution; he brings another novel method, and it takes the place of the other, and so on it goes *ad infinitum*. The history leading up to it has not been consulted, and the consequences resulting if it be adopted are not taken into consideration. Present relief seems to be only the matter that is duly weighed. The boom is on for a time at least. No thought of reaction, enthusiasm, effort, money, investment, are put into the measure. The man whose ardor and interest are both at stake and whose personality carries forward the plan, are needed to sustain and maintain it while he remains. But the great iron wheel of itinerancy revolves, and he is removed and another comes. The one who takes his place is one whose talent runs along a different channel. The work must undergo readjustment or else it fails under his management. He often encounters fierce opposition on account of peculiarities in his management, for, to his dismay, the methods he used with success in other places utterly fail here. What is the result? Either a collapse or a weakening of confidence in leadership or in the methods of organization and work. What is to be done? The church needs just enough of practical organization as shall serve it to do efficient and churchly work continuously. God carries forward his methods through ages and centuries. Man must study his work

with regard to stability and strive to put his toil into enduring form and quality. However, the best efforts of man will be transient be his aim ever so substantial.

Every interest of the church must be rightly sustained. The true glory of the church is that it subserves the divine purpose and executes his will in every line of Christian exertion. There are so many phases of his work to be taken into the account. Into God's multiform work nothing must be overlooked or regarded trivial. Matters of convenience must not be substituted for the essential. Mr. Wesley was once asked what he would do to keep Methodism alive after he was taken away. He replied: "The Methodists must take heed to their doctrine, to their experience, their practice, and their discipline. If they attend to their doctrine only, they will make the people Antinomians; if to the experimental part of religion only, they will make them enthusiasts; if to the practical part only, they will make them Pharisees; and if they do not attend to their discipline, they will be like persons who bestow much pains in cultivating their garden, and put no fence around it to save it from the wild boar of the forest." And so the church of God can never succeed by ignoring any interest that will in any way glorify Christ, fulfill his will, or compass his aim in its existence. As every organ in the body has its peculiar function, so every part in the divine scheme and every member in the church has its part to perform. The working of one member, as the head, for example, would involve cynicism in the whole if all were head. The working of another member, as the heart, for example, would produce fanaticism. As each member holds a high office, and fills it with fruitful labor, and as all the members fill their respective places in the mystical body, working severally and concertedly, a great and splendid service is secured. The great end of churchly existence is obtained, and in the concentrated effort of the many working harmoniously all interests are duly carried forward. And thus each interest, greater or less, in the Church of God is faithfully looked after and nothing is permitted to go untouched or by default.

God's work is accomplished, therefore, by all at work all the time and doing what is best. The preacher in his place finds full enough to engross his whole strength and time. If he does—and he will if he be true to his calling—every night will find him tired with labor. His is a toil that has ample variety, and he need not be idle a single moment the year round. A working church is one where all the forces, great and small, are pressed into working relations for advanced service to fill up the full measure of results of every type for the glory of God. And so each one must put forth his best effort at all times. And when all work, and work together in harmony and love, great results are accomplished and God is glorified in and through his own. "In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Derby, Iowa.

AUGUSTINE W. ARMSTRONG.

## CONSCIENCE—THE MORAL INSTINCT

MANKIND, in common with the lower orders of the animal kingdom, has been endowed with certain faculties or mental capacities known as the instincts. The instincts of self-preservation and preservation of species are among the number, and these in turn may be subdivided into the nutritive, protective, sexual, maternal, social, and other instincts.

The instincts in man and the brutes, alike, are distinguished by several characteristics: 1. Instinct impels to action while the mind is, or may be, wholly ignorant of the end to be attained. The young bird instinctively opens its mouth for food, without knowing the function the food performs in promoting the growth and repair of the organism. 2. The instincts are founded in the mental and physical constitution and operate from the very necessities of the nature itself. 3. General uniformity is observable, in the operation of any given instinct, in all the individuals of a species. 4. Instinctive action is performed whenever occasion for it occurs, and without any previous instruction. This may be seen in the case of the common mud wasp, which constructs a house of clay in some secluded corner and places the bodies of dead or torpid insects in each compartment when she deposits her eggs, that they may serve as food for the larvæ. The work thus wrought out bears evidence of both reason and instinct. The idea itself was born of the reason, not of the instinct, and was intuitive. The idea reacted upon the mental nature and gave rise to the activity of the instinct. The idea worked out by instinctive action was not imparted by some other wasp, as a teacher, but was known by intuition, or immediate knowledge. 5. The instincts are automatic and involuntary in their operation.

Instinctive action always has its exciting cause in an idea which has been apprehended by the reason. The idea may be intuitive, as in the case of the bird or the mud wasp; or it may be apprehended through sense perception. Thus the instinctive impulse to leap seizes the man walking on the track in the path of the onrushing train the instant the idea, danger, is apprehended by the reason. There would have been no such idea as that of danger, causing mental reaction and the instinctive impulse to leap, had not the man heard the alarm. The idea thus originating reacts upon the psychical nature. It does not create nervous energy by so doing, but simply sets it free, and the idea is automatically and involuntarily worked out in instinctive action. The instinct operates like a machine. A given condition of things is assumed as being real. The operation of the machine is intelligible, yet in the machine itself there is no intelligence. This is true of the instincts. While mankind has been endowed with certain instincts, in common with the lower orders of animals, he seems to be distinguished from them all in the possession of a moral instinct, which we call conscience. Conscience seems to be a true instinct, from the fact that it possesses the various characteristics which belong to the instincts, namely, (1) ignorance of end; (2) absolute necessity; (3) general uniformity; (4) priority to experience, and (5) automatic and involuntary operation. Conscience, like the other instincts, remains inactive until reacted upon by some idea. It does not operate continuously but only as



occasion occurs. Apprehension by the reason of the demand of supreme authority, as that demand is involved in an act of the will, is the occasion for its operation. There is no rightness or wrongness in an act, no moral quality whatever, unless the authority of the Supreme Ruler is involved in it. Conscience responds only to the demands of supreme authority, and is subject to nothing else. When this authority is involved in assent by the will to a suggestion, the conscience automatically and involuntarily prompts obedience to its demands, just as the other instincts impel to action when occasions arise. Sin is committed when the reason overrides the promptings of the moral instinct, and the will gives assent. The operation of conscience, like the other instincts, always has its exciting cause in the apprehension of an idea by the reason. The demand made by supreme authority is that idea. It may be known in either of two ways, as in the case of other instinctive actions. It may be known (1) by intuition, or immediate knowledge. In this way the demand of God upon Cain, that he should not slay his brother Abel, was known to him. It may be known (2) by sense perception. In this way the demand of God upon Adam and Eve, that they should not eat of the forbidden fruit, was made known to them. In both cases the idea reacted upon the powers of the mind, and the moral instinct, or conscience, urged certain action.

The instincts as directing forces in mankind are at a minimum, while reason as a directing force is at a maximum. This is true also of conscience as a directing force. The instinct of self-preservation impels the man to leap from the railway track when danger is apprehended by the reason, but the reason directs him which way to leap for safety. In a similar way the moral instinct impels the soul to a certain kind of action, but reason gives direction, as occasion may require, as to the method of performing it. This order is reversed among the brutes. While some excel others in the power of reason, still, in general, among them reason is at a minimum, and instinct is at a maximum. This may be illustrated by the example of a beaver which has been imprisoned in a room. The beaver will gnaw the furniture and other wooden objects in the room in the endeavor to build a dam. It will do this in the complete absence of water from the premises. Instinct here predominates over reason. It urges action and, like the machine, assumes a given condition of things as being real, and then works out the idea, but its operation is purely automatic and mechanical.

Conscience fulfills but a single office and performs but a single function. It does not direct the soul in the details of moral conduct as commonly supposed, nor does it accuse the soul, nor condemn it, nor threaten it with impending punishment for disregarding its promptings. Conscience is not the seat of intelligence. It does not apprehend ideas. These are functions which belong to the reason. While the operation of the moral instinct is intelligible, still, like that of the other instincts, it is purely mechanical. Its sole office and function is to urge and impel the soul to action in accord with the demands of supreme authority, after those demands have been apprehended by the reason. The sense of accusation and condemnation and threatening, together with the shame and remorse



felt by the evildoer, and commonly attributed to conscience as producing them, are not the products of the conscience. Scripture has been thought to support that doctrine, but a critical examination of the texts involved will disclose the error. They must be classed among the emotions, to which they belong. They are psychical in their origin, and are awakened when certain ideas of the soul's relation to the moral law are apprehended by the reason and react upon the mind. The four classes of emotions—the egoistic, æsthetic, ethical, and the religious—are all produced by the same psychical process, but their immediate exciting causes are found in the apprehension of different classes of ideas by the reason.

The great problem for solution in connection with conscience is to account for the apparent difference in its promptings in similar cases but in different individuals. For example, the heathen mother, being urged apparently by conscience, the moral instinct, consigns her babe to the Ganges; but the Christian mother, at the same time, is prompted by the moral instinct to care tenderly for her babe. Both seem to be impelled by religious motives. We find, however, the act of the heathen mother is in violation of two instincts of her nature—the moral, and the maternal—while the action of the Christian mother is in obedience to the promptings of both these instincts. The violation of one instinct is no more difficult of explanation than that of the other. The psychological process is the same in both cases. In each case the instinct faithfully urges the soul to action, but the reason overrides the promptings of the instinct, and the will assents to the unnatural and the evil. But does the maternal instinct prompt the mother to destroy her babe? and does the moral instinct urge its destruction as being in accord with the demands of supreme authority? It does not seem so. The testimony of heathen mothers, afterward Christianized, is that such deeds were committed with certain misgivings, and this being true, they were committed simply because, through erroneous education, the reason was allowed to override the promptings of the instincts. Where the promptings of the instinct are overridden by the reason the instinct itself may become defective, if not wholly inoperative; but so long as it operates at all, it does so automatically and involuntarily, and in accord with all the other characteristics of the instincts. This is true of conscience and the other instincts in man.

Conscience has been called the link connecting the psychical and the moral kingdoms. Its function is in a sphere where no other faculty or power of the mind is capable of acting. We observe the truth of this in the evil consequences following the assumption by the reason of the office of conscience, for every evil action and every vicious habit has its origin in the disregard of the instinctive impulses by the reason. Conscience is not to be considered the voice of God, perhaps, any more than are the other instincts, but in its promptings are voiced the profoundest necessities of the human constitution, and they should not be disregarded or ignored.

Chicago, Illinois.

GEORGE H. BENNETT.

### "THE SPECIFICALLY CHRISTIAN ACCENT"

WITHIN the past four years a half dozen or more of contributed articles have appeared in the METHODIST REVIEW on various phases of the homiletical nature and value of the sermon. The topic has been treated under such heads as "The Preacher's Appeal to the Emotions," "The Master Preacher," "The Endless Sermon," "The Moral Emphasis of the Preaching of the Cross," "Preaching and Preachers," "A Study for Preachers" (Paul), "The Growing of the Sermon," and cognate themes. In these contributed articles there is much that is vague, idealistic, verbose, grandiloquent, with much also that is helpful, direct, discreet, sane, and spiritual. They say, in substance, Study the art of sitting down, quit when you see your congregation is done, whether the preacher is done or not; study the psychology of the emotions, preach the condescending love of the gracious heavenly Father, study models, let the sermon grow, rather than make it, etc., etc.

Now, I have read all these contributed articles, and parts of them a second time, and the whole of some of them many times, and sincerely thank the authors for them, and the editor of the REVIEW, and the publishers have placed me under heavy obligations for the privilege of reading these thought-provoking studies. They are splendid things to file away in my reference drawer. Recently while reading from the Journals of that fine thinker and Genevan professor, Henri Frederic Amiel, under date of May 27, 1860, I find this meditation, and it is worthy a place by the side of the best utterances: "I heard this morning a sermon on the Holy Spirit; good, but insufficient. Why was not I edified? Because there was no unction! Why was there no unction? Because Christianity from this rationalistic point of view is a Christianity of dignity, not of humility! Penitence, the struggles of weakness, and austerity, find no place in it. The Law is effaced; holiness and mysticism evaporate; the specifically Christian accent is wanting. My impression is always the same—Faith is made a dull, poor thing by these attempts to reduce it to a simple moral psychology. I am oppressed by a feeling of inappropriateness and *malaise* at the sight of philosophy in the pulpit. They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him; so the simple folk have a right to say, and I have a right to repeat it after them. Thus, while some shock me with their sacerdotal dogmatism, others repel me by their rationalizing laicism. It seems to me that good preaching ought to combine, as Schleiermacher did, perfect moral humility with energetic independence of thought; a profound sense of sin with respect for criticism and a passion for truth."

Now, who this preacher was Amiel does not say. It may have been Adolphe Monod, for he heard him often and is nearly always loud in praise of his sermons. But it is not material for my purpose now who that preacher was. "The specifically Christian accent" was wanting in the sermon, and that was "unction." And he tells us why: the sermon was from "a rationalistic point of view." The Holy Spirit cannot and will not honor the preacher with his presence and power who does not honor him! "Uction," according to this pew viewpoint of Amiel, is "the

specifically Christian accent" in the sermon. What! a sermon on the Holy Spirit and no "unction"? It seems like a contradiction in terms! Mr. Wesley, well or otherwise, was advised by the Moravians to preach on faith till he had faith, and Mr. Wesley must have considered the advice good, for we find him advising his preachers to do the same. Preach the office and work of the Holy Spirit till he honors you with his divine presence—guiding, teaching, and gracious.

No great theme is so rarely preached about today as the office and work of the Third Person of the Adorable Trinity. This fact I have discovered from interviews with laymen of some of the most influential Christian Churches of the country. This "unction," endowment of power, may be obtained by every prophet of God. In that splendid little volume of Bishop Thoburn, *The Church of Pentecost* (and I know of no better small treatise on the subject), he gives us these wise Christian counsels: "The baptism of the Holy Spirit is that divine act by which the bond which is to unite the disciple with his Master becomes real. . . . Vociferous prayer and stormy preaching may become the habit of a good man, but are by no means an evidence of spiritual power. . . . In a very blessed sense 'the kingdom of heaven is taken by violence,' but it is the violence of faith operating in the unseen spiritual realm, and not that of physical effort which operates in a wholly different sphere. . . . It is God coöperating with men! And this highest power known to men can be found only at the feet of the risen Son of God, whose divine prerogative it is to baptize with the Holy Spirit's fullness, and with this fullness will come power, beyond that of mortals, for the peculiar task which the Master will assign to the suppliant." The homiletical nature and value of the sermon is not to be disregarded altogether. But from the pew it will be regarded without edification if this "specifically Christian accent," the "unction" of the Holy Spirit, is not present in more or less power! Tarry, wait, pray, expect, and long for his presence and we may all really hope for his coming. Then what a different comment will come up from the pew!

S. R. RENO.

Manchester, Illinois.

**THE ITINERANTS' CLUB****THE REVIVAL OF LITURGICAL SERVICE**

A DECIDED change has come over Protestant Christendom in form of service. One of the first things that arrests the attention of a visitor where the Oriental religions prevail or in countries where Lutheranism or the Church of England is in the ascendency is the elaborate ritual with which he has not been so familiar in his own country. After a sojourn of months amid these surroundings he returns to his home church and is astonished at the extreme simplicity of the service which he had not noticed before.

Within a few years past marked changes have taken place in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Presbyterian, Congregational, and Reformed Churches are exhibiting the same ritualistic tendency and the order of service is becoming complex. In the churches of the Presbyterian or Congregational order each church is a law to itself, thus differing from the churches of the Episcopal form and those who have inherited more or less of the Episcopal ritual. We note this as a tendency of the times and ask the questions, "Is this tendency a help or is it a hindrance to the evangelistic spirit?" When these branches of the church devote themselves to special evangelical services they seem to regard the ritual as a hindrance, and in times of revival, when the church is aroused to definite work for the salvation of the people, the forms are greatly diminished and almost disappear.

In the time of Lenten service in the Episcopal Church it is to be noticed that there is a change in the method both of preaching and of service. Their efforts are direct and personal after the manner of the early Methodists. The problem of importance, then, is how to preserve the evangelical spirit and evangelical methods which have been sanctioned by long usage and great success. We may further ask, should the tendency to ritualistic services be discouraged altogether or so modified as to make the least possible disharmony with the early evangelical methods? Perhaps a safe rule is to avoid excess in ritualistic development; in other words the church should not go to the extreme in ritualistic forms but should hold a balance such as would preserve the intensity and vigor of the early church. The Methodist Episcopal Church has adopted a form of much simplicity and one which is practically uniform in all the churches. It enables the people to realize that they have a part in the worship to an extent not reached when no order was prescribed by the church. There is, however, one characteristic of the Protestant Episcopal Church which might be safely adopted by the non-ritualistic churches, namely, readings for special days and of lessons from the Old Testament running through the year. The use of the Psalter is well-nigh universal, but there is not sufficient demand for the Old Testament readings, and is personally accompanied by selections by the pastor. These are supposed to be se-

lected relative to the subject being discussed. It is quite desirable that the second lesson should bear on the text for the occasion. Use a formally arranged series of readings, catching the main features of the Old Testament history and Old Testament teaching, which prove of such educational and spiritual value.

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#### THE AGE OF ORGANIZATION

EVERY age has its characteristics. They are often hidden from the ordinary view and reveal themselves only to the close student of human affairs. The changes in method as well as in thought are so imperceptible that great changes occur before anyone knows what is going on. This is true of national movements and of church affairs. There are a number of characteristics which mark this age, and perhaps each person will note a different one, but the present one seems to the writer to be characterized as the age of organization. While in theory the individual is supposed to count and to be an object for which organizations exist, yet the stress lies upon the organized forces by means of which it is thought the progress of humanity may be best secured.

Our whole country has been recently stirred by political movements of vital importance to the nation. Different parties have entered the field asking recognition and making pledges of what they propose to accomplish in case they are intrusted with power. In one sense they appeal on behalf of their principles, but the method of gaining their end is largely by organization. Each party has its committee, its general manager, and leaders of various subordinate committees in various parts of the country, and they move to their work as a unit guided mainly by a single head but depending upon the thoroughness of their organization. Not only so, but the various unions of the country promote their ends and depend for their success upon the completeness of their organization.

Passing from these things to the church, which is the subject of the present inquiry, we note the same tendency. The multiplied organizations which the church has established constitute a method of work which was practically unknown to our fathers. We have multiplied not only in the general church but in the congregations until it is difficult to secure individual effort. All seem to move as members of a combination. This state of things has resulted in a new sphere for the ministry. The former idea that his chief function was to preach, while it has not disappeared in theory, has in our great cities largely disappeared in fact. The minister has become an organizer, and much of his time is devoted to the oversight of various organizations of the church and in seeing to it that they are in working order. In other words, he has become an executive officer. It does not appear to the writer that he desires to devote himself so exclusively to the administration of affairs, but the conditions of the age require it. The problem that confronts the minister is how to adjust these practical duties with the utmost efficiency as preacher and pastor; that is, how to adjust himself to his duties as an executive and at



the same time maintain his preaching and pastoral efficiency. The preacher must, first of all, remember his divine commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." He is to be the shepherd of the flock of Christ. His twofold function is that of the preacher and that of the pastoral office. Whatever other work he may be called to do gathers around these two primary functions.

The preaching function will be a powerful help in the organizing function. If it is understood that an executive officer, however gifted in administration, has no preaching power, while his influence may not be destroyed thereby, it will certainly be greatly impaired. There can be no substitute for the preaching of the gospel, for, as Saint Paul says, "It is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." Other qualifications and abilities may help and be eminently useful but they cannot take the place of the primal one to which the minister has been called, namely, to preach. He must also have a keen sense of the relative importance of the various organizations of the church. He must lay emphasis on that which his experience shows to be most effective in building up the kingdom of God. At the present time the sphere that opens the widest opportunity for service is that of the young people of the church. This may properly be called the age of the young people. It is from them that our churches are largely recruited, and when properly trained they become the most efficient workers. The cause of the young people's efficiency is not in the mere fact of their youth. It grows out of their hopefulness. Older people have been jostled so much by the experiences of life and they have seen so many failures in their efforts that they are inclined to hesitate where the youthful spirit pushes forward. The young undertake tasks which to a mature mind seem impracticable and often achieve success by means which, in the view of older persons, are inadequate and even ridiculous. To organize these forces in the best manner requires profound insight and skill.

The methods of organization vary greatly in different communities. The same means will not work in all places. The crowded city must be distinguished from the rural population. The power to organize and to control the young people's societies of the church is one greatly to be coveted. There is a danger against which we may well guard, namely, that of overorganization. It is felt by many that the Church of Christ is organized to excess. No one will question the services rendered by organization, without which the varied activities of our age would become a chaos. The dangers are, however, apparent. There is a weakening of the spontaneity of action. Various bodies are very minutely organized, including officers, constitution, by-laws, and all the conditions of membership are carefully guarded. Violations of the law are punished after the manner of state laws. These various elements become so controlling that the cherished idea of duty yields to the dictations of organization and the spontaneity which springs out of a special impulse to do good is suppressed. Further, overorganization tends to decrease personal interest on the part of individual members. It is the interest of the whole body that is uppermost. The result is, unconsciously perhaps, that each



member of the organization ceases to take a personal interest in that which is to be accomplished and does his work through the meetings of the whole body. It also diminishes a sense of responsibility. Divided responsibility is often acceptable to many when called to face difficult problems. Thus the organization will accept principles and perform acts which frees them from a sense of responsibility. Anything that destroys liberty, responsibility and the interest in individuals must ultimately tend to weaken the usefulness of the whole body. It may further be noted that too close adherence to organization and to action that is done through committees only prevents that promptness so essential to the highest usefulness. Promptness in our church work is as valuable as in any business enterprise. The person or institution that is always waiting for a more convenient season will find that it will never come. This is as true of all of our service as it is of the reception of grace.

The suggestions of this paper are not intended to underestimate the virtues of organizations nor depreciate what has been accomplished by them. It is to guard against a danger lest the multiplied organizations, and their complexity as well, may destroy or impair the two great functions of the ministry, to which reference has been already made, namely, the preaching office and the pastoral office, without which the highest success of the church cannot be secured.

## ARCHAEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

## TOMBS AT GEZER

No place in Palestine has been subjected to a more thorough and scientific archaeological examination than the site and immediate surroundings of ancient Gezer. Excavations were commenced here on June 14, 1902, by the Palestine Exploration Fund under the able supervision of Mr. Stewart Macalister and have been continued with short interruptions from that day to the present time. No excavations in Palestine have yielded so rich a harvest of objects covering so long a period—beginning with the rude cave dwellers and reaching down to the Crusaders. Every one of the many strata has its own story, and, strange enough, the greater part of the history of this old city is told us by the silent tombs and burial places, of which Gezer had its full quota. It is by the study of sepulchers and cemeteries and the objects therein found that we are brought face to face with the civilizations of more than four thousand years. It is well known to Bible readers that Gezer, being on, or quite near, the highway of the nations, the great caravan and military route along the Mediterranean Sea, connecting Egypt with Syria, Asia Minor and Babylonia, was a significant place in many periods of history. A large number of objects found in Gezer show clearly that Egypt played an important part in its history from the earliest time to the reign of Solomon, when this old city was given by Pharaoh as a part of the dowry to his daughter on her marriage to the Hebrew monarch. It is mentioned on the Merenptah tablet, on which the name "Israel" occurs. It is one of the places inscribed upon the walls of the great temple of Karnak. We may also add that this town is often mentioned in the Tel-el-Amarna correspondence; indeed, three of these tablets are letters from the governor of Gezer to the king of Egypt. Many of the objects dug up from these ancient ruins also show clearly that there was a very direct communication between Gezer and the Euphrates valley.

According to Mr. Macalister there are, at least, nine clearly defined strata in the ruins of this ancient landmark. Beginning with the lowest, we are introduced to the Troglydite period, somewhere between B.C. 3500-2000. The Troglydites, as the name indicates, were cave dwellers. Their caves, for the most part, were natural, and yet, even the oldest of them, show the marks of some cutting instrument, or that these natural holes in the earth were enlarged. At this stage of Palestinian life, civilization was at a low ebb; for that reason little is left to tell the story of these ancient cave dwellers. If the simple scribbling and crude representations of animals cut on the walls of these caves be of Troglydite origin, we are safe in concluding that they had no aptitude in the simplest kind of art or decoration. The only objects they have left are a few pieces of rude pottery, some flint and bone implements. Nothing in metal was found in

this stratum. Large quantities of ashes of burnt human bodies were found on the floor of one cave, which favors the inference that they disposed of their dead by cremation. Now, as cremation was very unusual among the Semites at any period of their history, it has been justly argued that the first inhabitants of Gezer, of whom we have any trace, were non-Semitic. Their origin can only be a matter of conjecture, for there are no bones, nor skulls, nor even a pictorial representation to throw the least light upon the subject. The Horites mentioned in the Pentateuch were cave dwellers, and thus might have been of the same race as the pre-Semitic Gezerites.

Gezer was next occupied by what may be called the Early Semites, in other words, Canaanites or Amorites, a people ethnographically the same as the Hebrews, yet differing widely in religion and customs. These people no doubt drove out the Troglodytes and took possession of their caves, and utilized some of them for their burial places. There is no evidence to show that the Canaanites made a practice of burning the bodies of their dead. It appears quite certain that they substituted inhumation for cremation, for in the cave, where such piles of ashes were found, were discovered right over these ashes large numbers of skeletons or bones, more or less decomposed. It is not clear that any order was observed in the position of the bodies, some lay with their feet to the north, others to the south, others again in other directions. All of them, however, were in a contracted or squatting attitude, and none were laid out at full length. Many utensils or vessels were found near these bodies, establishing the fact that it was common at that time to deposit food and drink with the dead. Large jars with small cups or dippers inside of them, saucers or plates for meat or other food, knives to cut this meat, and spearheads were among the articles found in these tombs. All this goes to show that even in that early age the departed, though buried, were not regarded as entirely dead.

Many things were discovered in this stratum to confirm scripture history. Of these we may mention a high place, an alignment of *masseboth* (pillars), varying in height from six to nearly eleven feet. Perhaps the most interesting things discovered in this stratum were the bodies of a large number of newborn infants. The fact that almost every one of these infants, placed in a peculiarly made jar, was that of a newborn babe, lends color to the belief that we have here not an ordinary burying place, but rather a sacred spot, where the bodies of firstborn children, sacrificed to some divinity, were separately deposited. It is a well-established fact that the pre-Israelitic people of Canaan offered human sacrifices. This is especially true of the firstborn. That such a custom prevailed at Gezer is quite probable. The temptation of Abraham to offer up his son Isaac may have been suggested by this horrible practice of his bigoted and idolatrous neighbors. Of the infant remains thus found, only two showed any signs of fire; the rest were evidently placed in jars, covered with earth, till they were smothered. The redemption of the firstborn with money may have some connection with this atrocious pre-Israelitic custom. To this period also belong what have been termed foundation sacri-

fices, that is, the practice of placing human bodies under or near the foundation stone of an edifice in order to call down upon that structure the divine blessing. Indeed, some believe that men and children were immured alive. Several such foundation sacrifices have been found at Gezer. Two such deserve especial mention: The upper part of the bodies of a young boy and a young girl, about sixteen years of age. Why this mutilation is not easy to say. Sometimes the bones of animals were deposited in the same place as those of human beings. These early Semites lived between B.C. 2000-1400.

The so-called second, or late, Semitic period was between B.C. 1400 and 600. The same method of sepulture prevailed in the main in this as in the preceding period. The chief difference was in the construction of the tombs. Both early and late Semites made use of natural caves. They also quarried out chambers from the solid rock. The early Semites entered their tombs from above by means of perpendicular shafts, eight or ten feet deep, growing narrower toward the bottom. The late Semites, on the other hand, made these entrances more of a "sloping gradient." Considerable pottery was found in both strata, which consisted of vases, lamps, and so forth. There were also a few implements or weapons, such as metallic arrowheads, javelins, rings and bracelets. The advance in decorations could be clearly traced in the two periods. It is a well-known fact that the Philistines, during the early part of the reigns of Saul and David, played an important role in the story of Palestine. Indeed, the word "Palestine" is derived from these people. It is, therefore, quite natural that Gezer has a number of graves, which Mr. Macalister has, with some diffidence, termed "Philistine graves." These are not cut out of the solid rock as the Semitic graves, but built up of small stones into vaults or tombs, plastered on the inside and covered with stone slabs. The bodies were laid out at full length and not placed in a squatting position, as in the Semitic graves above described. The vessels and ornaments deposited in these Philistine tombs were quite numerous and comparatively expensive, which proves that their occupants were people of means and artistic taste. There were some elegant vases and large jars, bronze plates, mirrors, discs, silver rings, ladies, and bowls, as well as a few articles in gold. Some of these were quite artistically decorated. These graves have much in common with tombs examined in Knossos, as well as with the Carian tomb of Assarlik. Lydia, too, has similar tombs. All this goes to prove that the Philistines were colonists in Palestine from some of the islands to the west or from Asia Minor. We also know from history that Gezer was the scene of bloody conflicts during the Maccabean wars, and that it was captured by Simon, who, it is believed, built a palace here, whose foundations have been laid bare by Mr. Macalister. Be that as it may, a large number of tombs in the immediate vicinity belong to the Maccabean period. The Maccabean tombs are quite different from all preceding ones. They were excavated out of the solid rock, usually on the slope of a hill. They are never entered from the roof, but always through a door on the side. Sometimes a narrow passage was cut out in front of them, in which there are a series of steps leading to the tomb.

This passage was always covered up with earth, so as to conceal or protect the entrance to the burial chamber. The dressed stone found in the walls of the rude huts near Gezer were probably taken from the monuments erected in front of such tombs. As a rule these rock-cut sepulchers have only one chamber; a few, however, have three. In this chamber there are from six to eighteen receptacles (*Kókim*), or narrow holes, dug into the walls at right angles. The bodies, head inwards, are placed in these. Some of these *Kókim* are wide enough for two bodies. The method of sepulture was very simple, as in the time of Christ: the body was wrapped up in a shroud or cloth and fastened with pins. Though next to no trace of the cloth has been found in these graves, pins have often been picked up in them, and in some cases, large nails, favoring the conclusion that wooden coffins had been used. Some of these burial chambers have ossuaries filled with bones, which proves that it was customary, as it is to this day in portions of Palestine and elsewhere, to remove bones from these holes in order to make room for new bodies. The objects found in the Maccabæan tombs were few and simple. Unlike the Egyptians, the Semites made little or no use of mural decorations. Indeed, ornamentation and decorations were conspicuous by their absence. Only two inscriptions, both in Hebrew and of the Maccabæan age, were brought to light. One reads: "Savo, the son of Elizzer"; the other, "Hanun, the son of Jechoni."

Passing now to the tombs of the Christian period, between A. D. 300-500, of which about forty have been examined, we may say that they differ but little, except in one particular, from those of the Maccabæan age. The *Kókim* of this period are replaced by *arcosolia*, that is benches, which are arranged around the sides of the tomb. Occasionally there is more than one row of these *arcosolia*. The bodies, wrapped up in simple cloth with little or no decoration, were placed upon these benches. Here, too, there was a paucity of inscriptions on walls and doors. The bones and skulls found in the tombs of the Christian period testify to the mixed population of Gezer. One skull, according to Mr. Macalister, was that of a Negro. Of the objects found in these tombs we may mention some seal rings, small copper coins, some earrings, a number of beads and some glass bottles varying in size from one to seven inches long. What these were used for can only be a matter of conjecture. There were also some glass *Kohl*-pots, beakers, and vases. In Egypt it was customary to furnish the dead with cosmetics and some other toilet requisites. Is it possible that such articles could have been placed in Christian tombs for a similar reason? Every grave had one or more lamps. Some of them were exquisitely ornamented and bore short inscriptions, chiefly in Greek. The most common of all inscriptions was: "The light of Christ appeared to all." One lamp had on it: "The lamp of Stephanos Philochristos"; another, "The Lord is my light." In all these ruins there have been unearthed just four Latin characters; they are the letters PROP, skillfully wrought into and concealed between the ornamental flourishes on a lamp. It has been suggested that they may be the initials of the maker or the deceased. There are also six Hebrew letters *קדש*; who can tell their meaning?

## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

## SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

**Paul Volz.** Although comparatively a beginner in theology, he has already won considerable recognition. He is, on the whole, conservative, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, constructive. The idea of revelation in the Old Testament is not, with him, a mere hypothesis, but a presupposition of the firmest kind. It is not introduced as a concession of necessity but as a welcome truth. He believes that in the growth of the religion of Israel the power of the life of God is manifested through strong personalities, and that this thesis is capable of scientific demonstration. In this respect he is really not so far away from the great majority of modern theologians, even of the comparatively radical sort, as most readers think. They, too, hold that revelation is the ground or cause of the whole Israelitish history, ruling the natural order of causes in all its parts. They differ from Volz chiefly in that, unlike him, they do not regard revelation as in and of itself capable of being scientifically discerned. Rather is it with them a maxim, or hypothesis, only by "hypothesis" must not be here understood anything doubtful. Volz has developed his ideas in his book, *Mose. Ein Beitrag zur Untersuchung über die Ursprünge der israelitischen Religion* (Moses. A Contribution to the Investigation of the Origin of the Israelitish Religion), Tübingen, J. C. B. Mohr, 1907. He maintains that even before the appearance of the literary prophets the religion of Israel was strongly monotheistic, supernatural, individualistic, and, especially, ethical. This fact has not been sufficiently recognized by most writers. They have fastened their attention upon what the masses evidently found most to their liking, and upon the evident existence in Israel prior to the prophets of remains of various superstitions. But no religion can safely be judged by such standards. Rather must every religion be judged by what its highest representatives find in it. It is when judged by such a standard that he discovers the qualities he claims for the Israelitish religion of the preprophetic period. Following the stream backward toward its source, he concludes that what constitutes the peculiar and essential character of the preprophetic religion of Israel must be referred back to Moses. He is inclined to believe that Moses was ahead of his age, and even of the age succeeding him. He reaches this conclusion on the ground that so it is almost always with a true prophet. Accordingly, he assumes that Moses regarded Jahweh as a moral personality, and as the one true God; that he looked upon the ethical as containing the entire religious intensity of Israel; and, perhaps, even that his conception of religion was not that of a cult but of a purely ethical worship. It was no national religion that Moses instituted, but rather a thoroughly super- not to say anti-national



religion. Notwithstanding this he founded what Volz calls a Jahweh League whose members bound themselves to absolute consecration to this one true God, to the spread of his worship among the Hebrew tribes, and to the protection of the same against all encroachments from without. This religious cognition that Jahweh was the one only true God rested upon personal revelation, yet not in such a way that it brought in something absolutely new, having no connection whatever with previous religious conception. Rather does he think that the pre-Mosaic religion of Jahweh stood on a high plane, and that in it the ethical element played a conspicuous part, and that it contained a germ of monotheism. We must say that all this is probably, on the whole, true. Still, it is a fact that he has not proved it. It remains a subjective opinion rather than an established fact; probably true, but not demonstrably so. This is the difficulty with all such studies, and he is not to blame for having done only what he did. It is noticeable that he cannot get away from the idea of evolution, but presupposes a stage of development in pre-Mosaic times which prepared the way for Moses. Intrinsically there is no reason why revelation should not take the form of an evolution under divine influence.

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**Johannes Steinbeck.** The critics have pretty well established to their own satisfaction that of the Gospels only the synoptics may be used securely for the purpose of ascertaining Jesus's estimate of himself. And it is well understood that in the synoptics there is a minimum of assertion by Christ regarding himself. Most critics have therefore concluded that there is no sufficient ground to think that Jesus thought of himself as divine. Just here Steinbeck demurs; and in his *Das göttliche Selbstbewusstsein Jesu nach dem Zeugnis der Synoptiker* (The Consciousness of Divinity in Jesus according to the Testimony of the Synoptists), Leipzig, A. Deichert'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung Nachf. 1908, he undertakes to prove that the Synoptists give us ample material from which we must conclude that Jesus thought of himself as divine. He really finds in the synoptic Gospels an almost complete system of Christology such as we have in the creeds of Nice and Chalcedon. In Jesus a spiritual personality eternally distinct from, yet essentially one with, the Father became man. This personality must not be thought of as distinct from the Father in the same way as two human persons are distinct. This doctrine does not destroy the unity of the Godhead. The human attributes of Jesus show that subsequent to his self-emptying (Kenosis) this personality united himself in a personal unity with the holy human soul of Jesus. Steinbeck finds that Jesus, according to the synoptists, felt himself to have the same significance for the salvation of men that God himself possessed, and that in this fact Jesus betrays his consciousness of oneness with the Father. This consciousness is one that could not have been either conferred upon him or acquired by him, but must have been a part of his very nature. The basis upon which this consciousness of unity rests is his consciousness of absolute, not relative, sinlessness. Only a perfectly guiltless being can be the representative of

the holy God. Such a consciousness cannot be regarded as a manifestation of fanaticism. Steinbeck points out in a general way that Jesus assumes functions that belong only to God, and which reveal the man to whom they appear to belong as on the same level as God. Here again he uses the illustration of Jesus as the Redeemer. God, and no other, is the Redeemer of mankind. Jesus recognized himself as the human embodiment of God's purpose of redemption. The man who fulfills the promise of God that he will redeem his people from all their sins—who in his own person fills the breach between God and the world—who attributes to himself the power to supply the infinitely great need of humanity, has a significance for the world equal to that of God the Redeemer. Between the saving relation of the Father to the world and that of Jesus no factual distinction can be discovered. That Jesus had a consciousness of the right and power to assume divine functions is evident also from his claim that he is the judge of the world. Not only must he who can be the judge of the world have a consciousness of his moral equality with God, he must also have the consciousness of seeing sin and sinners with that infinite insight that God possesses. It must be said in reference to this whole discussion by Steinbeck that, strictly speaking, he has not made out his contention. There is in the synoptics no place where Jesus directly betrays his consciousness of being divine. The conclusion that he had such a consciousness is an inference. In this respect the synoptics differ from the fourth Gospel. On the same line it must be said that he can only assert that the synoptics contain the complete Christology he claims for them by deduction. Strictly historical methods do not attain to such high conclusions. Nevertheless, as between Steinbeck and those who would affirm that such functions can be assumed by one who has a consciousness less than that of divinity, we think Steinbeck is decidedly in the right. The synoptics, in any deep view of their contents, favor the orthodox contention for the deity of Christ.

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#### RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

**Het Vasten bij Israël. Een vergelijkend onderzoek** (Fasting in Israel. A Comparative Study). By A. W. Groenman. Leiden, E. Ijdo, 1906. Seldom do we have occasion to notice in these pages a book by a Dutch author; but here is the most complete study of fasting, as practiced by the Israelites and later by Christians, which has ever been published. Groenman discusses fasting in the Israelitish period as follows: Fasting is in and of itself valuable, though in various ways. In the oldest instances the meaning of the fast was closely related to the death fast, which had its origin in the death sacrifice, and consists in abstinence from all food in the house of the dead, since this is thought of as under the influence of the spirit of the dead person and hence unclean. Clean and unclean are in a certain sense synonymous. The sacred, like the unclean, is, though for a different reason, dangerous to men. It is supposed to be possessed by a supernatural force. Hence it is the same thing in effect to abstain from sacred food as to abstain from unclean food. If one was

not in a condition of holiness, he dare not in any case eat sacred food, and hence must eat, if at all, of profane nutriment. The condition of uncleanness was occasioned by demonic powers, and that of holiness by divine power. In the former case the effort was to prevent uncleanness by abstaining from that over which the power producing uncleanness had influence. In the latter case the effort was to secure holiness by partaking of food devoted to God. The condition of securing this is abstinence from profane nourishment. Fasting from unclean food was a preparation for communion with God. Since the Deity was present not only in sacrifice, but also in war and in courts of justice, it followed that those who took part in these things came in a condition of holiness. The old custom of fasting prior to partaking of sacred or consecrated food was practiced even when consecrated food was not in question, if one anticipated engaging in communion with God or passing into a condition of holiness. In the same measure in which God came to be thought of as transcendent did fasting lose its significance, and then it degenerated into a mere mechanical process, or form. In the second period of Judaism we find the prophets condemning, not fasting, but the degenerate forms which had lost their significance. With them the form without the right spirit was worse than useless. While prior to the exile fasting had for its purpose the avoidance of some evil, during and subsequent to the exile self-chastisement was practiced in order to show the Deity that the sin was recognized, and that self-punishment had been inflicted and therefore need not be inflicted by the Deity. Two causes led to the more vigorous practice of fasting subsequent to the exile. First, fasting now had the positive purpose of securing the assistance and the protection of God. Second, prior to the exile the individual played a minor part. Subsequently thereto he became important. As an individual act, therefore, it assumed new importance. But in harmony with the priestly legal tendency in later Judaism it came about that instead of the disposition, the emphasis was laid upon the act itself, which came to be regarded as a meritorious work, thereby leading back to the earlier days. On the other hand, under the prophetic tendency fasting was not practiced as a means of securing the protection and blessing of God, but of advancing the inner spiritual life and as a support in prayer. Still later it came to be a means of attaining ecstasy, which was supposed to aid in the insight into divine things. In Christianity fasting was valuable only in connection with a correct disposition. The idea of fasting as a rite was gone. Hence fasting need not be total abstinence, but limitation of quantity and variety. Especially was it true that the rite lost value when, as was the case, asceticism took the place of fasting. This is but a meager outline of a book full of information in a most interesting and practically important theme.

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**Die Quellen der synoptischen Ueberlieferung** (The Sources of the Information contained in the Synoptic Gospels). By Bernhard Weiss, Leipzig, J. C. Heinrich'sche Buchhandlung, 1908. The veteran New Testa-

ment scholar who is the author of this book has just retired from his professorship in Berlin University after fifty years of consecutive service. During all these years he has been a leading student in the realm of the criticism of the Gospels, and for the most part he has been on the conservative side. This book, published about the time of his retirement from the active duties of his professorship, yet while he is in full possession of his mental powers, must be supposed to represent his ripest judgment and his final conclusions. Weiss concludes that in Luke the reports parallel to Matthew are by no means all traceable to what the critics call the Q source; but that they are partly traceable to a source which is peculiar to Luke and which Weiss calls L. This enables him to see in Matthew a much more extensive use of Q than is generally supposed and at the same time it saves him from the necessity of accusing Luke of doing violence to Q. Where, in parallel reports, Matthew and Luke have generally been supposed to have used Q only, Weiss thinks that Luke used L as well, and thus Matthew is our authority for the value of Q and Luke for the value of L. This L source is almost as extensive as Q. Weiss thinks the source is a unit, and that it is a Jerusalem and Jewish Christian source. He regards the Christology of this L source as that of the primitive Christians, notwithstanding the Virgin Birth, which is included in L. The angelic appearances are also included in it and are no sign that the source is secondary. He regards the source Q as a collection of speeches and narratives. The author of the source had a plan, but it is not specially a chronological plan, though in part he follows, or proposes to follow, the order of time. It was written by one who had seen and heard the things he records, as is evident both from what he says and what he omits. The source shows no trace of the influence of later ideas. There are accounts of miracles, but they are of an entirely different character from those of a later period. The source does not, as later representations do, connect the casting out of devils and the healing of the sick and make those things the daily business of Jesus. Coming to the Gospel of Mark, he declares that Mark did not intend to write a life of Jesus, and that it is a great self-deception to suppose we can build a life of Jesus on what Mark wrote. All this is, according to Weiss, a strong evidence of the credibility of Mark. He declares that the attempt to establish an *Urmarkas* (a Gospel of Mark on which our present Mark is based), and the attempt to destroy the value of this Gospel, according to the custom of so many at present, is the natural consequence of having never earnestly inquired what the Gospel was intended to accomplish. In discussing the composition, peculiarities, limitations, and defects of the two later synoptics, Matthew and Luke, he declares that their authors were not guilty of inventing their materials nor of voluntarily inserting extraneous matter. Nevertheless, misunderstandings and involuntary regard for the times in which they wrote are not wanting. Matthew was not controlled by any dogmatic purpose. He was grieved that his people were destroyed by the Messiah who wished to glorify them. Hence he tries to show that the kingdom of God is not national but a kingdom of heaven. Luke had a more difficult task. We must combine three im-

portant sources of information, and yet preserve the order of the narrative. The third Gospel shows no trace of oral tradition. Luke was not a follower of Paul in doctrine. In all his exhibitions of preference he exhibits no Paulinism. This is clear from the fact that he uses L complete. We cannot further display the contents of this great book. Whether all Weiss's conclusions will stand remains to be seen.

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#### RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

**Defection from Rome in Austria.** It is expected that during the current year 1908 the defections from Rome will reach a total of 50,000 since the beginning of the movement in 1898, during which year Rome lost 1,598 to the Evangelical Church. The following year the defections numbered 6,385; in 1900 they were 5,058; in 1901 they were 6,639; and since then the numbers have decreased gradually, except in 1905, when there was a slight increase. Whether the movement will die out remains to be seen.

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**Juvenile Courts in Germany.** The attention paid to childhood in general and the increase in criminality among children have conformed to awaken Germany as also this country to the need of special courts for children. An attempt is also being made to separate youthful criminals from adults, and to deal with them, not as subjects of punishment, but of training. There are but two prisons for youth in the whole German empire; and as a consequence it is common for children from twelve to fourteen years of age to be confined in cells contiguous to adult convicts. The most completely organized juvenile court in Germany at the present time is situated at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where the court is held in a separate building and is conducted much as such a court is conducted in this country. It has been in operation only since the beginning of the present year, 1908, and it is limited to cases where naturally the punishment would be at least six months in jail. Nevertheless, it has been kept so busy that at the present rate it will deal with about four hundred cases during its first year of existence.

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**Wichern Celebration in Hamburg.** Though the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the founder of the German Home Mission was observed in many places, the chief celebration was held in Hamburg. So great was the interest that thousands attended the exercises, which consisted principally of estimates of Wichern and his work from various standpoints. One result of the celebration promises to be of permanent value—the organization of a society whose object it is to aid in the development of the national Christian life by means of tractates which shall discuss biblical, apologetic, congregational, educational, historical, and social questions, and which are to be distributed judiciously and widely by the society.



### GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

In the Harvard Theological Review appeared a while ago an interesting article by Dr. George E. Horr, of Newton Theological Institution, entitled "Bishop Butler and Cardinal Newman on Religious Certitude." The article presents and discusses the views of these two representative thinkers on the ever-present question, What tests justify the judgment that we are sure that this or that statement of religious or ethical truth is true? Broadly speaking, the difference between Butler and Newman is that the former laid chief stress on the formal, external evidences, the balance of probability, as judged by the reason, while the latter put chief emphasis on the inward evidence furnished by the soul's own testimony and the confirming witness of the Holy Spirit. Butler's principal disciple and champion in our time was Gladstone; and of the doctrine which they both held Dr. Horr says: "There is something peculiarly robust and British in this doctrine. What could be more in accord with the practical, common-sense bent of English human nature than to weigh the evidence, make up your mind, and then act as if all the evidence had been on one side? That is what the English business man and statesman have always done. Why is not the principle equally applicable to religion? Mr. Gladstone says over and over again that it is. The evidence does not give you absolute certitude; but you have a sufficient constructive certitude by striking a balance of the evidence, closing the case, and then acting as if the evidence had been conclusive. That is the way we act in every-day affairs; that is the principle upon which law is administered; that is a sound principle in religion." In the period of Hooper, Latimer, Baxter, Howe, Owen, Chillingworth, and Jeremy Taylor, the doctrine of English theologians as to the bases of Christian certitude was that which is consummately expressed in the article on the Bible in the Westminster Confession. Dean Stanley called that article one of the ablest creedal statements of the ages. It reads as follows: "We may be moved and induced by the testimony of the church to a high and reverent esteem of the Holy Scripture; and the heavenliness of the matter, the efficacy of the doctrine, the majesty of the style, the consent of all the parts, the scope of the whole (which is to give all glory to God), the full discovery it makes of the only way of man's salvation, the many other incomparable excellencies, and the entire perfection thereof, are arguments whereby it doth abundantly evidence itself to be the Word of God; yet, notwithstanding, our full persuasion and assurance of the infallible truth and divine authority thereof is from the inward work of the Holy Spirit, bearing witness by and with the Word in our hearts." This doctrine of the testimony of the Holy Spirit, it is noted, is not only the doctrine of the Puritans, but also underlies the whole of English religious thought from Latimer to Tillotson (1630-1694). This doctrine is a variety of mysticism, and the great body of English theologians down to the revolution (1688)



reached certitude by the mystic path. Admitting that *arguments about* revelation would produce a strong persuasion as to the probability of the Bible's divine authority, they yet contended that *certitude*—the full assurance beyond the shadow of a doubt—came from the convincing witness of the Holy Spirit. Butler's *Analogy*, with a variety of other forces, led to an over-emphasis on the external proofs of the Christian revelation. The old Arminianism of Holland, entering England soon after the Synod of Dort, placed principal reliance upon miracles and prophecy as the sufficient credentials of revelation. Dr. Horr says it was John Wesley who brought back the popular religion of England to its mystical basis, his doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit bringing Arminian Methodism into agreement with the noble Article on the Bible in the Westminster Confession. Newman laid stress on what he called "the implicit reason" in the production of religious certitude. His theory in a word is this: our judgments, whether we will or no, are not wholly the product of the logical understanding, but temperamental, sentimental, experiential, and many other considerations enter into them, and rightly so. Evidence addressed to the logical understanding is not so much a test of truth as a path by which we attain access to the truth. The responses and reactions of the human spirit are also pathways to truth. A familiar illustration may make the point clearer. In an appreciation of an eminent financier the writer says in substance: "For a number of years, up to his death, I sat on the board of directors of the X Y Co. with Mr. A. Many times I have observed his mental processes. He would listen with absorbed attention to the statement of the facts of a given situation, but I never knew a man more impatient of an argument about the facts. After he had the facts before him and had reviewed them, he reached a conclusion; and he used to amaze the other directors by the insight, sagacity, and adequacy of his judgments. Another thing surprised me. When Mr. A was called upon to give his reasons for his conclusion, his argumentation was exceedingly weak. We used to say that almost any member of the board could defend Mr. A's policy better than the author of it. Now what elements entered into those sagacious judgments? Formal logic hardly at all. But first there was a natural business sagacity, akin to the endowment of the artist; then large experience in dealing with similar matters; then a capacity of looking at the whole situation in the large; and then a peculiar insight into human nature, so that he could readily forecast the practicability of his policy." In what is probably his greatest sermon—that on "Implicit and Explicit Reason"—speaking of the nature of reasoning, Newman says: "One fact may suffice for a whole theory; one principle may create and sustain a system; one minute token is a clue to a large discovery. The mind ranges to and fro, and spreads out, and advances forward with a quickness that has become a proverb, a subtilty, and a versatility which baffle investigation. It passes on from point to point, gaining one by some indication, another on a probability; then availing itself of an association; then committing itself to some popular impression, or some inward instinct, or some obscure memory: and thus it makes progress not unlike a clamberer on a steep cliff who, by quick eye, prompt

hand, and a sure foot, ascends, how he knows not himself, by personal endowments and by practice rather than by rule, leaving no track behind him and unable to teach another. . . . And such mainly is the way in which all men, gifted or not gifted, commonly reason—not by rule but by an inward faculty." Newman calls this power which enables us to arrive at our conclusions the "illative sense." He likens it to the sense of beauty or to the capacity for dealing with affairs. He illustrates its nature and working in the various departments of human activity. By it the lawyer or the general or the business man or statesman reaches a certitude as to his own conclusions through the response of his whole personality to the situation. Dr. Horr very properly notes that any just estimate of Butler must take account of his *Sermons* as well as his *Analogy*. Butler wrote the *Analogy* against the Deists, and of course he had to meet them on their own ground, and he did not, in an apologetic directed to a certain phase of thought, expound his whole philosophy. In the *Sermons* Butler regards the voice of conscience as supreme. The certitude which parallels the certitude of our own existence is the sense of obligation to do right, the conviction of the authority of righteousness. Butler says, "Though a man should doubt of everything else, yet he would still remain under the nearest and most certain obligation to the practice of virtue." The voice of conscience is like a royal invitation. Such an invitation becomes an imperial mandate; it supersedes every other engagement. The structure of human nature makes this sense of obligation its own witness. Dr. Horr says: "The vindication of the place and authority of conscience is Butler's superb service to theology. Butler laid a firm foundation for moral and religious certitude in his recognition of the nature and place of the authority of righteousness. The truth of the supremacy of conscience, or, to put it in another way, of the authority of righteousness, is at once a fact and a standard of judgment. To work out the legitimate sequences of the fact as vindicating the moral order of the cosmos, as witnessing to a supreme moral personality manifesting himself in that order, and as indicating the necessity of construing the universe in the terms of personality, is one of the most fascinating and rewardful tasks of the modern theologian. But the authority of righteousness is also a criterion of values, and we are sure of the truth of every insight that clarifies and ennoble the moral ideal. Newman makes the self-evidencing power of the truth primary, and his quest is to confirm it by external evidence. At bottom his position was a return to the doctrine of the Westminster Confession, to the doctrine of John Calvin, of John Wesley, and of Jonathan Edwards. Calvin said that 'it was preposterous to attempt by discussion to rear up a full faith in Scripture.' Our confidence 'must be derived from a higher source than human conjectures, judgments, or reasons; namely the secret testimony of the Spirit.' The Bible approves itself by its own clear illumination. No one could surpass Calvin in his emphasis upon the self-evidencing power of the Truth. Jonathan Edwards speaks to the same intent: 'The gospel of the blessed God does not go abroad abegging for its evidence so much as some think: it has its highest and most proper evidence in itself. . . . Unless men may come to a reasonable solid persuasion

of the truth of the gospel . . . by a sight of its glory, it is impossible that those who are illiterate and unacquainted with history should have any thorough and effectual conviction of it at all. . . . He that sees the beauty of holiness or true moral good, sees the greatest and most important thing in the world. . . . Unless this is seen nothing is seen that is worth seeing: for there is no other true excellence or beauty. Unless this be understood nothing is understood worthy the exercise of the noble faculty of understanding. This is the beauty of the Godhead, the divinity of divinity (if I may so speak), the good of the infinite fountain of good.' In a sense this answer of the soul to spiritual realities is one with the verifications of truth imparted by the sense of the authority of righteousness, but the inward response we are now contemplating is that of the whole personality. All thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever stirs this mortal frame, are the agents and media of this verdict. The spirit of man becomes aware of the congruity between itself and truth, and witnesses to it. Whether this self-evidencing power of the truth is due to the structure of the soul, to the Testimonium Spiritus Sancti, to the mystic endowment, or to the quality of truth, is of secondary consequence to the fact itself. Dr. Horr goes on to say that these principles of certitude are to be supplemented by a third, which both Butler and Newman recognize, as all Christian thinkers in some measure have done. In the sermons of both it underlies the discussion like the granite ledges under a New England hillside. It may be called the pragmatic sanction—the witness of experience. In the act of "doing the truth" we unseal in our own hearts a fountain of assurance. The absolute self-surrender of the personal life to the moral conviction marks the beginning of a spiritual experience which, in normal lives, is not pathological like most of the instances described in Professor James's *Varieties of Christian Experience*, but thoroughly physiological and balanced. The normal Christian experience does not introduce fantastic spirits into the soul: it drives evil spirits thence, and leaves the man clothed and in his right mind. This moral conviction may be as to a definite act of righteousness, or as to the duty of a generic choice, or as to the claims of Jesus Christ, for even these register themselves in consciousness as a moral conviction, and there is no essential difference between the choice to tell the truth against the strong temptation to lie and yielding oneself to the claims of Christ. The inward harmony, the confidence, the divine peace—the peace that passes understanding—which follow self-surrender to a moral conviction, are among the most impressive aspects of the inner life as it has been recorded through the ages. When Butler and Newman are asked, In view of what principles does the normal mind come to certitude as to religious truth? though they differ widely in their philosophy and their outlook, they appear to agree in answering that we reach religious certitude in view of the sense of the authority of righteousness; in view of the mysterious responses of the human spirit to truth, corroborated by the conclusions of the reason; and in view of the verifications of experience. A clear and valuable discussion Dr. Horr has given.

## BOOK NOTICES

## RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life.* By HENRY CHURCHILL KING. 12mo, pp. 256  
New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

No college president, so far as we know, is putting forth more or more useful books than President King, of Oberlin. His volumes on Personal and Ideal Elements in Education, Reconstruction in Theology, Theology and the Social Consciousness, Rational Living, and the one now before us, deal directly and ably with actual conditions and problems of today. Under the head of "Causes of the *seeming* Unreality of the Spiritual Life," Dr. King names and explains fourteen *misconceptions*. He dwells also on the *failure to fulfill the conditions* of acquaintance with and appropriation of the great spiritual values. He notes the inevitable *limitations and fluctuations of our natures*, as another cause of the *seeming* unreality. He also explains how a benign and even necessary purpose may be at work in this *seeming* unreality, essential to our moral and spiritual training, and that the unobtrusiveness of the spiritual may suit with special religious needs. And then he points out that our irrepressible questionings are, in a way, a proof of reality. Part Second deals with the soul's "Way Into Reality," presenting "The Presumptive Evidence," as to the "Theistic Argument," as to the "Personal Relation to God," and as to "Particular Christian Doctrines." Dr. King begins thus: "Our deepest need, always, for any ideal view or for any ideal life, is faith in the reality of the spiritual, faith in a God who can save us from being at constant war with ourselves. We all need a God, who can make rational and consistent our deepest longings, aspirations, and purposes; who can save us at least from counting as illusions all that in us which—ourselves being judges—is worthiest and most deserving to abide; who can save us from 'glorying in having renounced that which no one has ever any right to renounce.' In all this religion does not stand alone; it makes common cause with every ideal interest and aim, of whatever kind. The æsthetic, the ethical, the philosophical, the scientific, the broadly rational of every sort, are equally concerned. Our problem is nowhere that narrow and mistaken one of the so-called 'harmony of science and religion,' but rather that more serious question, have we any justifiable ideals? is there any standard for men and for life, except a pettily utilitarian one? When we think our life through to the bottom, when we carry our thought of the world to the farthest limit possible to our thinking, shall we then find our best self an illegitimate offspring of pride and error, standing naked and laid open unto that eye of reason which pierces all shams? or shall we find that rational judgment itself forced to own itself to be, in common with all other ideals, the child of faith in God, and of faith in a spiritual world whose reality we cannot doubt and continue to think at all? This is the central question

of this little book." President King goes on: "Some time ago one of our religious papers furnished an illustration of this perennial question of the race about the hidden God. Two girls, as they walked home one night from work, were engaged in earnest talk. A stranger who stood on the sidewalk near them saw the play of anxious feeling on their faces as they stopped a moment beneath a street lamp's dim light. Suddenly one was heard to say to the other: 'Yes, but why has no one ever seen God?' That was all—just a fragment-word throbbing with pain and regret, and they vanished again in the night. How like humanity that was! Like children, they pause now and then in the darkness of life, lift their weary faces to the pale lights glaring along the way, and, peering into baffled eyes, cry, 'Why can we not see our God?' It was Philip's old question, you remember, 'Show us the Father,' and all of us are now and then in Philip's class, for it is large. The incident is a single modern echo of the ancient plaint of Job: 'Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, when he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.' And we are likely to return from all our scientific excursions into the world of nature and of history, to say again with Job: 'Lo, these are but the outskirts of his ways: and how small a whisper do we hear of him!' The precise difficulty felt in all such cases may be, perhaps, thus formulated: Though by hypothesis, God is the one realest of all facts and the most loving of all beings, he does not seem to be thrust upon us as such at all. After all is said, is this not the real and great difficulty for the Christian view? And for the establishment of real conviction, and of joyful spiritual living, does not more depend upon meeting effectively this everywhere underlying doubt of the soul, than upon either repeating in new forms the old arguments, or in elaborating new arguments for the existence of God and the possibility of an ideal view of the world? Do we not need to give this particular aspect of our problem such a careful, detailed, and comprehensive consideration as it seldom receives? Just this is our task. Can something be done, now, to meet this constant, underlying difficulty of the seeming unreality of the spiritual life, felt at the start, and felt after the Christian view is admitted to be the most reasonable? Can the ground be cleared of *misconceptions, mistaken prepossessions, certain fallacies of common speech and thought, unreasonable demands, failures to remember essential conditions* in our life problems? Can something be done toward giving a really different point of view, that may make the seeming unreality of the spiritual world less a burden to us? In a word, can we see the reasons for the seeming unreality of the spiritual life?" Dr. King insists that things must be judged by their results; he emphasizes the fact that Christianity has proved itself a power for good in the history and experience of the centuries, and claims that this is proof presumptive of its truth and rightness. The result of Christianity in the world is not growing discord, which would indicate that its method is wrong, but growing peace, which shows that its method is right. "For the *ultima ratio* of every creed, the *ultima ratio* of truth itself, is that it



*works*; and no greater condemnation can be passed upon a doctrine or system than that, if it were true, human life as it has been lived by the best of the race, would cease to be reasonable or, rather, would become a phenomenon whose emergence it was impossible to explain." That what *works well* must be *true*, and what is *true* will *work well*, is a conviction held by the practical common sense of mankind. Augustine Birrell, in one of his books, hits at certain sentimental skeptics who, having discarded Christianity, fall to weeping because now they have nothing left to teach their children that will have the effect and do the work of Christianity in the hearts and lives of the young. Clerk Maxwell, having tried in his life many skeptical intellectual excursions, wrote to a friend: "Old Chap! I have read up many queer religions, but there is nothing like the old thing, after all. And I have looked into most philosophical systems, but I have seen none, that will work without a God." One cause of irreligiosity is thus set forth: "No doubt the seeming unreality of the spiritual world in the case of many is due, in no small degree, to the long ignoring of the facts of the spiritual world in their previous lives and habits of thought. 'We hear much,' writes Professor Peabody, 'of the reasons which lead men to abandon prayer, but in most such instances the loss of the prayer habit does not happen because of the profound philosophizing or serious conviction, but through sheer inertia. There are so many other things to do, that, as a young man once said, 'One does not get around to his prayers!' The fact of the existence of God, as he is revealed to us in Christ, is no barren truth. The rational inferences to be drawn from it will bear on every detail of life. But here is a man, perhaps (I am very far from believing that this is a universal explanation), into whose life for years no conscious recognition of God and the spiritual life has come; who has acted precisely as if they were not; who has thus virtually denied their existence in every act; whose thoughts, plans, purposes, have been all apart from God; who has settled habits of thought and life, that are logically consistent only with denial of the existence of God and a spiritual life. Will those habits have no influence on his spiritual insight? Is he to come now, at one bound, into the clear and simple vision of God and divine truth which may have belonged to his childhood? And shall he refuse to have patience to take the toilsome way back to those early convictions from which his lack of earnestness, his carelessness, his indifference, his neglect, his worldliness, and his sin have separated him? Verily, I sometimes think, it were a strange thing, if the spiritual life were not obscure to many of us. If the voice within us were not indeed divine, long since would it have been smothered under the heaped-up rubbish of the years." We take from President King's helpful book one of his quotations from that most lucid, luminous and convincing of modern philosophers, Professor Bowne: "The mind is not a disinterested logic machine, but a living organism, with manifold interests and tendencies. These outline its development, and furnish the driving power. The implicit aim in mental development is to recognize these interests, and make room for them, so that each shall have its proper field and object. In this way a series of ideals arise in



our mental life. As cognitive, we assume that the universe is rational. Many of its elements are opaque, and utterly unmanageable by us at present, but we assume spontaneously and unconsciously that at the center all is order, and that there all is crystalline and transparent to intelligence. Thus there arises in our thought the conception of a system in which all is light, a system whose foundations are laid in harmony, and whose structure is rational law, a system every part of which is produced and maintained and illumined by the majestic and eternal Reason. But this is only a *cognitive ideal*, to which experience yields but little support. But we hold fast the ideal and set aside the facts which make against it as something not yet comprehended. But we are *moral beings* also, and our moral interests must be recognized. Hence arises a *moral ideal*, which we join to the cognitive. The universe must be not only rational, but *righteous at its root*. Here, too, we set aside the facts which make against our faith as something not yet understood. This is especially the case in dealing with the problem of evil. Here we are never content with finding a cause for the good and evil in experience; we insist upon an explanation which shall save the assumed goodness at the heart of things. Finally, we are *religious*, and our entire nature works together to construct the *religious ideal*. The intellect brings its ideal; and the conscience brings its ideal; and the affections bring their ideal; and these, together with whatever other thought of perfection we may have, are united into the thought of the one Perfect Being, the *ideal of ideals*, the supreme and complete, to whom heart, will, conscience, and intellect alike may come and say, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done." Here, as in the previous cases, we do not ignore the facts which make against the view, but we set them aside as things to be explained, but which must not in any way be allowed to weaken our faith. All of these ideals are, primarily, alike subjective. They are produced, indeed, under the stress of experience, but they are not transcripts of any possible experience. That transparent universe of the reason is as purely a mental product as that righteous universe of the conscience, or as the supreme perfection of religion. In each of these cases the mind appears with its subjective ideals, and demands that reality shall recognize them; and in all alike reality recognizes them only imperfectly. To some extent the universe is intelligible. To some extent the power not ourselves makes for righteousness. To some extent God is revealed. But in all these cases a purely logical and objective contemplation of the known facts would leave us in great uncertainty. The assured conviction we have rests upon no logical deduction from experience but upon the optimistic assumption that *the mind has a right to itself and is at home in the universe*. The mind will not consent to abandon its nature and resign itself to utter mental and moral confusion. This is, to be sure, an act of pure faith, but it is an act upon which our entire mental life depends. A purely speculative knowledge of reality, which shall be strictly deductive and free from assumption, is impossible."

*The Gift of Influence.* By HUGH BLACK. Crown 8vo, pp. 307. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

THIS is a volume of "University Sermons," by the professor of practical theology in Union Theological Seminary. This imported Scotchman says that one of these twenty-seven sermons was preached at Oxford, two at Scottish universities, and the rest at American universities and colleges. He says that they are not academic, but designed to avoid scholastic issues; and that the last thing an academic audience wants at public worship is an academic discourse. Having seen not a little of America and its colleges, this man from Edinburgh says: "Superficial observers sometimes speak of the materialism of America. Nothing could be further from the truth when we look deeply and broadly. It might even be said with far more truth that America suffers in every region of life from an unregulated idealism. Certainly no one can know intimately the mass of students without being struck by the ready response they give to every high thought and every generous passion. No one can despair of the future who knows the splendid material the colleges of the land contain, and how eagerly men long to attempt great tasks. If anything the practical and ethical interests overmatch the intellectual. In religion the social side bulks largest, and this because of the new ideals of social service, which is only another way of stating the demands of the kingdom of heaven. Men are anxious to know how best to invest their lives, and never before was there such keen desire to find a place to serve. It is the most hopeful thing in our situation that our educational institutions are supplying men with large and noble ideals of social duty." In his sermon on "Humility and Self-Confidence," Professor Black says: "There is a *false humility*, which weakens a man and unfits him for the duties of life. It is often indistinguishable from moral cowardice, a refusal to put forth the best powers, a slackness of moral tissue which may be as fatal a form of self-indulgence as any other form of it. Some escape the snares of ambition and worldliness by falling willingly into meaner snares. If ambition is an infirmity, it at least often submits to scorn delights and live laborious days. If vainglory will make a man think too highly of himself, so this cowardice will make him think so meanly of himself that he shrinks from all high endeavor. It will make him say weakly to every noble cause, to every urgent appeal: 'It is not for me; such things are too high for me; I am only a very humble member of the family, or the community, or the church.' There are many cheap and exaggerated reputations in the world, but I am not sure but that the reputation for humility may not be the cheapest of them all in some cases. To get it, you only need to lie low, and say nothing, and never take an independent stand. No useful work is possible from the man who is so mistrustful of himself that he will not even try. As there is a false humility which spoils character and work, so there is an *overweening conceit* which is equally weak and which keeps a man from his true place of usefulness. An exaggerated sense of personal importance, an inordinate ambition for the first places, an egotism which judges of everything according as it affects that sweet gentleman self, a self-pushing, self-advertis-

ing spirit which will not enter into anything unless self is to be the first dog in the hunt—that is the other extreme against which Saint Paul warns the Roman Christians. We see it in life in all quarters, marring harmony among brethren, preventing successful coöperation in good, a source of strife and failure, hindering progress in every branch. We see it in church and state, in the family and the civic life, in business and play. Even a football team cannot win a match because single members think so highly of themselves, and aim at personal glory instead of the success of the side. We hear it said of a strong man in politics, in business, in religion, even in the Christian ministry, that he will not work alongside of others, that he is too self-opinionative, that, indeed, nobody can work with him however good the cause may be. Ambition in this sense of self-esteem is not the infirmity of noble minds alone; it fastens even more securely on mean minds. How are we to attain to the balance of character, which will be both humble and strong, which will avoid both self-exaltation and self-abnegation? 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.' We need to have heart and life submitted to the searching light, which while it reveals all flaws, yet inspires with hope. The first vision of Christ seems given for our despair; and then he becomes our inspiration. This seems an impossible combination of ideas, and yet it is natural. When a man comes into the presence of God the first effect seems blighting and withering. He can only be to himself a poor worm of the dust, and realize for the first time the absolute nothingness of the human. He is emptied of all pretensions, in complete effacement of self. The trembling question is, 'What is man and the son of man?' Nothing great is possible to the man who has not been thus emptied of self, beat down, and broken, lying helpless at the feet of God. But it does not end there. There comes a strange revulsion of feeling, and the dawning of a new hope. The thought creeps in that it is possible for man to have relations with the eternal, that God does visit him, and does remember him, till the thought becomes a word of encouragement and command, 'Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee.' This inspiring consciousness of communion with God strengthens as well as humbles. It is a new stream of vitality flooding every vein and bathing every nerve. And the man rises, never again to think presumptuously, not to think more highly of himself than he ought, and yet stronger in the knowledge that God thinks him worthy to be his and to serve him. True self-surrender to God takes away self-exaltation, and at the same time saves from despair; for it shows a man that God has a place for him in his purpose of love, and crowns him with the nobility of service. This is the secret of Saint Paul's declaration through the grace given unto him, to every man among us, not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought, but to think soberly, according as God has given to each the measure of faith." In a sermon on "The Friendships of Paul," from 2. Cor. 2. 13, our preacher says: "What a generous, large-hearted friend Paul was! He hardly ever mentions one of his fellow-workers without an endearing epithet, such as 'My beloved,' or 'our sister,' or 'our laborers in the Lord,' or as with Timothy, 'my dearly beloved son.' No wonder he received such devoted love, and found

men who would willingly have faced death for one look of commendation from him. Though he was one of the best hated of men, he was also one of the best loved. Read the last chapter of Romans with its beautiful salutations, and you realize how Paul was blessed with friends. There is a chapter in every epithet, a chapter of his heart, as this one, 'Salute Rufus chosen in the Lord, and his mother—and mine.' What an unrecorded chapter these words hint at, when the mother of Rufus succored the wandering apostle, it may be nursed him in some sore sickness, so that she was to him ever after 'the mother of Rufus—and my mother too!' I wish I could go over in detail all these references scattered through Paul's letters which illustrate this aspect of his great character. We would be struck with their complete appreciation of the good qualities of his friends, the generous gratitude he offered, the noble praise. Take just one other which also has a chapter of incident in it—when he speaks of Priscilla and her husband Aquila and calls them 'my helpers in Christ Jesus, who have for my life laid down their own necks.' As I went over the epistles to note all the references, sometimes to nameless names embalmed in the New Testament by Paul's love, I did not know whether I was more affected by the humble, loyal, and faithful service of so many who are just names to us, or by the great-hearted apostle who loved to speak of them in his generous pride of them. There have been many sermons preached about Paul's genius for statecraft, his genius for church government, his genius for theology; but I do not remember ever hearing of a sermon on Paul's genius for friendship; and yet is it not so? It would be to tell his noble life's story to adequately treat this subject, for all his work is associated with some evidence of friends. Think of his gratitude to Luke the beloved physician; his tender care like a mother's for Timothy's health, the delicacy of his appeal to Philemon, whom he feels he might well have commanded, 'yet for love's sake I rather beseech you, being such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ.' Of course we know there must have been great personal magnetism in Paul which gave him easy hold of men, but all his friends were tried by fire afterward, and though some failed him as Demas, and the ranks were thinned by the loss of all fair-weather friends, yet the tie that bound them was stronger far than any mere personal attraction. This has to be said about all Paul's friendships, that they were conditioned by his work. They were not idle gossips and dilettante companions, who had some opinions and tastes in common. He for one had no time and no heart for the comradeship that meant nothing but a graceful adornment of life. His friends were all fellow-workers, all in sympathy with the great object for which he lived. Their relationship went down to bed-rock, and they could not be moved so long as each remained true. The first requisite for Paul was sympathy with the great work he had in hand. This seemed sometimes to make him a little hard and relentless, as when he refused to take Mark on the second missionary tour because he had turned back in the first journey and went not with them to the work. Paul with his eager, impetuous nature, unable to understand vacillation and almost contemptuous of weakness, would not lean any more on such a broken reed."

*Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared. The Gould Prize Essays. Edited by M<sup>rs</sup>. LANCETHORN WILLIAMS JACOBUS, D.D., Dean of Hartford Theological Seminary. Second Edition. 8vo, pp. xiii, 361. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.25.*

PRIZE contests upon literary subjects are usually abortive. Great literary achievement comes only after long toil, and the masters rarely or never enter contests for prizes. In general, it is fair to say that he who would secure the best possible book upon some subject would do well to find the best man in that subject, ask his price for making the book required and then pay for it; the book thus produced would be likely to be good, and it would cost much less than a prize contest. But though these things be true as here stated, a prize contest does sometimes produce useful results, and once in a long while interesting ones as well. The contest that flowered out into this little book may fairly be classed among those that produced something of value in the conclusion, and that exerted a wholesome influence while it went on. It originated in a trifling bit of ignorance perpetrated by a badly frightened ecclesiastic of the Church of Rome. For a number of years Miss Helen Miller Gould had been carrying on a number of philanthropic enterprises in and about Irvington-on-the-Hudson, among them a little sewing circle which aimed to teach the daughters of the poor a skillful use of the needle and a little wise frugality at the same time. As a part of the simple exercises a small passage of the Scriptures was read, without note or comment. In the company thus provided with instruction there were some Roman Catholics, whose parish priest, the Reverend Mr. Early, unhappily took fright over the Scripture reading, and over the quite innocent and accidental fact that on one occasion a treat was offered to the members of the class, in which some meat sandwiches figured, though the day was a Friday. The reverend Father knew that his parishioners were free to decline the meat, and received also the explanation that Miss Gould had innocently overlooked the fact that the day was Friday. He then shifted his objections to the matter of Scripture reading. Miss Gould then proposed to have the Roman Catholic version used, and asked where to secure a copy which he would approve. The concessions offered were really too much for his reverence, and he flew into a most undignified rage and exploded into these amazing remarks: "The Catholic Church has never prohibited any of her members reading the Scriptures or Bible. In every family whose means will permit the buying of a copy, there you will find the authentic version of God's words as authorized by the church, and which has come down to us, unchanged, from the time of Christ himself. But the Catholic Church does object to the reading of the Protestant version, which goes back only to the days of Henry VIII., of England, and was then gotten up for obvious reasons." With such a man nothing can be done, simply because he was unwilling to make a compromise even on his own terms, and the Catholic members silently and obediently withdrew. It then occurred to Miss Gould that the episode might be used to popularize the knowledge of the history of the transmission of the Bible, and she therefore proposed to Dr. Wilbert W. White, President of the Bible Teacher's Training School of New York, to give



three prizes of one thousand dollars, five hundred dollars, and two hundred and fifty dollars, respectively, for the best three essays on the double topic, first, "The Origin and History of the Bible Approved by the Roman Catholic Church"; second, "The Origin and History of the American Revised Version of the English Bible." Dr. White organized the whole contest in a masterly fashion, set the conditions of the contest, and arranged for the receipt of the papers. Each essay was limited to fifteen thousand words, exclusive of illustrative diagrams. No limit was placed upon bibliographies or appendices. The contest closed October 1, 1904, and two hundred and sixty-five essays were submitted. There were a few crank effusions among them; there were many that showed markedly the 'prentice hand; but the general average was surprisingly high. Tremendous efforts were made to secure two Roman Catholic judges, or even one, but all who were approached declined with a splendid unanimity. Some members of the American hierarchy joined very energetically in the search for some man of scholarship in the Roman communion to accept the post. If one knew nothing of the history of that great church, he might be surprised that even they could not induce any to assume the burden. *Quid vetat ridere?* The board was finally constituted as follows: Professor Robert W. Rogers, of Drew Theological Seminary, chairman; Chancellor Henry M. MacCracken, of New York University; Hon. Whitlaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune; President Francis L. Patton, of Princeton Theological Seminary; Dean Melancthon W. Jacobus, of Hartford Theological Seminary; Dr. Talcott Williams, of the Philadelphia Press, and Professor Walter Quincy Scott, of the Bible Teacher's Training School. Every member was present at the first meeting, October 17, 1904, and also at the last meeting, February 13, 1905. Between those two dates there were conferences and much correspondence and almost interminable reading of typewritten manuscripts. The conclusion was reached unanimously and the three prizes awarded to William Thomas Whitley, M. A., LL.M. (Cambridge, England), LL.D. (Melbourne, Australia); Gerald Hamilton Beard, Ph.D. (Yale), and Charles B. Dalton. No member of the committee knew the name of any author of any paper until after the final decision had been reached, and the equity of the decision has been pretty generally accepted. This little book contains the three essays, edited by a competent scholar and corrected by the authors. It is an exceedingly good book, worth study and not difficult to read. It shows both the good and the bad in both Roman Catholic and Protestant versions, and even the most orthodox of Ultramontanes could take no just offense at its spirit or tone. There are few better stories than the story of the numerous English versions of the Bible. Great men and true have worked upon them, and the leaders have had a splendid following. The reader of this book would do well also to possess himself of *The Ancestry of the English Bible*, by Professor Ira M. Price.



## PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*Judge West's Opinion.* REPORTED BY A NEIGHBOR. 12mo, pp. 198. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1. net.

THIS book, which appears anonymously, contains twenty-two chapters of reasoned optimism. Judge West is an optimistic philosopher who "O. K."s the universe and says that the All of things is all right. Here are some of his rulings: "A man presses the button of faith, and the Almighty does the rest; only you pessimists don't press the button." "Any amateur from the city who couldn't throw a fly to attract a bullhead, could, with the butt end of his rod, muddy the stream for a furlong, and make it unfishable. That's what your cheap pessimists are doing." "Half of the misery of life is from dodging mere shadows." "The fun in sailing is when the breeze keeps your hand hard on the tiller, and your eye close on the sheets, and the long course woos you. A slack sail and a voyage between bath houses inspires nobody. So is life." "This is a good world. True, it is full of shadows, but the sun-patches are many. And, keep this in mind, my friend, that a sun-patch always means more than a shadow. Shadows fall from the clouds, the trees, the houses, or from another fellow who gets in the way. But sun-glints fall from the sky through an intervening world of light." "If you will only look closer, you will see the light through the thicket; and if you go carefully, you need not scratch yourself. He picked up a piece of ribbon-grass and drew it quickly through my fingers. 'See,' said he, 'it is as smooth as velvet.' He jerked it suddenly the other way. It pricked me. 'That is life,' said he, laughing, 'it all depends upon which way you handle it.'" "In Chinese theaters one buys a ticket for an hour or so of the interminable performance. When the time paid for is up the usher taps you on the shoulder. Death is the chief usher in the drama of life. A most gentlemanly one he is to a well-behaved soul. I may say that he has neither hustled nor threatened me, but trusts that I have enjoyed my part of the show. He asks that, when I go out, as soon I must do, I go out quietly, and be careful not to let in any cold draughts upon those that remain." We take the chapter in which Judge West protests against too much remorse and urges faith in forgiveness: "I called at Judge West's for a walk. He whistled for his dog, but the brute had evidently other engagements.

"Here, Sin! Sin! Where is the little devil's whelp? He is generally watching my heels to see that I don't get off without him."

"An affectionate name you have given your dog, Judge. I hope it doesn't express the reason for your liking of the animal."

"If it did," replied he, "you, Thomas, might expect me to give you some term of endearment; for you see how you tempt me to become a common tramp, like yourself, over these hills. But Sin is a scriptural name for the dog. We found him one morning on the door-mat, a mere pup, half-starved, with one ear torn, a tooth mark on his flank, and the rest of him mostly fleas. Quite naturally, I thought of the Bible verse, 'Sin lieth at the door.' We washed him, carbolized him, trimmed both ears to match, took off a piece of his appendix, disciplined him out of his

vagrant habits, taught him the sixth and eighth of the Ten Commandments. Come, Sin! Sin! Where is the rascal?

"The dog, a handsome bull terrier, appeared from around the corner of the house. The stump of his tail pointed earthward, in appropriate keeping with his whole groveling and frightened manner.

"*'Sin has been up to some iniquity,'* said the Judge, as the dog crept between his feet. *'He looks like a soul before the judgment seat in the Greek Hades, where, as the poet says, "Each soul falls confessing," even before he is charged with anything. Let's look up the dog's record.'*

"We went into the kitchen, and there was the damning evidence of *'the exceeding sinfulness of Sin.'* He had stolen the dinner chops from the refrigerator, and left the mangled remains of them upon the floor.

"*'Of course Darwin's theory that brutes have a rudimentary moral sense is true,'* I observed.

"The Judge dragged the offender to the scene of his crime, and gave him a whipping—*'just to keep his conscience tender.'*

"*'Do brutes have souls?'* I asked, as we took up our walk.

"*'I don't know,'* replied my friend. *'But there is surely something in them that feels the play of moral forces, as their nerves feel the dampness of a coming rain. Doubtless they have no presentiment of God, but there seems to be a spirit of rightness in the very "nature of things," which asserts itself in the experience of the dullest of sentient creatures. That dog feels my ownership of him, and his responsibility to me. That is because he knows me. In men the moral sense makes us feel our accountability to that which stands for our highest ideal of authority. This, with us who have been so instructed, or have reasoned out the existence of a Supreme Being, is God. So you find that mankind, unless we must except the very lowest state of savagery, feels that its failure in duty is an offense against the Supreme Something. Hence the world has been girdled with altars. I imagine that a dog's master stands to him very much as God stands to us; a sort of over-conscience.'*

"Now, to get back to the general subject we have talked about so much, namely, the suffering that God allows in the world, must we not shovel away from the charge against him all the suffering that comes from a condemning conscience? And how much of that there is! I know of men who are surrounded with everything that can minister to comfort, and who are in such physical health that they have not so much as a pain in an eyelash, yet whose consciences are fairly cancered with their knowledge of iniquity. Alexander the Great, certainly one of the most self-contained men that ever lived, would turn pale in the midst of a debauch, and hastily pour a goblet to appease Dionysius, the god of wine; for Dionysius was supposed to have been born in Thebes, and, as the tutelary guardian of that city, to have been offended at the conqueror's inhuman treatment of its inhabitants. The great conqueror also believed himself to have been demonized with a drunkard's passion as a perpetual curse for that offense. He thought that the irate divinity withstood him on the battlefield, and turned back his victorious legions from further conquest beyond the Indus. There was always a "pinch of death" in the

cup of his wildest enjoyment. Voltaire notes, as an interesting phenomenon of human nature, that Charles IX of France, after his consenting to the massacre of the Huguenots, would sometimes, through stress of inward agony, sweat blood; his skin becoming suffused as with a tinge of hell that existed always within his breast, though, in the view of the infidel writer, that was due only to a morbid imagination. We needn't quarrel about the psychology of it, the simple fact is universally recognized that memory links an offender forever to his crime. If we don't like Paul's figure of speech, calling it "a body of death" which the soul drags after itself, we may take that of the pagan Greeks who said that Nemesis, the Daughter of Night, overwhelmed the guilty one with the forecast shadow of darkness, blotting out all fair prospects.'

"'Or,' I interjected, just to show that I was appreciating my friend's classic allusions, and to air my own scholarship a little, as Sophocles put it:

'To look out on ills that are our own,  
In which another's hand has had no share,  
This bringest sharpest woe.'

"'Keep it up,' said the Judge, 'and quote every great writer who has dealt with human nature from Homer to Hawthorne, who says: "The wound that sin has made in the heart is never healed." Any true psychological study is like vivisection. Whether I am much of a Christian or not, I will say this, that if Christ's words, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," were universally believed, it would lift the face of humanity out of the dust. It would stop ten thousand annual suicides, and a million dissipations, in which men try to drown the curse of accusing thoughts.'

"'Let me quote Coleridge,' I suggested. 'Correct me if I don't get it right.

'Remorse is as the heart in which it grows;  
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews  
Of true repentance; but, if proud and gloomy,  
It is the poison tree, that, pierced to the inmost,  
Weeps only tears of poison.'

"I would have continued to exhibit my literary treasures had not Sin appeared suddenly from somewhere. The dog stood in front of us on the road. His tall stump vibrated, as if answering the pulse-beat of happy emotions. His head was a little down, not as when he crouched like a culprit, but showing the alertness of suspended hope. His right foot was raised, as when a pointer waits for his master's permission to dash for the game. His whole body trembled with his yearning to come to us; yet he did not venture.

"'Sin!' said the Judge, very sternly.

"The dog's nose instantly touched the ground; and his tail would have followed suit if it had been long enough.

"'Sin!' repeated his master, but now in gentler tone.

"What a transformation the word wrought! Ary Scheffer couldn't have painted two human faces representing despair and hope with sharper contrast than the dog's looks answering the two tones of his master.

"Come, Sin!"

"The dog was in his master's arms and licking his face quicker than an echo could have returned from an adjacent hill.

"Say, Judge," I asked, 'do you suppose the dog heard what you said about Christ's forgiveness of sins?'

"Ah, there you have opened a mystery," replied the old man. 'How much of actual speech an animal learns to interpret one can't say. But I do believe that they have a telepathic power of interpreting our emotions. I have sometimes thought that if I could just fill myself with love for them, I could go safely into a cage of wild beasts. Mar Saba's miracle in making the lion turn over his den for the saint to live in, while the beast became his body-servant, wasn't altogether beyond the working of natural law.'

"Perhaps, then," I replied, 'my wife was right the other day. I asked her why she could make our plants thrive, when I couldn't. She said it was because she loved plants more than I did.'

"For a while I did not interrupt Judge West. He was performing some sort of priestly office with Sin, shriving the penitent and granting absolution. When the holy rite was over we turned our walk homeward, Sin running ahead as if he were an evangelist proclaiming the good news to every bird and squirrel he met."

The chief points in Judge West's brief on behalf of the universe are these: "1. Notwithstanding the immense amount of undoubted evil in the world, there is an infinite overplus of good, both in animal and human life. 2. Of the evil that exists, there is no evidence that any of it was in the original design of the Creator. 3. Evil does not appear as such in the grand total of things, but only in the parts. 4. We may not say that there is any real imperfection in anything, since the highest ideal of perfection is that of infinite progress, which necessitates gradations of better and worse. These points are some of those big shovelfuls I promised to dig off the mountain of evil. I have a lot more. Indeed, there are so many things that mitigate the usual contemplation of the miseries of existence that I can't begin to be logical, but will take them up as something or other suggests them. I have an idea that, if we would let your wife into our symposiums, she would prove wiser than both of us."

*By the Christmas Fire.* By SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS. 12mo, pp. 226. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

By our notices of Mr. Crothers's previous volumes, *The Gentle Reader* and *the Pardoner's Wallet*, if in no other way, our readers are acquainted with the genial, shrewd, charming essayist who brings us now a new volume, holding five essays on "The Bayonet-Poker," "On Being a Doctrinaire," "Christmas and the Literature of Disillusion," "The Ignominy of Being Grown Up," "Christmas and the Spirit of Democracy." From the first essay we quote: "Fortunately for the world there are those who are neither idolaters nor iconoclasts. They do not worship Things, nor fear them, nor despise them—they simply use them. In the Book of Baruch there is inserted a letter purporting to be from Jeremiah to the Hebrew

captives in Babylon. The prophet discourses on the absurdity of the worship of inanimate things, and incidentally draws on his experience in gardening. An idol, he says, is 'like to a white thorn in an orchard, that every bird sitteth upon.' It is as powerless, he says, to take the initiative 'as a scarecrow in a garden of cucumbers that keepeth nothing.' In his opinion, one wide-awake man in the cucumber patch is worth all the scarecrows that were ever constructed. 'Better therefore is the just man that hath none idols.' What brave air we breathe when we join the company of the just men who have freed themselves from idolatry! Listen to Governor Bradford as he enumerates the threatening facts which the Pilgrims to New England faced. He mentions all the difficulties which they foresaw, and then adds: 'It was answered that all great and honorable actions were accompanied with great difficulties, and must be enterprised with answerable courages.' What fine spiritual audacity! Not courage, if you please, but courages. There is much virtue in the plural. It was as much as to say, 'All our eggs are not in one basket. We are likely to meet more than one kind of danger. What of it? We have more than one kind of courage. It is well to be prepared for emergencies.' It was the same spirit which made William Penn speak of his colony on the banks of the Delaware as the 'Holy Experiment.' In his testimony to George Fox, he says: 'He was an original and no man's copy. He had not learned what he said by study. Nor were they notional nor speculative, but sensible and practical, the setting up of the kingdom of God in men's hearts, and the way of it was his work. His authority was inward and not outward, and he got it and kept it by the love of God. He was a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making.' In the presence of men of such moral originality, ethical problems take on a new and exciting aspect. What is to happen next? *You cannot find out by noting the trend of events. A peep into a resourceful mind would be more to the purpose.* That mind perceives possibilities beyond the ken of a duller intelligence." From the essay "On Being a Doctrinaire" we take the following sane and racy musings: "The most discouraging thing about the doctrinaire is that while he insists upon a high ideal, he is intolerant of the somewhat tedious ways and means by which the ideal is to be reached. With his eye fixed on the Perfect, he makes no allowance for the imperfectness of those who are struggling toward it. There is a pleasant passage in Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity in which I find great comfort. 'That which the gospel of Christ requireth is the perpetuity of virtuous duties, not the perpetuity of exercise or action, but disposition perpetual, and practice as often as times and opportunities require. Just, vallant, liberal, temperate, and holy men, are they which can whensoever they will, and will whensoever they *ought*, execute whatever their several perfections impart. If virtues did always cease when they cease to work, there would be nothing more pernicious to virtue than sleep.' The judicious Hooker was never more judicious than in making this observation. It is a great relief to be assured that in this world, where there are such incessant calls upon the moral nature, it is possible to be a just, vallant, liberal, temperate,



and holy man, and yet get a good night's sleep. But your doctrinaire will not have it so. His hero retains his position only during good behavior, which means behaving all the time in an obviously heroic manner. It is not enough that he should be to 'true occasion true,' he must make occasions to show himself off. Now it happens that in the actual world it is not possible for the best of men to satisfy all the demands of their fidgety followers. In the picture of the battle between St. George and the dragon, the attitude of St. George is all that could be desired. There is an easy grace in the way in which he deals with the dragon that is greatly to his credit. There is a mingling of knightly pride and Christian resignation over his own inevitable victory, that is charming. St. George was fortunate in the moment when he had his picture taken. He had the dragon just where he wanted him. But it is to be feared that if some one had followed him with a kodak, some of the snap-shots might have been less satisfactory. Let us suppose a moment when the dragon 'swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.' It is a way that dragons have when they are excited. And what if at that moment St. George dodged. Would you criticise him harshly for such an action? Would it not be better to take into consideration the fact that under such circumstances his first duty might not be to be statuesque? When in the stern conflict we have found a champion, I think we owe him some little encouragement. When he is doing the best he can in a very difficult situation we ought not to blame him because he does not act as he would if there were no difficulties at all. 'Life,' said Marcus Aurelius, 'is more like wrestling than dancing.' When we get that point of view we may see that some attitudes that are not graceful may be quite effective. It is a fine thing to say:

"Dare to be a Daniel,  
Dare to stand alone,  
Dare to have a purpose true  
And dare to make it known."

But if I had been a Daniel, and as the result of my independent action had been cast into the den of lions, I should feel as if I had done enough in the way of heroism for one day, and I should let other people take their turn. If I found the lions inclined to be amiable, I should encourage them in it. I should say: 'I beg your pardon. I do not mean to intrude. If it's the time for your afternoon nap, don't pay any attention to me. After the excitement that I've had where I came from, I should like nothing better than to sit down by myself in the shade and have a nice quiet day of it.' And if the lions were agreeable, I should be glad. I should hate to have at this moment a bland doctrinaire look down and say: 'That was a great thing you did up there, Daniel. People are wondering whether you can keep it up. Your friends are getting a mite impatient. They expected to hear by this time that there was something doing down there. Stir 'em up, Daniel! Stir 'em up!' Perhaps at this point some fair-minded reader may say: 'Is there not something to be said in favor of the doctrinaire? Is he not, after all, a very useful character? How could



any great reform be pushed through without his assistance?" Yes, dear reader, a great deal may be said in his favor. He is often very useful. So is a snow plow, in mid-winter, though I prefer a more flexible implement when it comes to cultivating my early peas. There is something worse than to be a doctrinaire who pursues an ideal without regard to practical consideration; it is worse to be a Phillistine so immersed in practical considerations that he doesn't know an ideal when he sees it. If the choice were between these two, I should say: 'Keep on being a doctrinaire. You have chosen the better part.' But fortunately there is a still more excellent way. It is possible to be a practical idealist pursuing the ideal with full regard for practical considerations. There is something better than the conscience that moves with undeviating rectitude through a moral vacuum. It is the conscience that is related to realities. It is a moral force operating continuously on the infinitely diversified materials of human life. It feels its way onward. It takes advantage of every incident, with a noble opportunism. It is the conscience that belongs to the patient, keen-witted, open-minded, cheery 'men of good will,' who are doing the hard work of the world." About so-called realistic, pessimistic literature our essayist says: "The gloomy views of average human nature which once were conscientiously expounded by 'painful preachers' are now taken up by painful playwrights and storytellers. Under the spell of powerful imaginations it is quite possible to see this world as nothing but a vale of tears. Happily, there is always a way of escape for those who are quick-witted enough to think of it in time. When fiction offers us only arid actualities, we can flee from it into the romance of real life. I sympathize with a young philosopher of my acquaintance. He took great joy in a Jack-o'-lantern. The ruddy countenance of the pumpkin was the very picture of geniality. Good will gleamed from the round eyes, and the mouth was one luminous smile. No wonder that he asked the privilege of taking it to bed with him. He shouted gleefully when it was left on the table. But when he was alone Mr. Jack-o'-lantern assumed a more grimly realistic aspect. There was something sinister in the squint of his eye, and uncanny in the way his rubicund nose gleamed. On entering the room a little while after I found it in darkness. 'What has become of your Jack-o'-lantern?' 'He was making faces at me. I looked at him till I 'most got scared, so I just got up and blew him out.' I commended my philosopher for his good sense. It is the way to do with Jack-o'-lanterns when they become unmannerly. And I believe that it is the best way to treat distressing works of the imagination, though I know that their authors, who take themselves solemnly, will resent this advice. We can't blow out a reality, just because it happens to make us miserable. We must face it. It is a part of the discipline of life. But a book or a play has no such right to domineer over us. Our own imagination has the first rights in its own home. If some other person's imagination intrudes and 'makes faces,' it is our privilege to blow it out."

*Footsteps in a Parish.* By JOHN TIMOTHY STONE. 12mo, pp. 98. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

It is good to have one more glimpse of that rare and radiant personality Maltbie D. Babcock, through this brotherly appreciation of him, written by his successor in Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore. A true picture of Babcock's strong face fronts the title-page. Apropos of Babcock Dr. Stone quotes from Dr. J. G. Holland's poem on "The Learned Professions" these lines descriptive of the true pastor:

He knows but Jesus Christ, the crucified.  
 Ah, little reck's the worldling of the worth  
 Of such a man as this upon the earth!  
 Who gives himself—his all—to make men wise  
 In doctrines which his life exemplifies.  
 The years pass on, and a great multitude  
 Still find in him a character whose light  
 Shines round him like a candle in the night;  
 And recognize a presence so benign  
 That to the godless even it seems divine.  
 He bears his people's love within his heart,  
 And envies no man, whatso'er his part.  
 His church's record grows, and grows again,  
 With names of saintly women-folks and men,  
 And many a worldling, many a wayward youth,  
 He counts among the trophies of his truth.  
 O, happy man! There is no man like thee,  
 Worn out in service of humanity.  
 And dead at last, 'mid universal tears—  
 Thy name a fragrance in the speaker's breath,  
 And thy divine example life in death.

Dr. Stone also quotes from Jean Ingelow's poem "Brothers and a Sermon." A stranger in the fishing village asks what the bells are ringing for, and is answered: "They ring for service; our parson preaches in the church tonight. He's a rare man, our parson; half a head above us all." Having gone to the vesper service and listened to the sermon, the impressed and awe-struck stranger says:

I have heard many speak, but this one man—  
 So anxious not to go to heaven alone—  
 This one man I remember, and his look,  
 Till twilight overshadowed him. He ceased,  
 And out in darkness with the fisher folk  
 We passed and stumbled over mounds of moss,  
 And heard, but did not see, the passing beck.  
 Ah, graceless heart, would that it could regain  
 From the dim storehouse of sensations past  
 The impress full of tender awe, that night,  
 Which fell on me! It was as if the Christ  
 Had been drawn down from heaven to track us home  
 And any of the footsteps following us  
 Might have been his.

One who heard Babcock preach soon after his pastorate of the Brick

Church in New York began, wrote: "I would that I could reproduce his very language. He is a master of sharp, short Saxon words. Words of four syllables are scarce in his vocabulary. His sermon was only half an hour long, but it was what my old professor of homiletics would call a march, not a promenade. It moved to the one aim of bringing men, before they left that house, to say, 'We will at once confess Christ before men.' It dealt at close range with each man's conscience. Though he said some severe things, the smile that played about his face, and the love that looked from his eyes proved that he was, as a friend at my side remarked, 'the apostle of a religion of happiness.' I have heard some of the most noted revival preachers and evangelists of this century, but I have never heard the real gospel of Jesus pressed home more tenderly, logically, and powerfully than that morning on Fifth Avenue." But Babcock was more remarkable in pastoral work than even in the pulpit. His successor tells us about his devotion and faithfulness to pastoral visitation. His aim was to be a personal friend to everybody in his large congregation. "Few men could make as many calls and cover so wide an area. His sympathetic personality attracted to the church people from all parts of the city, to say nothing of a wide suburban following. Although regular and systematic in visiting definite districts, constantly he was compelled to hasten to far-separated points on account of sickness or distress. For many years he used a bicycle, and it is said that no one knew the definition of a straight line between two Baltimore points better than he, choosing almost instinctively the pavements which meant quickest transportation. Few pastors can make a large number of calls in an afternoon and still call satisfactorily. The ordinary pastor perhaps averages six or eight, taking into account the distances to be covered in a large parish. Dr. Babcock frequently made five or six an hour, and often fifteen or twenty in an afternoon. He was able to run in and out so as to accomplish the object of a pastor as well as if he had stayed longer. He had a way of running into homes where he knew all was well, and saying he simply ran in to say 'Boo.' In other words, the people knew through some such byword that he was thinking of them but was too busy to stay longer. On one occasion, when asked why he could not stay longer, he replied: 'Why, did you think I had time to come around here and bring my knitting?' He had a way frequently of asking the servant, when he was told that Mrs. So-and-So 'would be down in a few minutes,' to tell her he was going to run in next door, and would be back in five or ten minutes, adding that she would understand. When he did sit in the parlor and wait it was always to utilize some book or magazine on the library table, or one from his pocket. His method of controlling the conversation was such that he quickly got down to the essential, and often gave the impression that he had stayed much longer than he really had. He seemed to anticipate thoughtfully just what topics of vital interest should be approached and encouraged. The afternoon's calling was invariably followed by numerous notes in the evening. The day's work was done day by day, hence the inertia and discouragement of accumulated details were overcome. Frequently a note simply contained a line or two with a bit of a poem or

quotation inclosed which touched the individual case; sometimes merely a marginal word, or initials written upon the edge of a card. It was the personal touch all the way along, day by day, week by week, year in and year out." To one much discouraged, he wrote: "Pay as little attention to discouragements as possible. Plow ahead as a steamer does, rough or smooth, rain or shine. Carry your cargo and make your port. That is the point." In speaking of Babcock's work among young men, one says: "He never gave up hope, but once on a man's track, so to speak, he was never shaken off. He watched his man, let him alone, touched him again, met him when he was needed, and appeared to abandon him, while he bore him unceasingly on his heart, and was resolved never to let him go until brought to Christ. A perfect genius in conversation, flinging off sparks as from a blacksmith's anvil, he never lost sight of the spiritual end. He was filled with Christ's passion for men, and used his unrivaled gifts never for mere social ends but always for the diviner use." One of his parishioners said: "To know Dr. Babcock well, to realize what a friend he could be—one must have trouble. I had the misfortune during the two years he was my pastor to be both healthy and happy, yet it was in one of life's dark hours that I first went to Brown Memorial and it was there that the help came. He did more to educate me in those two short years than all the schools I had attended." Here is a glimpse of Babcock's pastoral visiting: "There was a little girl, sick with chicken pox, strange to say, very sick. She grew worse each day. The doctor said she must see no one. She seemed so sad and discouraged. If she could only be her own happy little self again! Just to laugh once would mean that she was getting better, so the doctor said. Dr. Babcock never asked if he might go upstairs, but slipped away from those in the parlor, saying, 'I'll be back in a minute.' Into the chamber he stole noiselessly, and looking warningly at the girl's mother, softly told the child that he had come to tell her a story. He 'knew a little boy who had the chicken pox, and nobody knew what was the matter with him. One day, the little fellow looked up into his mother's face, and said: 'Mother, I know what I've got. I've got the chicken pox, 'cause I found a feather in the bed.' The little face had turned on the hot pillow, and as he kissed the little hand good-by both mother and child were really laughing. A moment more and he was on the street, hastening on to the next number, all of which he knew by heart. To this day, that mother will tell you how he saved that child's life." In a sermon on The Bible Dr. Babcock once said: "The Bible holds its influence over men, not because it is thousands of years old, but because it is a present answer to present needs. This book will keep you from sin or sin will keep you from this book. . . . Some years ago, two gentlemen were riding together, and as they were about to separate, one addressed the other thus: 'Do you ever read your Bible?' 'Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God.' 'Neither did I,' replied the other, 'but God loved me.' This answer produced such an effect upon his friend, that, to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off the saddle into the skies, so great was the truth it opened up to his soul."

*The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.* By FERRIS GREENSLET. 8vo, pp. 303. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, gilt top, illustrated, \$3.

"I AM going to sleep; put out the lights," were the last words of this poet. To a friend sitting by his bed a while before he had said: "For myself I regard death merely as the passing shadow on a flower." He was then four months past seventy. A year or two previous Mark Twain wrote: "Aldrich was here half an hour ago like a breeze from the fields. I am tired waiting for that man to grow old." Even in his latest years Aldrich looked astonishingly young, blond, erect, ruddy and alert. He said this was an old habit which he had acquired in early youth. On November 11, 1906, reporters interviewed him, having heard that on that day he was seventy years old. He confessed it with due humiliation, but promised his interviewers he would never let it happen again. The story of seventy highly fortunate years and the picture of Aldrich's sparkling and fascinating personality are given in this handsome volume by the fine hand of Ferris Greenslet, whose *Walter Pater and Life of Lowell*, together with other work, had already put him among successful American biographers and literary critics. From being a clerk in a New York commission house and occupying a little third-story back hall bedroom when he was nineteen to a mansion on Beacon Hill and the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, runs the mounting progress of a most favored and happy life. In his small rear room the young clerk was wooing the muses in the evenings and writing "a lyric or two every morning before going downtown to business." From that early time until at threescore and ten he wrote his final verses which were for the centennial celebration of Longfellow's birth, Aldrich sprinkled the years with poems like rose-leaves on a flowing stream, contributing fragrance and color and beauty to the life of the world. In his early efflorescent years his verse was as florid and luscious as his sensitive literary taste would permit. At the age of twenty-seven he published a small volume of poems, the merits and character of which are reflected in the frank, friendly criticisms of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who wrote the young poet thus: "Thank you very sincerely for your book of blossoms. I find them dewy and sweet-scented. 'Babie Bell' has most of your heart's color in it. 'When the Sultan Goes to Ispahan' is lively and poetical. 'The Lunch' is a little Keatsy but very neatly carved and colored. You must not feed too much on 'apricots and dewberries.' There is an exquisite sensuousness in your words. Do not let it run away with you. You love the fragrance of certain words so well that you are in danger of making nosegays when you should write poems. There are two dangers that beset young American poets. The first is being spoiled by the praise of women; the second being disgusted by the praise or blame of the cheap critics. Our poets do not ripen well—they are larks in the morning, sparrows at noon, and owls before evening. One reason is that our shallow universal culture is wanting in severe standards of taste and judgment. Now, your forte is sentiment and your danger sentimentality. You are an epicure in words, and your danger is of becoming a verbal voluptuary. Let me beg of you, by your fine poetical sense, not to let flattery of insufficient persons render you too easily con-



tented with yourself, nor permit your tendency to vanilla-flavored adjectives and patchouli-scented participles stifle your strength in cloying euphemisms. There is so much that is sweet and true in your best lines that I want you to be fair to yourself and pinch off all the idle buds before the summer of your fruitage." A few years later Dr. Holmes spoke of the delicate grace of Aldrich's descriptions and the sandal-wood aroma that perfumes all his passages which breathe of the Orient. He noticed still a semivoluptuous excess of color and odor (but is not God's world lavish with colors and odors?) yet Holmes conceded that Aldrich's pictures were so carefully drawn and so cunningly tinted that he ceased from criticism and left the young poet to follow his own sweet will. Not a few of us remember with keen pleasure how we were fascinated back in the seventies by the dainty and exquisite pictures of Aldrich's delicate art. "Enamored architect of airy rhyme" seemed a phrase descriptive of him. To read him at his best was luxury. He was too fine an artist and too refined a nature ever to be coarse. Was not Dr. Holmes unduly concerned about this young poet? Aldrich has many lines which are "from end to end in blossom like the bough the May breathes on," but he was never for a moment in any sense a voluptuary. Youth without blossoms portends maturity without fruit. Some of Aldrich's richly but delicately painted pictures live in memory forever. He is particularly skillful in catching a momentary mood and expressing it. The first bit of his work to fix itself in our memory was a somber example of this power. Sometimes in brightest hours the great shadow falls across the soul.

I wonder what day of the month,  
I wonder what month of the year.  
Will it be midnight or morning,  
And who will bend over my bier?

What a horrible fancy to come  
As I wait at the foot of the stair,  
While Eleanor gives the last touch to her robe  
Or the rose in her hair.

Do I like your new dress, pompadour?  
And do I like you? On my life,  
You are eighteen and not a day more,  
And haven't been six years my wife.

Those two rosy boys in the crib upstairs  
Are not ours, to be sure;  
You are just a sweet bride in your bloom,  
All snowy, and sunny, and pure.

The carriage rolls down the dark street,  
The little wife laughs and makes cheer;  
But—I wonder what day of the month,  
I wonder what month of the year.

Quite unforgettable also by us from the day we first read it is that Oriental "Prelude" as vivid as a painting in which Aldrich pictures how

Hassan Ben Abdul sat and discoursed in the sun at the Ivory Gate of Bagdad; while all manner of persons paused at the sound of his voice and drew near to listen—four Arab boys who stopped a gambling game with peach pits and drew near, a water seller with the bulging goat-skin swung from his shoulder, a big jet black eunuch, a merchandizing Jew, a glittering jeweler, and two blind mendicants who wished to go six diverse ways at once—all these and other sorts drew near:

And if the Khaleef had been riding near,  
He would have stopped to listen like the rest;  
For Hassan's fame was ripe in all the East.  
From white-walled Cairo to far Ispahan,  
From Mecca to Damascus he was known—  
Hassan, the Arab with the singing heart.  
His songs were sung by boatmen on the Nile,  
By Beddowee maidens and in Tartar camps;  
While all men loved him as they loved their eyes;  
And when he spoke the wisest, next to him,  
Was he who listened.

One critic says that Aldrich's poems are "the only *uniformly* artistic body of verse in the course of American literature." As an example of his perfect artistry this quatrain is cited, its only four lines perfect in their illusive beauty and haunting suggestion:

See where at intervals the firefly's spark  
Glimmers and melts into the fragrant dark;  
Gilds a leaf's edge one happy instant, then  
Leaves darkness all a mystery again.

The same critic, speaking of Aldrich's definiteness of outline and clarity of language, says: "There are absolutely no obscure lines overladen with turgid imagery or gaudily colored adjectives—the besetting sin of nearly all English-using verse writers of today, who seem bent upon imitating the faults which Keats outgrew. What an example of the power of plain words to convey a sense of the most perfect poetic beauty is the 'Invocation to Sleep,' in such lines as these:

"The bell sleeps in the belfry—from its tongue  
A drowsy murmur floats into the air  
Like thistle-down. There is no bough but seems  
Weighted with slumber—slumber everywhere!  
Couched on her leaf the lily sways and dips;  
In the green dusk where joyous birds have sung  
Sits silence with her finger on her lips;  
Shy woodland folk and sprites that haunt the streams  
Are pillowed now in grottoes cool and deep;  
But I in chilly twilight stand and wait  
At the portcullis of thy Castle gate,  
Longing to see the charmed door of dreams  
Turn on its noiseless hinges, delicate Sleep."

There is real word-magic in Aldrich's oriental vision of the young slave girl from the Bosphorus in the poem entitled "Nourmadee":

Long, narrow eyes, as black as black!  
 And melting, like the stars in June;  
 Tresses of night drawn smoothly back  
 From eyebrows like the crescent moon.  
 She paused an instant with bowed head,  
 Then, at a motion of her wrist,  
 A veil of gossamer outspread  
 And wrapped her in a silver mist.

The lanterns spread a cheating glare;  
 Such stains they threw from bough and vine  
 As if the slave boys here and there  
 Had spilled a jar of brilliant wine.  
 And then the fountain's drowsy fall,  
 The burning aloes' heavy scent,  
 The night, the place, the hour—they all  
 Were full of subtle blandishment.

O shape of blended fire and snow!  
 Each clime to her some spell had lent—  
 The North her cold, the South her glow,  
 Her languors all the Orient.  
 Her scarf was as the cloudy fleece  
 The moon draws round its loveliness,  
 That so its beauty may increase  
 The more by being seen the less.  
 And as she moved, and seemed to float—  
 So floats a swan!—in sweet unrest,  
 A string of sequins at her throat  
 Went clink and clink against her breast.  
 And what did some birth-fairy do  
 But set a mole, a golden dot,  
 Close to her lip to pierce men through?

Part of Aldrich's creed was in his own words:

Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,  
 Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.

On this a critic says: "The many who still seem to think that form is a mere artifice, a technical convention, should recall one simple instance of the potent magic with which it may irradiate life. Many a farmer, no doubt, in his fall plowing has turned up the nest of a field-mouse; yet in only the single case which must start up in the memory of everyone, did this little incident become a pathetic tragedy which has stirred the deepest and tenderest feelings of humanity in the thousands who have read and never forgotten Burns's poem. This transformation of a commonplace fact into that moving force of revelation which we call poetry, is wrought solely by the form through which the sensitive brain of the poet has transmitted his own vivid impression to others less alive to the significance of the life around them and of what they themselves think and feel." Ferris Greenslet on the closing page of his admirable book on Aldrich, writes: "Other men have been more sensitive to the age-spirit,

more 'representative.' But when Aldrich went to embody the eerie impulse in verse the miracle happened. He immortalized the moment's exquisite pang of memory or joy or foreboding, not in shadowy, but in crystalline verse. Impulses the most romantic in the world he guided by an instinct that was purely classic in its inspired poise. His most characteristic work is that in which the terse polish of an epigram but makes more memorable the *frisson*, the haunting, heart-searching thrill of the sudden thought. In a complex and quizzical age, an age when 'the Muse in alien ways remote goes wandering,' Aldrich, by the miracle of genius and by his mastery of art, sang of beautiful and sad and pleasant things as simply as an Elizabethan of a Greek singer of the Anthology. For those who love poetry as a fine art, who read it for pure delight, his place in our literature is unique and secure." But the chief interest, after all, in Greenslet's Life of Aldrich is in the personality of the poet as given in his letters, opinions, and various self-revelations. We quote: "One of the highest rewards of a striving and aspiring man is the conviction in his own soul of increasing power. For a man to *be what he was* is damnable." Writing of certain crude criticisms on his work, he says: "These cheap people do not disturb me. But I'll tell you what *does* make me writhe; when I compare my work with my conceptions, and my conceptions with those of the Masters, then I catch it!" Again he says: "There is one critic I stand greatly in dread of; he becomes more exacting every month; he is getting to be a dreadful fellow for me. His name is T. B. Aldrich. There is no let-up to him." In another place he speaks of his wife as his "savage private critic." At the end of Aldrich's first visit to Europe he wrote to E. C. Stedman: "I have had a very rich six months, and am quite certain that *whatever I do in the future, even if it is only to white-wash a fence, will bear the impress of that wider experience.*" That is the benefit and justification of such a trip well used. Writing to Stedman about Whitman, Aldrich says: "A while ago I invested ten dollars in two volumes which I should be glad to let any enthusiastic Whitmaniac have at a big reduction. In Wordsworth's egotism there was something large and sunny. But there is something utterly despicable in a man writing newspaper puffs of himself. I don't believe a charlatan can be a great poet. I couldn't believe it if I were convinced of it." One day Aldrich's dog ate up the manuscript of a sonnet written by his master. The poet's comment was: "How did *he* know it was doggerel?"

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#### MISCELLANEOUS

*Saint Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians.* The Greek Text with Introduction and Notes. By GEORGE MILLIGAN, D.D. 8vo, pp. cx, 195. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$2.60, net.

THIS Commentary of Dr. George Milligan belongs to the same class as those of the master exegetes, Bishop Lightfoot and Professor Swete. Its author has followed the best traditions of his school and at the same time adopted the best improvements of the new time. Since all lasting exegesis and exposition rests upon correct interpretation of the text, much

work of the earlier commentators has to be revised in the light of the discoveries recently made as to the nature and dignity of vernacular Greek during the first Christian centuries. It is a sober fact that the papyrus heaps of Egypt have caused the rewriting of New Testament Grammar. Then, again, the splendid advance gained in the truer knowledge of the life and institutions of the Greek provinces of the Roman empire adds another source of illumination to the meaning of many New Testament references and events. This is peculiarly true of the writings of Paul and of John addressed to churches bordering upon the Aegean Sea. One other source of distinct progress in the field of correct interpretation is found in the group of both Hebrew and Christian writings known as Apocalyptic. Now, the first New Testament epistles from the mind of Paul were those to the Thessalonian church, and it so happens that their peculiar and most difficult theme is Apocalyptic. At the same time Dr. Milligan shows that the character of the final solution of the problem involved is not a little dependent upon the latest discoveries both of a linguistic and historical nature. With great thoroughness he takes up all the factors involved, both new and old, and it is not too much to say that in this latest Commentary on First and Second Thessalonians, we have a scholarly and timely treatment of their problems at once worthy and satisfying.

*A Short Grammar of the Greek New Testament.* By A. T. ROBERTSON, A.M., D.D., Professor of New Testament Interpretation, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Svo, pp. xxx, 240. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

A GRAMMAR of the Greek New Testament, such as is here given to the world by Professor Robertson, is extremely timely and fills a want which all teachers and students of the Greek Testament have felt for more than a decade. The author rightly claims that Deissmann and Moulton have inaugurated a new era in New Testament grammatical study. The combined results of the modern and scientific research in the field of comparative grammar, of the vernacular Greek of the first century, A. D., in connection with that of today and of the recent decipherment of quantities of later Greek inscriptions, ostraea and papyri, have thrown a deal of valuable light upon the whole subject of the common dialect, so-called, and upon the language of the Septuagint Old Testament and the Greek New Testament. Seminary students in particular have long needed a much briefer handbook than Winer, and now even Winer has to be rewritten, so that they are especially grateful for this shorter and fresher treatise. We venture to suggest that in the next edition the work might be improved by a little fuller treatment in the chapters on "Moods and Tenses" after the character of that given in Professor Burton's admirable book, and that the context of the illustrative words and phrases be more fully given. In other words, we feel that this grammar is a trifle too short to adequately fill the need for an intermediate work.